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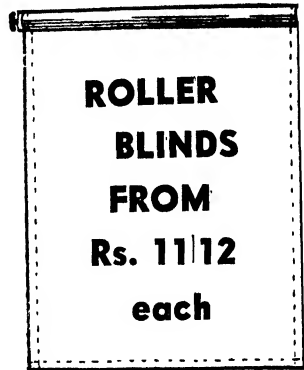
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During the Past Year Russia's "Worker and Peasant Army" Has Been Transformed Into a Force Where the Strictest Discipline Prevails.

The Red Army Becomes Prussian



V. OSSIPOV

IN the club-rooms of Russia's Red Army a few months ago the soldiers were busily discussing a new disciplinary code of the Red Army issued by Marshal Timoshenko, Soviet Defense Commissar.

It had always been part of the Revolutionary military code that Red Commanders should fraternize with their men, whether at social affairs, on the athletic fields or in the classrooms. There were no class distinctions, no salutes except when on duty, no official deference shown in the clubrooms, even to generals, for here general and private were of equal rank.

The friendliest of democratic relations obtained between officers and their men: comrades all, they were encouraged to practise the utmost simplicity

in manner and dress. Co-operation in circle, club and library work fostered this spirit of equality. An officer, accustomed to giving orders on the drill field, might find himself in a classroom studying languages under one of his own men; the teacher in command in the lecture-hall might later take instruction from the military commander.

But the days of such free camaraderie in Russia's Red Army are gone. The man who was responsible for the tightening of the Red Army was Simeon Timoshenko, hard-boiled disciplinarian born of Ukrainian peasant stock 46 years ago. Undertaking a complete reorganization and modernization of the army, Timoshenko was responsible for the adoption of a regime of the severest military

discipline, regulating the life, daily conduct and fighting activity of the Soviet troops. Insubordination, open resistance and infraction of regulations became crimes punishable by court-martial; incompetents were ruthlessly weeded out.

Timoshenko, making a careful study of the manoeuvres of the Nazi military machine, realized that the rapidity of modern warfare necessitated the nicest timing, the most accurate movements, the closest co-operation between different units, especially since huge masses of men and movements over immense fields were involved. Recognizing this fact, Timoshenko persuaded the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R. to centralize authority by investing the supreme command of the Red Army in an all-powerful director whose orders were to be regarded as law by his subordinates. This commander was to be held answerable for all orders issued to his troops. Should any violation of discipline occur, he had the right to use force to enforce his commands.

Similarly, down through the ranks, compulsory salutes, both on and off duty were provided for, in order to heighten the dignity and respect due to officers; the former casual way of address yielded to certain prescribed formal forms. Every soldier, no matter how humble his rank, was exhorted to become acquainted with the laws governing military usage, in order that he might become more proficient in performing his duties. Discipline was to become enthusiastic, firmer. Officers were upheld in their autho-

rity by increased prestige and power. It was impressed on the Red Army soldier that immediate and complete fulfilment of any order given him by a superior was a sacred duty that involved the defense of the fatherland. No soldier, no matter what his rank, escaped the compulsion of this discipline.

Disobedience or failure to fulfil his duties constituted a violation of the soldier's oath of allegiance, and was punishable by severe penalties, such as reprimands, additional fatigue assignments, confinement to quarters for one or two months, arrest, loss of pay, demotion. These penalties apply equally to members of high rank.

In order to encourage outstanding devotion to duty, certain rewards were provided, such as gifts, cash bonuses, decorations and promotions. Education in the Red Army was re-orientated in the direction of stricter discipline; greater emphasis was now to be laid on the development of class consciousness, on the necessity for self-abnegation, on the heavy responsibilities that lay upon the members of the Red Army. Bonds between commanders and men were strengthened, in order to promote greater willingness to obey commands, and a closer understanding between members of the different ranks. Whenever a penalty was imposed, it was the duty of the commander to impress upon the culprit the harm that he had accomplished by infraction of revolutionary discipline.

Along with the increasing stringency of disciplinary measures, it was found necessary to re-organize and re-educate

the Red Army troops. Three main points formed the basis of this re-organization: the necessity for impressing upon the men a constant vigilance and preparedness; a checking-up on all evidences of laxity, sentimentality and looseness; and abolishing all former practices of familiarity, soft-heartedness and "false democracy." In their stead were encouraged a new firmness, resoluteness, severity.

The troops were to be taught to face the greatest obstacles with unflinching bravery; they were to be instructed in the probable hardships and privations that lay before them; they were trained, mentally and physically, to bear fatigue with disciplinary firmness and calm.

Where formerly commanders were encouraged to associate with their men familiarly, they were now impressed with the necessity of maintaining the strictest authority; discussion about commands was no longer permitted. The Red Commander was to stop at nothing in order to achieve victory. If he felt he had to employ force to quell insubordination, he was not to be held responsible for such actions. There was to be no questioning of orders. Should he fail to exercise firmness, when such firmness was called for by breach of discipline, should he desist from exercising his power to the limits to insure obeying of an order, then the officer himself might be summoned to face court-martial.

Because of the increasing complexity of modern warfare, claimed Timoshenko, military education makes greater and greater demands upon the new recruit. The commander or in-

structor is therefore involved in the most painstaking labour, where every detail may be of vital importance. Should he adopt slipshod methods of instruction, he may be held responsible for criminal negligence in the preparation of the troops. Accuracy, precision, thoroughness, physical hardening—these were the qualities which Red Army instructors were exhorted to develop in young Soviet citizens when these young men were called up for training.

No longer is the Red Army a sort of military club where young men may seek social diversion and education for personal ends only; it is a highly specialized organization which demands experts in many different fields. So great is the necessity for discipline, indeed, that instruction in this quality must begin with the fifth class in school. From early adolescence the Soviet citizen is prepared for the defense of the U. S. S. R. by militarized marches, by sharp-shooting contests, by the study of military techniques.

A habit of self-discipline, inculcated in early youth, will persist throughout adult life, and make the task of Russian military instructors much easier—such is the conclusion of Timoshenko. Throughout adolescence therefore the Russian youth is taught that no sacrifice is too great to make to achieve complete victory over the foe.

The results of this intensification of military discipline appear to be evident in the recent fighting spirit demonstrated by Russian soldiers against their

Nazi attackers. Stories issuing from Nazi and Italian Fascist headquarters admit the incredible bravery of the Red Army, even to the point of self-immolation upon the altar of duty.

Realistic as ever, the Russian High Command have succeeded in converting the severity of Prussian discipline into an instrument for the enforcement of revolutionary ideals.

THE VIRTUE OF UGLINESS

IN London, go to that most interesting museum, the National Portrait Gallery. There you will find portraits of all the men who for the last 400 years have been important in every profession in England. You will be struck by their prevailing ugliness—great archbishops, distinguished scholars, statesmen and men of affairs.

Ugliness has positive moral values. First, the man afflicted with it is thereby deprived of a too-easy success in love; this deprivation spurs him all the more eagerly to conquer—he has only the brilliancy of his accomplishments by which to please.

Moreover, ugliness in a man, if it accompanies strength, almost always prejudices one in its favour. His superiors almost never have a feeling of jealousy toward a really ugly man; nor are they indifferent to him, either. One remembers unusual features rather than a handsome but commonplace head.

—Andre Maurois.

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Figures Speak for the Progress

After Nazism . . . What?



PROFESSOR M. J. BONN

Capitalism in Germany is doomed, for National Socialism has created a "new order" it will not survive to Consummate.

IT is easier to forecast Germany's economic future than to guess at the kind of government which could replace Nazism. For the economic structure of a country does not disappear completely in a revolutionary upheaval.

The economic structure of Nazi Germany is the fairly logical development of pre-Nazi economic trends. Capitalism (in the Western sense of the term) never dominated in Germany; such as it was, it died from the combined shock of the war, inflation, and the great depression. Notwithstanding an interlude of big business domination, planning and planned economy originated in Germany at the close of the war—not in Soviet Russia. It might best be described in racing parlance as an offspring of Karl Marx out of Dora, whilst the social system prevailing in Germany at the outbreak of the present war might be called "barrack-room socialism."

The Nazi economic programme combined middle-class resentment against "big money"

with emotional collectivism. It declaimed against "trusts," big estates, and department stores; it glorified physical labour and decried intellectualism. It expressed the genuine sentiments of divergent groups, very skillfully blended for propaganda purposes. For Hitler, who in those days described himself as a mere drummer, was not interested in economic realities apart from propaganda value. For this reason he readily fell in with Gottfried Feder's distinction between creative and acquisitive capital, the former being exclusively Nordic, the latter mainly non-Aryan.

But economics frankly bored him, for he and his immediate entourage were mainly politically minded: those who held power—namely, could shoot their adversaries—could always get cash; those who held cash might be able to buy power, if power did not prefer to despoil them first.

Big business and the landed interests, who put Nazism into office, were slow to learn the truth of these primitive but

very practical conceptions; for they retained economic control. No prominent Nazi got a key position in economic administration, with the exception perhaps of agriculture, and the party's socialist programme was held in abeyance; no confiscation took place, except of Jewish property, and even here it was camouflaged.

For quite a considerable period business, big and small, made large profits, as usually happens in the earlier phases of a huge credit expansion; even Jewish concerns prospered. The large estates were not touched, not because the Nazis sympathised with the Junkers, but because their agrarian policy was based on rather romantic conceptions of the sanctity of real-estate property. The Nazi after all posed as the defenders of the West against Communism. But notwithstanding its apparent distinction for open socialism, Nazism thoroughly collectivised German economics.

A powerful agent for collectivisation was the Nazi Government's policy of public works. It came in just after the bottom of the great depression had been reached; in fact, the up-swing would have started earlier had not the uncertainties of impending revolution held it back. It resolutely tackled the problem of unemployment by employing idle hands and idle plants on unproductive public works; it raised a floating debt by a well-designed system of faked commercial bills, which were regularly converted into funded loans.

These financial operations made the State the central pur-

chaser, directly or indirectly, of the nation's output, and enabled it to eliminate undesirable concerns—Jewish firms, for example—and to direct capital investments. It was faced with one great problem: it must control prices, otherwise the fear of inflation might be aroused. Minimum prices were established to protect farmers from world competition; in various industries rationalisation was banned, in order to stop a decline of prices.

By and by maximum prices became far more important. The resumption of armaments speeded up expenditure on a colossal scale. Under their pressure the demands on the German productive apparatus increased enormously. It had to provide an export surplus for payment of indispensable imports, and to provide at the same time a surplus beyond current home consumption; from this the huge plants were constructed, the produce of which was to make Germany self-sufficient. Since Germany's costs of production were high, exports had to be subsidised at the expense of home consumers; autarchy raised such costs considerably, for it implied an increased production of national goods under most unfavourable conditions.

Armaments and autarchy would have given an upward swing to the price-level even if credit expansion had not been at work. In order to stop it, capital remuneration, fixed interest as well as dividends, was cut down. Since the accumulation and the direction of investments was regulated and capi-

tal flight was punished as high treason, evasion was difficult.

Similarly, wages were fixed and not allowed to rise. When certain raw materials became scarce, rationing, permits, and priorities were introduced and the flow of industrial life was manipulated. Middlemen's profits were eliminated, small traders and artisans were deliberately squeezed out and forced to enter the labour market—the class which had formed the main support of the Nazi regime was sacrificed to military exigencies. Though money wages remained stable, real wages declined, not so much on account of rising costs of living, but through the deterioration of quality (substitutes), the non-delivery of rationed goods, and an extension of the working day. Even before the outbreak of hostilities German economy was a war economy.

It is impossible to foretell the economic outcome of the war, but certain features are by now quite clear.

1. The war is sure to deplete Germany's physical resources. Neither accumulated reserves nor current production will suffice for it; it can be carried on only by omitting replacement of wastage, by picking the eyes of mines, by exhausting soils, by neglecting repairs—even now the railways have been allowed to run down below their proper standards. If the war lasts long enough, Germany's physical plant will be greatly deteriorated, and the efficiency of her man-power will suffer. Recovery is possible only by maintaining for a lengthy period a very low standard of living, so as to secure

a surplus for home investments or for exports.

2. The war will have to be financed by a system of requisitioning, which is more or less carefully camouflaged by an intricate system of borrowing. Bondholders may be asked to hand over a large percentage of their holdings. The inflated value of real estate and of equities due to inflation will be confiscated, as well as the profits made by debtors at the expense of their creditors. The Government, moreover, will requisition a part of the share capital and have mortgages registered in its favour on lands and other property to about 50 per cent. of their value. Instead of sharing the nation's income through taxation, it will socialise its capital and become the owner of half of its property. Given the tendencies prevailing in Nazi Germany, a huge capital confiscation seems inevitable, and with it another step towards collectivism.

3. Whilst devaluation of some sort cannot be avoided, it will not suffice to help Germany to get access to world markets. Even cheap labour will not allow her to produce cheaply, since expenditure for replacing her worn-out plants must be very great. This will of necessity make for continued control and regimentation. As capital can only be accumulated quickly by keeping down consumption, labour will be required to work overtime, but the State, not private capitalists, will benefit from its exploitation.

4. Germany's desire for autarchy has failed: she depends on foreign supplies to a very considerable degree. She can

only get them by export, for she has neither negotiable foreign assets, nor can she get substantial loans. Even if she were to get some from Russia, this would merely imply the obligation to furnish later on certain quantities of goods, not mere money payments without return payments, on which default is not easy.

5. The territorial expansion which she desired is not likely to take place. Even if she were not defeated, Russia blocks the way to the Balkans and the Baltic. If she were allowed to keep Western Poland, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia, none of her fundamental problems would be solved; though the former province of Posnan is rich in agricultural products and Upper Silesia in minerals. The incorporation of 30 million Slavs within the German economic body might provide cheap labour; but as Nazi imperialism is exclusive and cannot assimilate alien populations, it might merely reduce standards of living. Repatriation is expensive; it does, moreover, not increase Germany's natural territorial resources.

6. Whether Germany will stick to barrack-room socialism or turn communist will depend on her agrarian structure. The majority of her five million freehold farmers are hard-boiled individualists and not prepared to accept "collectivisa-

tion" of farms. The old generation of German working men, who had saved the Republic several times from Bolshevism long before the advent of Hitler, may still hold to their faith. But a long war is sure to proletarianise the masses, and to accelerate the general levelling-down which Nazism has already accomplished.

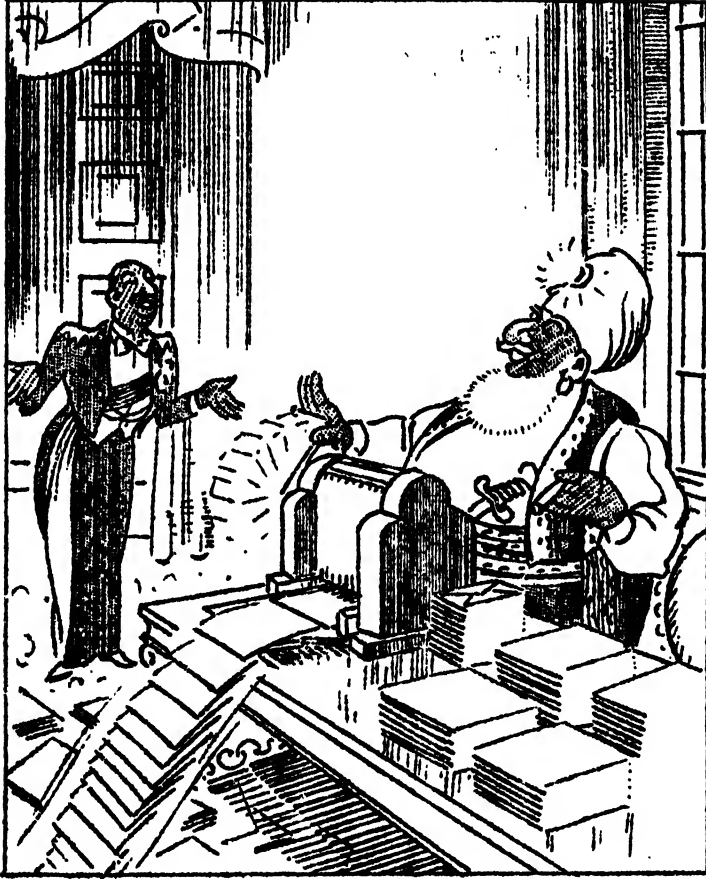
The vicinity of Russia to the thinly settled agrarian German East, with its semi-feudal conditions, may open the door to Communism.

The social structure of other parts of Germany may be solid enough to withstand a Communist impact. German capitalism is, however, doomed. It was always semi-feudal and semi-collectivist. Many years ago I concluded a study of its particular features with the words: "Truly the fate of German capitalism lies in feeble hands." They helped to deliver the country to Nazism, but they will not be strong enough to liquidate it, and to revive anything resembling a free economic system. If the war does not end in a murderous social revolution, the future structure of Germany will at best be a kind of regimented socialism, such as Fichte, who was half a Nazi, outlined in his *Closed Commercial State* over a hundred years ago.

Contemporary Review, London.

A TEXAS newspaper publisher, who recently retired with 50,000 dollars in the bank, was asked how he did it, and replied:

"I attribute my ability to retire with a 50,000-dollar bank account, after 30 years in the country newspaper field, to close application to duty, the most rigorous rules of economy, never spending a cent foolishly, everlastingly keeping at my job with a whole heart—and the death of an uncle, who left me 49,999 1/2 dollars."



VISITING POTENTATE: "NO, I PROMISED MYSELF I'D STAY IN
TO-NIGHT AND DROP A LINE TO THE WIVES."



AXIS PROPAGANDA

I Saw Russia's Secret Cities



PETER C. RHODES

Condensed from "PM"

BEFORE I visited Siberia, I never realised two vital facts about Russia: the enormity and rich variety of this land of almost 200 millions of people; and the tremendous growth of a new metallurgical and tool industry in the vast interior of Siberia, far from all frontiers and potential fronts. Cities like Novo-Sibirsk made me revise my notions of how long Russia could fight a war to-day.

Across the vast West Siberian steppe country roll endless plains thousands of miles in area, the bare meadows varying with small railroad machine towns and big industrial cities: Kurgan, Petropavlovsk, Omsk, Novo - Sibirsk, Kraksnoyarsk, Nichi Udinsk, Irkutsk; ancient names with a connotation of hamlets stuck in the heart of backward Siberia. Now they were a revelation of some modern force that had struck them and converted the major portions of them into modern cities with smoking factories, railway lines and giant freight yards.

I shall never forget one afternoon when we roared across the flat steppe country, swept

One of the Soviet's most closely guarded secrets has been her factory cities which lie deep in the Ural Mountains area beyond the range of bombers. Peter C. Rhodes is the first American journalist to travel through this section of Russia since the outbreak of war.

through a touch of the woody Taiga and suddenly came around the curve of a hill to look down on the broad Ob River pouring northward to the Arctic. And in that valley lay a huge modern factory city, looking for all the world like smoking St. Louis on the Mississippi.

Novo-Sibirsk was no longer a lumber camp and straddling wooden town half way along the endless Trans-Siberian Railroad. It was a giant industrial town turning out locomotives, trucks, tanks, tractors, artillery, aeroplanes and the instruments of war. Four railway lines, two-track and three-track lines, came into the city from newly

developed mining areas around us.

It was strange to see loaded freight trains moving eastward towards the Pacific after we passed the Urals, carrying carloads of munitions; to pass open flatcars loaded with trucks, artillery, tanks and ambulances. The new steppe and Taiga industry of Siberia was providing the sinews of defence for a vast area, without relying on the factories of European Russia.

Armed troops could be seen in most of the town flanking the outer band of Manchukuo, along the banks of the vast Amur River. A snappy, modern flotilla of destroyers lay in the river as we crossed the long bridge at Khabarovsk. In Vladivostok, troops were building forts and barracks on all the hills that stud the port area, and modern submarines, sleek light cruisers and destroyers lay in the roadstead, with many more in the naval harbour around the bend of the bay.

We saw another important sight in Vladivostok—the Arctic transport fleet preparing to sail

to the north, through the Behring Sea into the Arctic and hence all the way to Murmansk on the European Barents Sea. Each ice breaker was to take ten freighters in its wake and bring them to the new seaports at the mouths of the giant rivers of Siberia which flow to the Arctic with their new products of wheat, meat, fruit, timber, minerals and other products from the rich Siberian plains. From Vladivostok they carried machinery to develop the Arctic regions, and from the Arctic ports they would take wood, coal, iron ore and other important defence metals down to the Leningrad-White Sea canal at Archangel.

Everywhere one saw activity, construction and development, some of it in its most rudimentary stages. Agriculture was entirely mechanised and on a vast scale. Siberia had already become the bread basket for a continent and for part of another, for Siberian wheat not only furnishes the relatively small populace of this veritable continent, but is transported to European Russia as well.

BAMBOOS

JAMES GRAHAM

BRUSHED in against a sapphire sky,
Delicate bamboos stand in a forest glade
Sheaves of beauty and God's pledge of peace
In warring days.
Bright birds flash on vivid errands
Now, and a thousand years ago, and will a thousand ages
Into the future gaily dart; quietly deer
Nibble the tender shoots; and the slow elephant
Ponders a footstep, then with unhurried gesture
Reaches and takes the food that is his right.

For its population Switzerland has a very fine army—and every man a sharpshooter.

No Blitz for the Swiss



HENRY W. STEIGER

THE waves of war have swept around Switzerland and even washed up 43,000 French and Polish soldiers on her border to be interned, but Switzerland remains out of the war. How can we account for this? Why did Germany attack France through Holland and Belgium rather than Switzerland? Why did Germany choose Belgium in 1914 instead of Switzerland? One reason, even if not the only one, is that the Germans were aware of the excellent condition of the Swiss army.

The army of this little confederation is a thoroughly Swiss organisation, commensurate with the possibilities of a small country, and yet formidable enough to command respect. Let us travel, in imagination, to Switzerland, not, this time, to see her beautiful mountains, but to learn something about its army.

Entering Switzerland at a customs office, we find two soldiers on guard. They wear grey-green uniforms of good material. Their steel helmets differ in shape from those of the Germans, the French, and the Eng-

lish. One of the soldiers, apparently a peasant, has heavy hands, a bony body and square face, while the other looks like a young student, coming from an intellectual family.

"How many years of military service must the Swiss do in peacetime, or is there a professional army," our friends ask their Swiss guide.

"Switzerland has no standing army. That would be too expensive for such a small country. We had to work out a system of our own, a militia system. Our constitution requires, as a fundamental duty of citizenship, that every male citizen shall do a period of military service. If he is unable for physical reasons or because he is abroad, he has to pay a tax in lieu of his service. And every man has to begin as an ordinary recruit. We have no military academy to train officers only."

"But," one of the visitors interrupted, "how can your talented and educated young men afford to lose so much time? They shouldn't be spending their time as private sol-

diers in peacetime, it seems to me."

"You don't realise what an opportunity the military service is for our boys. The relation between officer and troop can be all the better if each officer knows how a soldier feels. It is good for a spoiled youngster to get the same treatment for a while that a gardener's son gets.

"Such a system is a school of democracy. You have seen the two soldiers. They are obviously of different social class, but they wear the same uniform, and obedience is required of both. Besides social differences in Switzerland there are differences in language and religious denomination. About 71 per cent. of the Swiss speak a German dialect, the Swiss German, which again has nearly as many shades of pronunciation as there are villages in those districts. About 21 per cent. speak French, 6 per cent. Italian, and a little more than 1 per cent. Romansch, an ancient Rheto-Roman idiom. Fifty-seven per cent. of the population is Protestant and 41 per cent. Roman Catholic. You are quite right in wondering what keeps this country together. It is the common cause symbolised by the Swiss flag and the Swiss uniform. A common uniform promotes comradeship, and comradeship is the foundation of the democratic spirit. It is in military service that the French-speaking Genevan gets to know the German-speaking Bernese and the Italian-speaking Tessiner. Common hard work and mutual teasing is the glue for staunch friendship.

"The Swiss army system is unlike any other military sys-

tem. It embraces the full manhood strength of the nation but is so worked out as to put a minimum of strain on the country while assuring a maximum of defensive strength. A boy enters the army at 20. Until 1939 the School for Recruits required 10 to 12 weeks, a period which has now been extended to nearly four months because of the training time needed in the use of the more complicated modern arms. In this short period the recruit goes through a severe training, concentrated into a minimum of time. This is followed by eight annual drill courses of 18 days each, spread over the 12 years from 20 to 32. At this age the soldier leaves the first and enters the second line or 'Landwehr.'

"He remains in this unit up to the age of 40 and is required to pass two further repetition courses of 18 days each. For the next eight years he belongs to the territorial troops, the 'Landsturm,' and in peacetime is called in only for an annual one day's inspection. A recent decree extends the army age limit from 48 to 60 years in case of a general mobilisation. According to the new order of February 3, 1939, a Swiss private serves in the army a minimum of 32 years.

"The Swiss soldier citizen has his equipment and gun at home. That's why, in 1914, the Swiss army was the first one mobilised. In case of mobilisation the Swiss soldier goes home, exchanges his civilian clothes for his uniform, and proceeds to his rallying point.

"Besides the annual 18 days' drill we do rifle practice on the side. Thirty hits a year are re-

quired, and if you don't make the necessary points, you must do additional exercises. Shooting has been called the national sport of the Swiss. Each village has a club with its own shooting gallery, where the men practice. Many of them do more than is required, and carry off prizes in the federal, cantonal and regional shooting matches which are important events in Swiss social life.

"Naturally, all this helps to reduce the military service to a minimum, as does the purely defensive character of our army. Since the sixteenth century the Swiss have not tried to extend their territory. Their only aim is to preserve their freedom.

"The officers' training is restricted to a minimum too. The subordinate officers are selected from the ranks of the privates. They take an additional three weeks' course in the Subofficers' School, and are then provisionally given the rank of corporal. Their promotion is confirmed if they successfully complete a second Recruit School in their new rank. Then comes a school for officers, which for an infantry officer takes 88 days. After completing a third Recruit School as second lieutenant the candidate is confirmed in this rank, and after three or four years, if proved capable, he becomes a first lieutenant.

"The only professional Swiss military men are instructors and those in the top ranks. The other officers have civil professions. The substantial sacrifices required of such an officer, in following special courses, in preparing for the annual drill courses, and so forth, are pat-

riotic services which the state can recompense only by the honour a military rank carries.

"The Swiss army in peacetime has no commander-in-chief and no general. In wartime the two chambers of Parliament, sitting together, elect a general as commander-in-chief of the Swiss armed forces. So you can understand that the title 'General' has quite a special ring for the ears of a Swiss. We feel that to put the high command of our military and air forces into the hands of one man is a serious matter for a democracy."

"What about the other branches of the army?" the visitors asked. "You have only spoken about the infantry."

"When a boy passes the physical test for military service, he can choose his branch of service, and if possible his desires are followed. An engineer will be most useful in the artillery or the air force. In some of those units the duration of service is substantially longer than for the infantry man."

"What sort of change of atmosphere took place when this war was approaching?" an American asked.

"Soon after Hitler came to power and the Germans began to speak in another tone, the Swiss foresaw the possible danger for their country. The military authorities realised that the equipment of our army would be insufficient to defend the country in a modern war. As in other countries, the people begrudged the high military expenditures they were asked to meet, and it was in the spirit of those days to consider military service a useless, expensive loss of time.

"But this mentality quickly changed when we saw what was going on in Germany. The Swiss people realised that to maintain their freedom they had to be ready for sacrifice. When a loan of £13,400,000 for the re-organisation of the army was floated in 1936, it was over-subscribed by £5,600,000. The money was used for new fortifications, especially along the Rhine, the Swiss metal industry changed from producing locomotives and Diesel motors to guns, and the army was given additional training.

"A passive air defence force was organised, and air raid shelters built. The public was instructed in the use of gas masks and the extinguishing of incendiary bomb fires.

"We all knew the measures being taken were necessary. No one any longer questioned the need of military service, and everybody was glad that military training had been kept up even in times when no war was in sight. So when war came Switzerland had half a million well-trained soldiers ready for action.

"What I have seen of the spirit among the soldiers and the effectiveness of the Swiss air force in the few cases where it has come into action in this war give me confidence. The mobilisation at the beginning of the war was effected in an efficient way. Since then, the army

has had ample opportunity to complete the fortifications and further train the troops."

"But what happens to the life of the country if half a million men out of a population of four million are in military service?"

"Well, that does create problems. But here, as in many other respects, the experience of the World War was a help. Whenever the war situation permitted, those men most needed in civil life have been granted leaves.

"Men who didn't qualify for the army and large number of women make up an auxiliary aid service. They are used for administrative work, censorship, and other activities. Behind the scenes is another auxiliary of the army—thousands of women at home knitting socks and underwear for the soldiers, preparing occasional packages to cheer those without families to think of them.

"A regulation was passed securing to soldiers the jobs they left when they were mobilised. If necessary, the state provides for their families while their earnings are reduced.

"Switzerland's military system has grown in a country which for 650 years has set its own course and which is ready to take its share in the rebuilding of a new world, developing the same ideas that are so precious to this country."

OF all living creatures in this world people and cats interest me most. Cats interest me because they have the qualities I like best in people—courage, dignity, independence the ability to amuse themselves, combined precision, silence and economy of movement, and that rare and marvellous virtue, a taste for the difficult.

Though cats interest me because of the qualities I like, people interest me whether they have any qualities I like or not. Many people I do not like at all interest me far more than the people I do like.

The Soviet has a vast army in mufti fighting the enemy in the rear.

Russia's Sixth Column

MAURICE HINDUS

Condensed from "Weekly Star."

A GROUP of Nazi tanks and trucks passing through apparently peaceful country in occupied Russian territory suddenly find themselves subjected to fire from partisan fighters, hiding perhaps in grain fields, in clumps of bushes or in forests.

The truck drivers are killed, the fuel is set on fire, the tank crews in a frenzy, fire wildly on forest and thicket . . .

In another district a loaded Nazi artillery ammunition train is blown up by guerrillas and the crew exterminated.

In still another case Russian armoured car troops, when their machines are put out of action, disappear into the fields only to turn up as snipers elsewhere.

Every barn, tree, haystack and hill shields invisible snipers. Fires are started at night. Enemy cavalry horses are found dead in the morning with their throats slit. Telephone and telegraph wires are cut, the water supply destroyed or polluted.

Far from being elemental and spontaneous, guerrilla warfare is the work of small but *organised* groups operating at the rear of the enemy. They are required to attack the foe continuously, according to the plans of a General Staff that uses the guerrillas as an auxiliary to large-scale operations of the regular army units.

The Soviet High Command recently issued a special decalogue for guerrilla fighters :

1. In combat, watch for your comrade. He will watch for you.

2. Do not bother about the wounded during action. Watch the enemy. The wounded will be adequately attended to after the battle.

3. The sooner you destroy the enemy, the less danger there will be of him destroying you.

4. If you attack the enemy once and he does not succumb, try again, and keep on trying. The enemy is a human being; he will eventually give in.

5. If you cannot destroy the enemy by ordinary means, think of other ways. You are bound to succeed sooner or later.

6. Retire if necessary, let the enemy advance, but stay in the rear and harass him until you have destroyed him.

7. If the enemy is superior, retire but destroy everything as you retreat. Do not give the enemy the use of our food, shelters, water, etc.

8. If your enemy has superior forces as well as armaments, use your own

ingenuity to make up for this shortcoming. Make the enemy pay for every inch of ground.

9. Do not under any circumstances, surrender to the enemy. If you seem to be fighting alone for a while, do not forget that your comrades are fighting for you somewhere else.

10. Remember, you must destroy the enemy at all costs if you wish to remain free.

Russian territory already occupied by the Germans, offers an excellent terrain for guerrilla warfare. The vast Pripet marshes, the wooded territories of Eastern Poland, Latvia, and Esthonia, the marshy swamplands of the lower Dniester and the Danube make it possible for even large bodies of men to hide out in daylight hours, emerging at night to attack the enemy in every conceivable way.

The organisation of guerrilla troops is relatively simple. When the regular army is forced to retreat from any given area, it leaves behind a number of key men, preferably men who are natives of the region in which they have been fighting. To these men are entrusted caches of arms and ammunition. The Communist Party cell and leaders of the local Soviet determine the work to be undertaken and organise support for the guerrilla troops which generally operate in the forests.

Guerrilla troop leaders are expected to use their initiative to the utmost. They must above all learn to "live off the enemy"—to take from the invader food, arms, supplies. There is

no other support possible except from the air force.

The guerrillas' job therefore is to sabotage the enemy's effort to consolidate his control of the territory and to send materials and men to the front. The guerrilla troop is expected to wipe out bodily as many enemies as possible. But this is not to be done in daylight combat where the enemy can draw upon his tanks and planes. The guerrillas do not engage in direct battle unless they are reasonably certain of having the superiority. Instead, every ruse is used, every ambush.

While the guerrilla troop fights hostile armed forces on the march and in small localities, in the towns and larger villages, the Communist cell does its best to rally the people to make the life of the invader miserable. Everything of use to the enemy is destroyed. Railway lines are torn up, bridges mined, a mass espionage system established. It is obviously impossible for the enemy to keep all of his movements secret. Specially assigned partisans and patriots are given the task of counting enemy trains passing by, keeping track of the number of trucks and tanks, etc. This information is sent on to the guerrillas and to the regular army fighting the invader at the front.

Not only adult males but women and children are active in carrying out this dangerous work. In no other country have women been so deliberately trained for war as in Russia. Go through the huge automobile factory in Moscow and the sight of girls in red kerchiefs

and blue outfits, working side by side with men, is impressive.

There are hundreds of women engineers and women factory managers in Russia, while thousands are foremen of collective farms. At least a million young women have been trained to operate tractors, combines, threshing machines and other agricultural implements. An additional million have been taught mechanics. In all, thirty million women are engaged in the productive efforts of the country, eleven million in industry and nineteen million in farming. Women have even been prepared to take over in time of war the cultivation of the highly mechanised large-scale collective farms as well as the operation of certain industries.

An equally essential division which has been prepared for guerrilla warfare is known as the *Osoviakhim*—Civilian Defence Society—an organisation which has energetically mobilised the civilian population for military work. To this end they have popularised shooting, topography, the drawing of maps, the care of horses, and airplane mechanics.

There is not a park in Russia which does not have one or several parachute towers, where, in the evening, crowds of young people, girls as well as boys, flock for practice. Glider flying has likewise been popularised.

There is hardly a factory, a school or collective farm in Russia without its shooting gallery and rifle range or that is not within a short distance of one. A peasant girl, chairman

of a collective farm, once remarked pertinently, "In this country learning to shoot is even more important than learning to read."

A different type of guerrilla warfare is carried on in the larger occupied cities such as Kaunas, Riga, Byalostock and others. Here the invader is expected to try to start the factories operating again. Guerrilla methods do not function well when fighting enemy forces concentrated in these cities. Hence the trade unions and Communist party cells organise to sabotage industry; electric power plants which may not have been destroyed are wrecked, machinery in plants is put out of order, and every measure is taken to make occupation useless from the economic point of view. The working class population of the larger cities also offers a constant source of new recruits for the guerrillas and is organised for the manufacturing of weapons, the securing of medical supplies and the provision of doctors and nurses.

Finally, the Communist and other anti-Nazi organisations in Nazi-occupied countries are appealed to, to sabotage industry and the war effort.

As the invader penetrates deeper into the vast expanse of the Soviet Union, new possibilities for partisan action will emerge. Russia has long been expecting and preparing for this war. The armament industries have been expanded and scattered over the eight million square miles of the country. The Ukraine, Great Russia, the Urals, Siberia, the Arctic regions in Europe and Asia all have been stocked with arse-

nals. The Ural mountains, which are the dividing line between European and Asiatic Russia, hum with industrial effort for defence. Were the Soviets to be driven from Europe, they could fight a rear-guard action for thousands of miles and still have military equipment.

It would seem that as long as the basic element of the population is anti-Nazi, guerrilla activities cannot be stopped, but will increase each day. This is true of course only where the people are prepared for this type of warfare. And the Russians *are* prepared.

SEX seems to be, of all things in life, the most double-edged, bringing the keenest happiness and the most appalling misery. Free indulgence, rigid restraint—they both bring tragic and heart-rending results. The fatal swing of the pendulum marks us for unhappiness on both sides. Too easy-going young people are unhappy. Too straitlaced young people are unhappy. And it is hard to strike the balance.

Nature has placed us between such contrary and such passionate instincts that she has made of the gentlest heart a mystic battle-field. Those who tell us that Nature is all on one side—on the side of complete freedom—are as far from understanding her secrets as those who counsel a cruel puritanism.

Nature is on the side of satisfied desire; but she is also on the side of shyness, retreat, withdrawal, reserve, and a chaste horror of indiscriminate indulgence.



Wise-Cracks

CONTEMPORARY literature can be classified under three headings—the neurotic, the erotic and the tommy-rotic.

EVERY man is an omnibus in which his ancestors ride.

RAISE your hat to the past; take off your coat to the future.

THE reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore, all progress depends on the unreasonable man.

SOME men who can't even get along with their wives still think that the whole world could get along as a universal brotherhood.

I LIKE work; it fascinates me. I can sit and look at it for hours.

IT may be true that the good die young, but if they had lived they would probably have grown up to be like the rest of us.

A GOSSIP is one who talks to you about others; a bore is one who talks to you about himself; and a brilliant conversationalist is one who talks to you about yourself.

AN optimist is a fellow who believes that whatever happens, no matter how bad, is for the best. The pessimist is the fellow to whom it happens.

WE are inclined to judge ourselves by our ideals; other by their acts.

HAPPINESS is nearly always rebound from hard work.

PAWNBRÖKER'S SIGN: See me at your earliest inconvenience.

A GOSSIP is a woman with a strong sense of rumour.

THERE is really no perfect place to live. If you live in the land of milk and honey, you will probably get kicked by a cow and stung by a bee.

IT is to the eccentric that we owe most of our knowledge.

A LEADER of men is one who sees which way the crowd is going and then steps in ahead.

On Opening a Conversation



STEPHEN LEACOCK

Condensed from "Hohenzoller ns in America"

OPENING a conversation is really the hardest part. It may best be studied in the settings and surroundings of the Evening Reception, where people stand upright and agonize, balancing a dish of ice cream. Here conversation reaches its highest pitch of social importance. One must talk or die. Something may be done to stave it off a little by vigorous eating. But the food at such affairs is limited. There comes a point when it is absolutely necessary to say something.

The beginning, as I say, is the hardest problem. Other communities solve it better than we do. In China, conversation between strangers after introduction is always opened by the question, "And how old are *you*?" This strikes me as singularly apt and sensible. Here is the one thing that is common ground between any two people, high or low, rich or poor—how far are *you* in your pilgrimage of life?

Compare with the Chinese method the grim, but very significant, formula that is employed in the exercise yards of our penitentiaries. "What have you brought?" asks the San Quentin or Sing Sing convict of the

new arrival, meaning, "And how long is *you* sentence?" There is the same human touch about this, the same common ground of interest, as in the Chinese formula.

But in our polite society we have as yet found no better method than beginning with a sort of medical diagnosis—"How do you do?" This admits of no answer. Convention forbids us to reply in detail that we are feeling if anything slightly lower than last week, but that though our temperature has risen from 91.50 to 91.75, our respiration is still normal.

Still worse is the weather as an opening topic. For it either begins and ends as abruptly as the medical diagnosis or it leads the two talkers on into a long and miserable discussion of the weather of yesterday, of the day before yesterday, of last month, of last year and the last fifty years.

Let one beware, however, of a conversation that begins too easily. This can be seen at any evening reception, as when the hostess introduces two people who are supposed to have some special link to unite them at once with an instantaneous snap—as when, for instance,

they both come from the same town.

"Let me introduce Mr. Sedley," says the hostess. "I think you and Mr. Sedley are from the same town, Miss Smiles. Miss Smiles, Mr. Sedley.

Off they go at a gallop. "I'm so delighted to meet you," says Mr. Sedley. It's good to find somebody who comes from our little town."

"Oh, yes," answers Miss Smiles. "I'm from Winnipeg, too. I was so anxious to meet you to ask you if you knew the McGowans. They're my greatest friends at home."

"The—who?" asks Mr. Sedley.

"The McGowans—on Selkirk Avenue."

"No-o, I don't think I do. I know the Prices on Selkirk Avenue. Of course you know them."

"The Prices? No. I don't believe I do. You don't mean the Pearsons?"

"No, I don't know the Pearsons. The Prices live near the park."

"No, then I'm sure I don't know them. The Pearsons live close to the college."

This is the way the conversation goes for ten minutes. Both Mr. Sedley and Miss Smiles are getting desperate. Their faces are fixed. Their sentences are reduced to—

"Do you know the Petersons?"

"No. Do you know the Applebys?"

"No."

Then at last comes a rift in the clouds. One of them happens to mention Beverly Dixon. The other is able to cry exultingly—

"Beverly Dixon? Oh, yes, rather. At least, I don't *know* him, but I used often to hear the Applebys speak of him."

And the other exclaims with equal delight—"I don't know him very well, either, but I used to hear the Willie Johnsons talk about him all the time."

They are saved. Half an hour later they are still standing there talking of Beverly Dixon.

An equally unsuccessful type of conversation is one in which one of the two parties is too surly or too self-important to talk, and the other labours in vain.

Mr. Grunt, capitalist, is approached by a willowy lady.

"Oh, Mr. Grunt," she is saying, "how interesting it must be to be in your place. Our hostess was telling me about your shoe machinery factories."

"Honk," says Mr. Grunt.

"I should love so much to see one of your factories. They must be so interesting."

"Honk," says Mr. Grunt.

Then he turns and moves away. Into his little piggy eyes has come a fear that the lady is going to ask him to subscribe for something. Yet she is probably as rich as he, and hasn't the faintest interest in his factories. Only she is fit to move and converse in polite society and Mr. Grunt is not.

"WHY," asks a writer, "can't Europe live as one big family?" The trouble seems to be just that it lives as most big families.

In Lighter Vein

A GOLFER had lost his ball, and, not unnaturally, was inclined to be annoyed with his caddie.

"Why the dickens didn't you watch where it went?" he asked the boy.

"Well, sir," replied the caddie, "it don't usually go anywhere, so it took me unprepared like."



A MAN whose whole life had been spent in active business passed to the spirit world. "Now for some rest and perfect peace," he thought.

After quite a short time, however, a spirit tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Excuse me, sir; you are wanted on the ouija board."



THIRTY firemen formed a guard of honour at the wedding of a colleague. They were prepared to put out any old flames, if necessary.



VICAR (to old gardener digging up neglected garden): It's wonderful what the hand of man can do with a piece of earth, with the aid of Divine Providence, Wilks.

Gardner: You should 'ave seen this place, sir, when Divine Providence 'ad it all to itself.



TOMMY (to bald grandfather): "I say, grandpa, how do you know how far up to go when you wash your face?"

EXTRACT from a boy's letter: "We gave a performance of 'Hamlet' before we broke up for Christmas, and a lot of fathers and mothers came. Although some of them had seen it before, they laughed just the same."



A YOUNG actor was complaining that he could not get an engagement. "And, mind you," he added, "my ability has never been questioned." . . . "Questioned!" retorted another pro. "It's never even been mentioned."



LUCKY blighter! I hear you've made millions in rubber."

"Cotton, not rubber; thousands, not millions—and I didn't make them, I lost them!"



WELL, Sambo," said the judge, "so you and your wife have been fighting again. Liquor, I suppose?"

"No, judge, she licked me this time."



MAGISTRATE: As regards the ownership of this eight-day clock, my decision is that the plaintiff gets the clock.

Defendant: And what about me, your Honour?

Magistrate: You get the eight days.



PRISON Visitor (to convict making mail-bags): "Ah! sewing?"

Convict: "No; reaping."

PRIVATE BUCK **By Clyde Lewis**



"Well, if you must know, I won these with my chickens at the livestock exposition!"

Human and simple is the man seventy million Japanese worship as a living God.

"God" Lived Next Door



WILLARD PRICE

Condensed from "Fortnightly"

FOR five years the Emperor of Japan was our neighbour. I should say at once that he was a good neighbour. He ignored our existence except when it was time to command our presence at the Imperial Garden Party. And I may say to our own credit that we left him severely to himself. We did not try to pry into his affairs; and yet, glimpse by glimpse, word by word, we learned during our five years in Hayama, much about the home life of the most secluded and mysterious monarch in the world.

All roads lead "up" to Tokyo while the Emperor resides there. But during the warmer months the earth tilts in a different direction. Then one goes "up" to Hayama, the Emperor's favourite residence.

Hayama is a fishing village on the coast of the Miura Peninsula some thirty miles from the capital. There we lived in a little two-storey house next door to the Imperial Palace. The pines of the palace

garden cut the glare of the morning sun on our second-floor windows.

Since we were the only foreigners to live near the palace we were subjected to close scrutiny.

Regularly once a month the police called at the gate with much ado to drink tea and ask questions. In these conversations we studiously avoided any reference to the Emperor. The devout Japanese is quick to detect the slightest trace of irreverence. Our apparent lack of interest in the chief topic of Hayama at first set our friends at ease, then stimulated their determination that we should hear about their Emperor. And hear about him we did. Police officers of the village, sentries who stood like wooden soldiers in the pill boxes punctuating the palace wall, fishermen who helped the Emperor collect marine specimens, tradesmen and farmers who brought supplies to the palace, carpenters who built the Emperor's con-

ning tower, visiting physicians, biologists, teachers and musicians contributed, always discreetly, to our picture of the Son of Heaven's private life.

Discreetly. For example, there was never a description of the Emperor's appearance. Diffidence on this point was evidently due to the influence of the ancient tradition that no man may look full into the Heavenly Countenance and live. Now men looked and lived but still considered it sacrilegious to speak of what they had seen. But we had plenty of opportunities to see for ourselves. Hirohito does not have the usual Japanese squat frame and tendency to bow legs. He has a horseman's balance and a swimmer's suppleness. When he swings across the beach or sprints up the bank to the garden it is quite evident that he is not suffering from an overloaded stomach or an over-taxed brain. He is a good animal. One would never dream this to see him rigid and unresponsive in his limousine as crowds look on. Then the mantle of divinity rests heavily upon him.

His face is *yakimashita* as the Japanese would say (literally, "broiled") by sun and weather. Slightly prominent white teeth contrast with the dark complexion and short black moustache. His lips are rather full and sensitive. His head is slightly longer than broad, a head of gentle dreams and intellectual delights. Its air of detachment is accentuated by the thick-lensed glasses.

The general appearance is that of a student, or of a gentleman with hobbies. While

he shows no evidence of being a great thinker, he has a curious and reflective mind. One day when he retired from the shore to the palace he left behind a copy of Aesop's Fables. Although we did not touch it, a guard threatened us blackly, snatched it from our polluting gaze and bore it away as though it were a holy wafer.

In his ample library philosophy, economics and history are well represented. There are also many books in English. The Emperor reads English easily but speaks it with difficulty.

His manual on world affairs is *Asahi* (Morning Sun), Japan's greatest newspaper, which reflects the common Japanese suspicion of all other nations with the uncertain exception of Germany.

Adult education has an advocate and example in the Emperor. Black-suited lecturers with brief-cases full of wisdom come almost daily to the palace to address a class of one. He takes regular courses in economics, zoology, literature and art. Sometimes musicians would give command performances, but not very often, for such entertainment within the palace of the Son of Heaven is considered too frivolous.

The Emperor has one luxury that his predecessors did not possess—a view. He has built one small second-storey room from which he may see the bay, Fujiyama and the smoke-plumed cone of the island volcano, Mihara. On the landward side he gets glimpses over the garden wall of the life of the village. Who knows whether the

wistfulness of a peasant to look upon his Emperor is any greater than the wistfulness of an imprisoned Emperor to walk among his people? For the village and all beyond is forbidden territory. He may only pass through swiftly in his maroon limousine. A royal road leads straight from the palace gate to the nearest railroad station. At the station the Emperor steps into a plush-smothered waiting room reserved by the railroad management for his exclusive use, and thence into the royal railroad coach in which the window shades have been closely drawn.

It is only when he sits in his high room, that his fancy, at least, may roam free. The palace garden is small and cramped. The best part of it is outside the walls—along the beach to the sea. The point is covered with grass and trees and fringed with great boulders. On one side of it the surf roads and on the other it is a quiet sandy cove where the Emperor bathes.

There is nothing to prevent the bathers on the public beach a few hundred feet away from seeing their Emperor enjoying himself, but they do not stand in gaping wonder, no matter how much they may feel like doing so.

He swims with a long, clean stroke and is evidently quite able to take care of himself in the water. Nevertheless, extraordinary precautions are taken. A boatload of attendants floats nearby. A prescribed swimming area is marked off with red flags. If he goes beyond them, he find the boat respectfully in

his way, and he dutifully turns back.

When garden and beach pall, the Emperor goes out to sea. In a small cabined motor yacht he and his crew sail slowly along the coast collecting specimens. He handles spear and net himself as happily as a small boy. And like a small boy he nonchalantly drops algae, starfish and sponges into the pockets of his white coat. But this practice is mitigated by the fact that, unlike the small boy, he never wears the same clothing twice. Imperial tradition forbids it.

He has one room of the palace fitted up as a laboratory. There is also a miniature aquarium. The specimens come out of pockets, others are brought in buckets by attendants, and the royal biologists settles down to his microscope. The smaller the organism the more it interests him.

The other occupations and diversions of the Emperor are very Japanese. On nights of the full moon he may sometimes be seen with members of his family and court viewing the moon. "Moon-viewing" is not as casual as it sounds. It involves offerings of beans and dumplings and bouquets of lespedeza blossom and eulalia grass, and the writing of verses.

The Emperor's interest in animal life also extends to insects and he enjoys the Insect-hearing Festival. Tuneful locusts, grasshoppers, cicadas, crickets and katydids in bamboo cages are bought from the insect-breeders. On a quiet evening in early autumn the

ceremony of "Freeing the Insects" takes place. The cages are opened, the insects escape to the trees and celebrate their liberty with song. Everyone listens in rapt silence.

It would be strange if a man of such delights did not write poetry. The present Emperor will probably leave behind him around 38,000 poems. Poems in Japan are short. The present imperial bard finds his best inspiration in the early morning. It is reported that he rises at five-thirty and is out by six. His mood at that hour is never marred by a hangover for he never uses liquor, nor even tobacco.

Every other week or so the Minister of War accompanied by officers of the General Staff calls on the Emperor. No other minister of the cabinet has direct access to the Emperor. The army flag significantly bears the Emperor's crest and signature. Army plans, signed by the Emperor, are thereby lifted above public criticism.

Within the palace garden the Emperor is very human; outside, he becomes every day more god-like. The modernism of Meiji was recognised as a mistake. Then the country

nearly fell into "the vice called republicanism." The army stopped that in time. Lessons were introduced in school textbooks designed to deify the Emperor and thus give divine sanction to "his right hand," the army. Japanese children grow up in this scientific age firmly grounded in the myths of the Sun Goddess and her descendants who sit upon the most ancient throne of the world. They believe the emperors of Nippon alone can claim divine descent.

This faith is essential to the Japanese army programme which stops at nothing short of world rule. "We shall build our capital all over the world and make the world our dominion."

At the head of this world programme stands the Emperor. He alone makes it seem reasonable; for is it not logical that the world's one divine ruler should rule all mankind?

But whether he who is the heart of this grandiose scheme has any heart in it is doubtful. He seems hardly the type of man to aspire to be god of the world. He is a man of simple taste who would be quite satisfied in a small garden beside the sea.

JAPANESE FRANKNESS

CHARACTERISTICALLY, the Japanese do not trust one another; one story they enjoy telling on themselves to illustrate this trait concerns two close business friends who met in Tokyo Central Station.

"Where are you going?" asked Businessman One.

"I am going to Kobe," said Businessman Two, after some hesitation.

"Ha, you liar!" said Number One loudly. "You told me you are going to Kobe to make me think you are going to Osaka! But I made inquiries, and 'I know your are going to Kobe!'"

—W. B. Courtney.

A Famous Correspondent Explains
the Brutality of the Japanese
Army.

Education for Homicide



EDGAR SNOW

Condensed from the book "The Battle For Asia"

NOWHERE in the present world has the deliberate degradation of man been quite so thoroughly systematized as by the Japanese army. Animals in the jungle usually kill only when hungry or if attacked; they evidently derive little pleasure from mere mutilation. The lust for sadism is something which must be cultivated. . . .

The thing which makes the Japanese Army so puzzling to Westerners is that the physician and the headhunter still exist side by side. The army retains the traditions of head-hunting days, while mastering the technique of modern medicine and the "science" of war. This is true more or less of all Japanese society; the hands work on modern machines while the mind lives in an absurd feudal world of tribal gods, superstitions, taboos and fetishes.

To this day the masses are taught that the Emperor is literally God, and millions

would kill men with other gods to prove it. The nobility, the police, the army and navy all share this divinity and must be held in reverence and fear.

For the common man this teaching is made palatable by the fact that he too is a god, superior by a mere fact of birth to Jesus, Mahomet, Darwin, Newton, Einstein or President Roosevelt. The claim is given reality in his own household, at least, where he is worshipped by his women, the lowest creatures in the Japanese social ladder, whom the master of the house can barter commercially whenever he wishes. Moreover, he becomes a national god-hero if he dies for the Emperor and automatically enters the Shinto pantheon besides the warrior gods of the past.

Teach this to a child from the time he understands words, and you get the modern Japanese soldier, just as the Papuans get a first-class cannibal by glorifying cannibalism, and the Nazis get "pure Aryans"

out of a cocktain of chromosomes.

The Japanese army teaches its recruits rigid loyalty and self-sacrifice. It also teaches chivalry between equals; but of course the Japanese soldier has no equal, even if it were possible to combine chivalry with a machine gun. It is not 100 years ago yet, that any *samurai* (an ordinary mercenary of a feudal chieftain) could test his sword, whenever the urge moved him, by cutting off the head of the first commoner unlucky enough to meet him. He could be embarrassed only if he failed to remove the offending object with one blow. . . .

Other brutalities are equally glorified. After the invasion of Korea the Imperial Army wished to prove its invincibility to school children. The victorious troops brought back with them 30,000 pickled ears and noses which edified the Court of Kyoto. Horror at the sight of mutilation and human blood is supposed to indicate cowardice, and every young lad is anxious to demonstrate his bravery. During the massacre of 6,000 Koreans in Japan, led by the army and police, at the time of the earthquake in 1923, some of the murder and torture was done by women and by youngsters in their teens.

Sadism is part of the discipline itself imposed on the soldier. The Japanese officer seems never satisfied, when given a new batch of recruits, until he has "tested" the tenderfeet in some foul act of violence. Foreign eye witnesses confirm the reports that both during the war in 1932 and also since 1937,

some Japanese officers would line up a number of captured Chinese civilians, including women and children, and order their newly arrived troops to use them for bayonet practice. When a soldier made a clumsy thrust he had to repeat the performance until he had perfected his technique or overcome his timidity.

Japanese women are chattels and millions of them on the market are worth less than their weight in beef. The sale of virgin Japanese girls to rich landlords or merchants may be considered a form of legalised rape. And no moral stigma is attached to adultery. Only for the impoverished peasant is there a barrier—the financial.

Officers sometimes encourage the peasant boy to regard war as a means of demonstrating his manhood as well as his courage. Poor Japanese women must sacrifice their chastity at the demand of the male. What consideration, then, should be given the wretched Chinese? Really, a great honour is conferred upon them. Japanese seize other Chinese commodities and industry without payment. Why should an exception be made in the case of women?

One reason for Japanese behaviour and the whole god business is the pronounced inferiority complex from which the entire race suffers. The individual Japanese is subconsciously aware of his unfortunate intellectual and physical inferiority to the individual Korean or Chinese. And he is forever seeking ways of compensation. Nothing gives some Japanese

greater satisfaction therefore than to force a towering Chinese peasant to his knees at the point of a bayonet—unless it is to pull the pants off an Englishman. At home the ordinary Japanese lives in a world of suppressed fear—fear of his police and those above him. In China also he lives in a world of fear—fear of his officials and the hostile people beneath him. His bullying acts serve temporarily to reassure him and remove those fears.

Finally, the Japanese are physiologically a very nervous and jittery people. They have been living under a depressive strain ever since Meiji times, as contradictions in their society have grown more and more acute. Feudal credos have been preserved in an industrialized society at the expense of intellectual and physical freedom. One can appreciate how deep must be this psychological burden only by contrasting Japanese conduct in China with the outward kindness, beauty, calm and charming civility of Japanese life at home. The burden has vastly increased since 1937. The average Japanese is now a bundle of carefully suppressed emotions. Rarely does the individual overthrow the restraints without group support of some kind, and then it is always with astonishing results.

A Japanese mob is really something fearful to content-

plate. I have seen Japanese soldiers without any apparent provocation go up to women in the streets of Shanghai and kick them in the stomach. Malcolm Rosholt of the *China Press* told me of an incident he saw in Hongkew, when a group of Japanese stormed a Settlement police station, attempting to seize a man who had been in a fracas with one of them. Rosholt watched a big English policeman trying to protect the intended victim. Suddenly, to his utter amazement, one of the Nipponese jumped three feet from the ground, landed on the policeman's back, and dug his teeth into the man's neck, clinging on while his companions applauded.

Remove normal, heavy restraints, remove the sense of personal responsibility, add the sublime ignorance of the peasant conscript who reads nothing that is not first approved by the army at home, add a credo also that glorifies brutality, and you get the Japanese terror in China. But when the fear of authority, based on blind belief in its invincibility, breaks down in Japan, the world may see the bloodiest, and most barbaric civil war in history. Once the Japanese army and navy suffer a major defeat, and the myth of invincibility is shattered, they must also, together with the ruling class and the whole tradition of divinity, commit *hara-kiri*.

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IF a man thinks he is Caesar and nobody agrees with him, he is sent to the insane asylum. If the masses agree with him, he becomes a dictator.

Too many fail to win the confidence of children and here are some reasons why.

How Wise Are The Young



GERTRUDE E. CHITTENDEN

WHAT a fine, manly fellow," she said, pinching his cheek.

No sooner had the last word left the mouth of the would-be admirer than from his stronghold in his mother's arms the "fine, manly fellow" reached toward the speaker, deftly removed her spectacles, and tossed them to the ground. A ruffled lady stooped to retrieve the pieces; an amazed young mother gasped an apology. I never found out whether this particular well-meaning adult profited from her experience or not. I doubt that she did. Probably she is still making the same kind of unwelcome advances to unsuspecting children. It takes more than one pair of smashed spectacles to teach such a person that she needs to change her technique of greeting young children.

An inventory of the ordinary intelligent adult's repertoire of remarks saved for the special

purpose of greeting young children would sound something like this: "You are getting to be a big boy, aren't you?" "My, how you are growing." "What beautiful curly hair." "You're the picture of your daddy." Each is accompanied by a condescending manner, a sugar-sweet tone of voice, and a basic lack of sincerity, all of which do not deceive the youngster one bit. What are his reactions to such greetings? All of them may not be as straightforward as the one cited above. Underneath all of them lies the desire somehow to get this individual's attention centred elsewhere than on the helpless victim.

You have seen the curly-headed two-year-old bury her head in her mother's skirts and refuse to emerge until the admirer of her curly hair had passed on down the street. She isn't trying to be coy. She is downright ill at ease. One's hair



“Repose”

M. DESAI, A



"Nightmare"

M. DESAI, 2

is one's personal property, and public conversation about it is embarrassing.

You also have seen the mother who, in such a situation, complicates it for the child by making remarks such as these: "Now, Sally, don't act like that." Then over Sally's head to the originator of all the trouble: "I don't know what is the matter with her; she just doesn't seem to be the friendly child she used to be." Poor Sally! That is the moment when she feels as if she hasn't a friend in the whole wide world. She is miserable.

Children suffer from self-consciousness and embarrassment just as we do. It shouldn't be hard for most of us to remember this and speak accordingly. All we need to do is put ourselves on the receiving end of some of the inane remarks made to children by supposedly intelligent adults and analyse our own feelings.

Suppose you are the favourite friend of three-year-old Tom's fond parents. You are invited to spend a week-end with them at their country home. Don't go "getting wise" with Tom. Use the same kind of approach for greeting and talking with him as you would for greeting and talking with an adult whom you were meeting for the first time.

Learn what some of his interests are. At least know what most three-year-olds are interested in. If you cannot find out whether young Tom has a particular fondness for airplanes, or Diesel engines, or motor trucks, or any one of the other mechanical wonders that our modern youngsters become at-

tached to, just play safe by conversing about all of them, or about other children, or about animals, or about toys. He isn't as specialised as his father whose conversation runs in the "stock-exchange" rut. He can meet you on any ground you choose as long as that ground can be shared by people his age.

The chances are that, if the conversation veers off in the direction of Diesel engines, you'll wish secretly for your *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. You will get fine information about them from Tom whose young mind, uncluttered with thoughts of dull subjects, has the opportunity to concern itself with such fascinating things as Diesel engines. Even a three-year-old can possess an amazing amount of information.

A greeting such as, "Hello, Tom, I've saved a story about a brown and white dog that I saw on the way over to tell you after dinner," will not only make Tom feel comfortable in your presence but will put you on a "man-to-man" basis which may lead to a better understanding. Once a child realises that you and he have common interests, he wants to talk with you.

Second in nuisance value to the "silly-greeters" just discussed are those who talk above children. These are the people who conversationally ignore the existence of children within their immediate environment. Conversation is scaled to the adults who are present; the child is left dangling. An occasional word may sound vaguely familiar to him but the balance of the conversation is entirely

foreign. His only escape from such an unbearable situation is to go to sleep or to perform some shocking, anti-social act which will bring him some attention, and, incidentally, some conversation that he can understand.

An amused but baffled father told me how his five-year-old behaved one evening not so long ago under conditions similar to those just described. Guests, a business associate and his wife, were in the home for dinner. Sue, the five-year-old, had dinner with the adults, then retired to the living room with them.

Conversation in the "male" corner of the room turned to politics and the current economic situation. The ladies were discussing the ins and outs of their favourite bridge club and its members. Small Sue sat politely in a chair too big for her, legs dangling in mid-air trying her best to be interested in Mrs. Jones who trumped Mrs. Smith's ace.

Suddenly Sue left the room. Her exit was unnoticed because of the stimulating conversation. Just as suddenly Sue reappeared, this time in the nude. Very quickly she became the centre of attention. Her mother lost no time in ushering her from the room, meanwhile admonishing her to the effect that "big girls should know better."

What about Sue's behaviour? She may have become unutterably bored; and so she had done something about it; she had shown an intelligent mode of behaviour. Her method accomplished results. As for her mother's admonitions about knowing better: who would

need or want to know anything better? She had invented, tried, and found successful a surefire way of getting the attention of adults who had been ignoring her and of getting the conversation down to her level.

Perhaps if more children were as dramatic as Sue we would have more parents who are aware of the needs of children.

Third in the list are those people who may be called "talk-arounders." Have you met any of them? There are some experts in the world and most of them are mothers and fathers of children. Various ingenious devices are used. There is the old familiar one of spelling out words that the little one mustn't hear; equally effective is that of lapsing into some other language, German or French or pig-Latin, for a few phrases. This is just one example of the methods to which we adults stoop to take advantage of children. How do the victims feel about it? Much as you or I would feel if two people used the same techniques on us.

Fourth, and perhaps most offensive are the people, who talk beneath children. They are legion. For some unknown reason there are countless numbers of adults who are convinced firmly that young children cannot understand the English language in its natural state, but must have it delivered to them in strangely mutilated forms. These are the people responsible for "baby-talk."

In this group, which we shall call the "drivellers," are the producers of such meaningless and disgusting vocalisations as: "You are such a tute itty bitty

boy" or "Let's put your mitties on your patties now." What must a sensible child think of such silliness? If these people could listen in on the conversation between adults and children in a nursery school for an hour or so, they would discover that children really can understand and speak the English language, unadulterated.

Last, but by no means least, are the plain and simple "bores" who consider conversation with a child a one-sided affair with the child doing all of the listening. Surely these people have never listened long enough to hear the lovely rhythm and good common sense

that flows from the mouths of babes.

Fortunately all of the adults in the world don't fall into the five classes mentioned. Too many of them do. If some wise man would write a guide book on *How To Talk with Children*, he would soon be both wealthy and wise; not only would he reap material benefits, but he would be eternally blessed for helping thousands of children grow up without having to put up with the trials and tribulations presented by a society so largely composed of "silly greeters," "high-brows," "talk-arounders," "drivellers," and "bores."

THE BROKEN WING

(QUESTION)

THE great dawn breaks, the mournful night is past,
 From her deep age-long sleep she wakes at last !
 Sweet and long-slumbering buds of gladness ope
 Fresh lips to returning winds of hope,
 Our eager hearts renew their radiant flight
 Towards the glory of renascent light,
 Life and our land await their destined spring . . .
 Song-birds why dost THOU bear a broken wing ?

(ANSWER)

SHALL spring that wakes mine ancient land again
 Call to my wild and suffering heart in vain ?
 Or Fate's blind arrows still the pulsing note
 Of my far-reaching, frail, unconquered throat ?
 Or a weak bleeding pinion daunt or tire
 My flight to the high realms of my desire ?
 Behold ! I rise to meet the destined spring
 And scale the stars upon broken wings !

SAROJINI NAIDU.

The Reviewing Business



CLIFTON FADIMAN

Condensed from "Harpers Magazine"

THE word "business" in the title of this article is used as a wedge to separate book-reviewing from literary criticism. Literary criticism is an art, like the writing of tragedies or the making of love, and, similarly, does not pay. Book-reviewing is a device for earning a living, one of the many weird results of Gutenberg's invention. Movable type made books too easy to publish. Some sort of sieve had to be interposed between printer and public. The reviewer is that sieve, a generally honest, usually uninspired, and mildly useful sieve.

To use an example conveniently near at hand, the writer of this article is a book-reviewer. To the best of his knowledge and belief he has never written a sentence of literary criticism, in his life. Unless he becomes a vastly different person from what he is now, he never will. He and his colleagues are often called critics, a consequence of the amiable national trait that turns Kentuckians into colonels and the corner druggist into Doc.

True literary criticism is a subtle and venerable art. You can number the top-notchers on your fingers and toes: Aristotle,

Horace, Coleridge, Lessing, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Goethe, Arnold, Shaw (one of the greatest,) and a few others. In our own time and nation, literary criticism is almost a lost art, partly because no one expects a few other literary critics care to read it.

What follows, then, is not a discussion of literary criticism but merely shop talk about my trade. A literary critic (just this once and then we're through with him) is a whole man exercising his wholeness through the accidental medium of books and authors. A reviewer is not a whole man; he is that partial man, an expert. Many of his human qualities are vestigial, others hypertrophied. All experts are monsters. I shall now briefly demonstrate the reviewer's monstrosity.

We must first of all remember that reading maketh not a full man. Any reviewer who has been in harness for twenty years or so will be eager to tell you that bacon was just dreaming up sentences. I suppose I have read five or ten thousand books—it doesn't matter which—in the past couple of decades. Ever so often I catch myself wondering whether I shouldn't

be a sight wiser if I had read only fifteen, and they the right ones. You see, a reviewer does not read to instruct himself. If he remembered even a moderate quantum of what he read he would soon be unfit for his job. Forced to comment on book Z, he would at once recollect everything that books A to Y, previously reviewed, contained what might throw light on Z. This is not the mental attitude that makes for useful book-reviewing. As a matter of fact, what the reviewer should have above all things is a kind of mental virginity, a continual capacity to react freshly. I said that he was an expert. He is—he is an expert in surprisability. The poor fool is always looking forward to the next book.

This does not mean that the reviewer has the memory of a moron. He doubtless remembers something of what he has read, but not enough to handicap him. His mind is not so much well stocked as well indexed. If challenged, I think I could tell you the authors and titles of the three or four best books of the past ten years dealing with the ancient Maya civilization. I can even make a fair fist at grading the books in the order of their completeness, authority, and readability. But what I don't know about the Mayans in the way of real information would fill several volumes and, no doubt, has done so.

Reviewers interest the public. I cannot fathom the reason, for we are among the mildest and most conventional of citizens, pure Gluyas Williams types. A life spent among ephemeral best-sellers and publisher's announcements is not apt to produce characters of unusual con-

tour. But the fact remains that people are curious about us, and are likely to ask more questions of a reviewer than they would of a successful truss-manufacturer, though probably the trussman leads the more abundant life. To satisfy this curiosity I list herewith a few of the queries most commonly directed at my tribe, together with one man's answers.

Do you really read all those books? This question is generally put with an odd inflection, combining cynical disbelief with man-of-the-world willingness to overlook any slight dishonesty. But there is no need for this hard-boiled attitude. Reviewers read the books they review, exactly as an accountant examines his cost sheets, with the same routine conscientiousness. It's his job, that's all.

How do you select books for review? Well, each reviewer has his own system. Here's mine. I try to juggle five factors, whose relative importance varies with each book. First, I ask myself whether the book is apt to interest me. This is only fair: I am apt to write better, more usefully about something that naturally engages my attention. I don't have to like the book necessarily. It may interest me because the author happens to represent a great many things I dislike, as in the case with Gertrude Stein, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Charles Morgan, and William Faulkner.

Second, does the book have news value? A book reviewer is partly a purveyor of news.

The third factor is allied to the second: Is the book apt to be of interest to the reviewer's particular audience? At the present time I have a job with the

New Yorker, a humorous and satirical family magazine. There is no such animal as a typical *New Yorker* reader, but we know that most of this magazine's readers do not enjoy Temple Bailey, and no doubt *vice versa*. Miss Bailey, has her virtues (indeed she is *all* virtue), but they are not the virtues that happen to interest the people who read my small screeds. Hence Miss Bailey does not get a look-in in my column. I cannot notice that her sales suffer in consequence.

The fourth factor is the only one that might not be apt to occur to a non-professional. A reviewer in selecting books takes into careful account the opinion of the *publisher* with respect to his own publications. If a publisher writes me that Hyacinthe Doake's novel is terrific, that it is his fall leader, that he is going to lay ten thousand dollars' worth of advertising money on the line—why I make a note to read Hyacinthe's book with care. I may not like it, and in that case will say so. (I have not once, in almost twenty years in the trade, received a letter of protest from any publisher whose offering I had panned, except in a few cases when I had made mis-statements of facts. But the truth is that I am more apt to like it then I am to like some little yarn that this same publisher is so ashamed of he hides it away in the back of his catalogue.

How reliable are reviewer's estimates? There's no exact answer to that one. If his estimates weren't appreciably more reliable than those of your dinner-table companion he wouldn't hold his job long.

But he is several light-years distant from infallibility. He works under pressure, he's human, he's been out too late the night before, his eyes bother him—for one reason or another the result may be a stupid verdict. I have rendered many. At the end of each year I give myself something like itself, less generous than I am, doesn't allow us: a second chance. I go over the books I've reviewed and correct my first estimates. I try to be honest but it is not easy.

How influential are reviewers? This is a hard one to answer. All the publisher's questionnaires, scientifically designed to discover just why a given book is bought, throw but a dim light on the subject, though they provide any desired quantity of statistics. Reader A buys a book because his friend B has mentioned it; that is apparently the strongest single definable factor. But this means nothing until you know why B happened to mention it. You ask B. B replies let us suppose that he himself bought, read, and recommended the book as the result of reading an advertisement. Now you have to find out what in that particular advertisement caused the positive reaction in the book. Was it the publishers statements of the books merits. Was it a quotation from a reviewer? If the latter, B bought the book because the reviewer liked it—and therefore A indirectly did the same. The whole matter is very complex.

With a great best-seller, a large number of factors operate simultaneously or follow rapidly on one another, causing an

irresistible, constantly mounting wave of popularity. If we take the case of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* we might list these factors somewhat as follows, in the order of their conceivable importance:

1. *Author's reputation (but that didn't make a best-seller of his previous book).*
2. *Timeliness and importance of the subject matter.*
3. *Literary excellence.*
4. *It was a Book-of-the-Month selection, which automatically set in motion a wave of bookish conversation, for the club members form a mighty army of talkers.*
5. *Almost unanimously favourable reviews.*
6. *Erotic and "shocking" passages.*
7. *Book-store recommendation (a factor very difficult to judge—perhaps it should be placed much higher in the list).*
8. *Publisher's advertising and general promotion — in this case, I should say a minor factor.*

Talkability. I don't give this a number because any of the factors 1 to 8 might have contributed to the book's talkability, and no one can determine the relative importance of any of them.

Now this casual analysis (whose arrangement would probably be sharply questioned by my colleagues, the publisher and Mr. Hemmingway) would not apply identically to any other great best-seller. In some cases (8) might be very near the head of the list. *Anthony Adverse*, for example, benefited by one of the most skilful advertising campaigns in recent publishing history. *Furgen* was

made mainly by (6) or rather by a vice, society's alert appreciation of (6) and so it goes. Mrs. Lindberg's sublime example of the prophetic fallacy, *The Wave of the Future* succeeded through a combination of (1) and (2) plus certain other less savoury factors.

The reviewer alone cannot make a book popular. A superb novel such as Elizabeth-Bowen's *The Death of the Heart* may be praised by every reviewer who knows his job, and still sell but a few thousand copies. Only factors (3) and (5) applied to this particular book; other factors would have been necessary to push it over into solid popularity.

Occasionally a book may be made or set in motion by one man's recommendation. William Lyon Phelps did a great deal for *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. Will Roger's admiration for *The Good Earth* helped that book. A book of some years back called recovery by Sir Arther Salter, owed its success almost entirely to Walter Lippmann. More recently Alexandre Woolcott tickled the lachrymatory glands of all America to the considerable advantage of Mr. James Hilton. It is interesting to observe that none of these four commentators is or was a regular day-in-day-out book reviewer. They are gentlemen rather than players. We professionals do not in the nature of things wield any such power. I have never heard of Lewis Gannet or Harry Hansen or Malcolm Cowley or Sterling North or Joseph Henry Jackson or Donald Adams or Clifton Fadiman "making" a book single-handed.

A minor trait in the Ameri-

can character makes us pay less attention to the literary judgments of professionals than to those of distinguished non-professionals. A striking instance, to go back almost a generation, is the instant popularity into which J. S. Fletcher the English detective-story writer, sprang when Woodrow Wilson, then President, happened to praise his work, which was no better nor worse than that of fifty other thriller manufacturers. A parallel instance in England was Stanley Baldwin's endorsement, some years ago, of the novels of Mary Webb. They were at once gobbled up by the thousand, unfortunately a little too late to do the author any good; for she had died some time before in utter poverty.

If Franklin D. Roosevelt should happen to go all out for some novel to-morrow it would at once become a best seller, irrespective of its real merits. But if he should issue a weekly verdict on new books, his opinion within a few months would cease to have any great influence.

Columnists, radio commentators, editorial writers, lecturers, even big business men will on occasion influence the sale of books more sharply than reviewers can. On the other hand, preachers whose literary influence a generation or so ago was marked, have now sunk to a minor role as book recommenders. One of the paradoxes of book-selling, observable only during the past few years, is that a book may be helped by one or more of the so called competitive media. A book's sale will be *increased* by its translation into a moving pic-

ture. Alice Duer Miller's *The White Cliffs* became a best seller largely because it was so successfully broadcast. And, to take a more striking example, the condensations of popular books to be found in the *Reader's Digest* frequently tend to accelerate the sale of these publications in their original form. There is no such thing as bad publicity for books.

One thing that does *not* sell them is the publisher's jacket blurb. This is generally written after much brow furrowing and is almost completely ineffective. Sometimes blurbs help the reviewer, but not much; more often they aid the harried bookseller. Yet I have never seen a potential book-buyer influenced by them. My own practice is to be wary of them. Their extravagance is often so absurd that the reviewer loses his detachment and is unduly severe with the innocent book. "One of the outstanding reviewers of our time" said the blurbist a year or two ago—about whom? About a journalist named Hector Bolitho who has devoted himself to the extreme dull task of composing official slop about the English Royal Family. "The greatest of living historians" is the blurb characterization of Philip Guedalla, a writer of considerable quality, but no more the greatest of living historians than I am.

A tedious Scandinavian was tagged by his publishers as "One of the great writers of the day" which may have been literally true, the day being unspecified. This jacket racket alienates reviewers.

And I guess that's enough about us.

PRIVATE BUCK .. By Clyde Lewis



"That isn't necessary, Private Buck. We'll let you know when your year is up!"

Here's the reason why one intelligent person walks around with a raw potato in his pocket.

Are You Superstitious About Superstitions?



Y. Y.

Condensed from "The New Statesman and Nation", London.

GETTING out of a train with difficulty the other morning, and fearing that a fellow-traveller might think from my contortions that I was intoxicated, I explained to him that I had a touch of rheumatism.

"Well," he said, "I've never had rheumatism myself—touch wood—but I remember meeting a chap in Manchester who told me he had had terrible rheumatism; that he'd tried every kind of cure and given himself up as a cripple for life, when someone advised him to carry a raw potato in his hip pocket. He tried this, though he didn't much believe in it, and before long he was feeling so well he could not only work again, but play golf. I thought this was a bit superstitious, and that the cure was just coincidence, but I told the thing as a rather amusing story, later, to a business associate. He gave a wry smile. 'Do you know' he said, 'exactly the same thing happened to me? No matter how hard I tried I could find nothing to relieve the pain of my torturing rheumatism until

someone mentioned the raw potato remedy. It worked! I was cured. And I've never had rheumatism since.'"

"It certainly sounds worth trying," I said. "I'll get hold of a raw potato as soon as I reach home."

"They say it goes all shrivelled and black in time," he told me, "as it absorbs acids out of the system." "I'll wear it if necessary," said I, "until it goes blue."

When I got home I had a smallish potato washed and dried, and dropped it—not without scepticism, yet not without hope—into my hip pocket. As I sat waiting for it to cure me, I wondered whether or not I was being superstitious. Having wondered that, I wondered whether, on the contrary, I was not really being scientific. Readiness to experiment is surely a mark of the scientific spirit.

I know of some people who think that they are being scientifically up to date if they doubt all kinds of thing their ancestors believed in—doubt them, and decide without further in-

vestigation that they are erroneous. Doubt is an excellent thing, but only if it leads to investigation. These people claim the right not only to doubt, but to deny all sorts of things without having ever given ten minutes' thought to the matter.

Many people deny the existence of ghosts, for example, not because they have taken a scientific interest in the subject, but merely because they look on a belief in ghosts as absurd. Nothing could be more absurd, however, than to regard a belief in ghosts as absurd. Men, civilized and uncivilized, have believed in them for centuries; and most of us have met people at least as intelligent and honest as ourselves, who declared that they had seen them. I think that, on the evidence, a belief in ghosts is in some instances more scientific than superstitious.

I confess I am myself a prey to doubt in many matter; that I often doubt, not because I have any reason to do so, but because it has long been the fashion to doubt. Take astrology, for example. What reason have I for doubting the genuineness of this ancient science?

I fancy the majority of people ceased to believe in astrology not because they had reasoned the matter out, but because it had become associated with so many impostors. Why should an ignoramus, such as I, disbelieve in the genuineness of astrology except for such unscientific reasons? There was a time when the leaders of thought—Ptolemy, Regiomontanus, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, Galileo, Kepler, and others—believed in astrology as dogmatically as the

leaders of thought disbelieve in it to-day. They probably had brains as good as any to be found in modern universities. And they used arguments for their belief that I, for one, cannot refute.

Is it not then a little unscientific of me to wave aside the considered opinions of these wise ancients merely because it is the modern custom to wave them aside? I should respect my scepticism more if I had ever enquired into the evidence on which the beliefs of these great men were based. But I am too lazy to do so.

Besides, when I read books on astrology, with the best will in the world I cannot follow the jargon. I soon feel my brain whirling round as though I were ballooning through the airless space of the stratosphere. For example, a chapter of Ptolemy is headed: "Of the Familiarities between Countries and the Triplicities and Stars," I cannot understand that. But what puzzles me is why I, who cannot understand what Ptolemy is talking about, should take it for granted he is talking nonsense. Why should I swallow all we are told nowadays about the influences of carrots, and be unable to swallow what we were once told about the influences of the stars? Is it less likely that a waxing moon should favour seeds newly sown in my vegetable garden, than that a waxing vitamin should preserve me from night-blindness?

We believe, as we disbelieve, on trust. We acquiesce superstitiously in the learned opinions only of our own time.

Witchcraft is another thing in the reality of which we have

ceased to believe, not as a result of examining the evidence on both sides, but mainly because civilized men became tired of believing in it. Belief in it resulted in such a plague of horrors that rational men, being pragmatists, decided that a belief which was the root of so much evil should be destroyed.

Few of us who are sceptics about witchcraft have ever made a scientific study of the subject. We disbelieve, not on the evidence, but on instinct. Yet G. K. Chesterton and other writers have maintained that the evidence in favour of the reality of witchcraft is overwhelming.

Perhaps it is only in regard to cures generally looked upon as superstitious, that I reveal a more scientific temper than most of my fellows. I am inclined to experiment with almost any cure, from the water of a

holy well to a patent medicine, from the repetitions of Coue to a witch's potion. I like reading the catalogues of herbalists, and always listen with interest to those who have been healed by herbal remedies.

Unfortunately, experiments in healing take more thought and time than an indolent man has at his disposal. I once bought an iodine locket and forgot to wear it. I bought a bottle of dandelion coffee and forgot to finish it. Still, the scientific spirit was there in embryo. I feel it coming to birth again every time I become conscious of the raw potato in my hip-pocket. The evidence so far is that it is working wonders. I am already all but cured. The moral is: *never have a superstitious disbelief in superstitions.* Be scientific; investigate—even if it involves walking about with a raw potato in your pocket.

COLLECTORS' ITEMS

COLLECTION Letters don't mean your credit is wrecked. But they certainly are a danger signal. A speedy reply, however, with a specific promise to pay all or part at a certain time, will keep everybody in good humour. At least, it's wise to be a little more definite than was the author of this classic:

"Dear Sir:

"I have your collection letter of the 13th, and am happy to give you the following information:

"We have divided our creditors into three groups.

"Class A: Those who will be paid promptly.

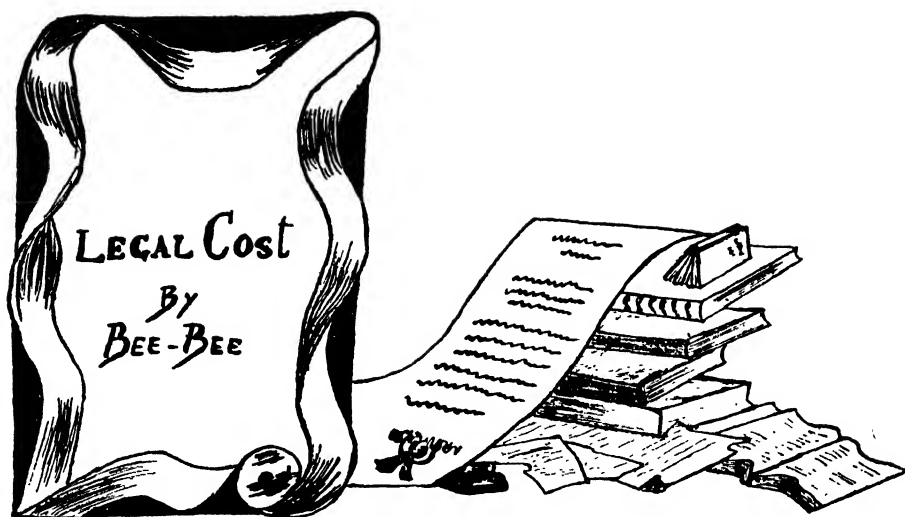
"Class B: Those who will be paid some time.

"Class C: Those who will never be paid.

"In consideration of the friendly tone of your letter we are promoting you from Class C to Class B."

THE following is an extract from a Form issued to employers by the Ministry of Labour:

"Separate departments in the same premises are treated as separate premises for this purpose where separate branches of work which are commonly carried on as separate businesses in separate premises are carried on in separate departments on the same premises."



"YOU can stay on if you like, but I must keep my promise to Malti and meet her on the boat from Madras." Said Suniti in the decisive tone of a woman, who knows how to keep her husband in his proper place. Bisu Babu, who was acquainted with the strong will of his wife, merely shrugged his shoulders. He had come to Mysore for a long change and resented that his programme should be upset just because Suniti wanted to meet a half-witted friend of hers on a certain boat bound for Singapore. But he said nothing. If his wife wanted to get to Bombay in a boat she would do it undoubtedly, but that was no reason why he should be dragged after her.

"Very well, you can go, I shall hang on here till it suits me to return home. The climate here is excellent, the food tasty, rent cheap, pleasing company and the best part of it is that I shall be enjoying a temporary bachelorhood of sorts." He said with venom.

Suniti disdained to discuss the merits or demerits of the matrimonial state.

"I am taking Rosie along with me." She said.

Rosie was a Christian maid of all work, judiciously selected by Suniti to combine the maximum of efficiency with the minimum of good looks. For, although Bisu Babu could not be described as young and there was very little of the Don Juan in his make up, still Suniti thought that he was not old enough to be immune to beauty.

"I shan't miss her much." Said Bisu Babu truthfully.

So Suniti packed her things, and accompanied by her efficient but homely maid, caught the night train to Madras. After that Bisu Babu spent four heavenly days. He got up at ten in the morning, dined at eleven in the night, and filled up the time in between by bridge parties at home, political discussions in coffee-houses, and long walks in the country. But this blissful state of affairs could not go on indefinitely, and

he knew it. On the fifth day he received a telegram which he correctly surmised as coming from his wife, and was once again correct, in thinking that it contained unpleasant news. It read as follows :

"INVOLVED IN A LAW SUIT SEND HUNDRED RUPEES IMMEDIATELY—SUNITI."

Like all peace-loving citizens, Bisu Babu had a wholesome dread of law suits. Personally, he would suffer any wrong, rather than get it righted by a law-court; and he could not understand why Suniti should have been involved in it. It was an unpleasant jar, which was not rendered any the more pleasant by the thought that it might be somebody else who was going to court, and dragging her merely as a defendant.

It would take him two days to go to Bombay, and in the meanwhile she would be wanting the money urgently to defray the expenses of the law suit. He sent her a hundred rupees by telegraphic Money Order. He settled his affairs, paid his bills, packed his things, and set out for Bombay the following day with a heart full of anxieties, all the more intensified because their nature was unknown.

He arrived at Bombay on the evening of the third day, and on reaching home, found his spouse dressed out in a new sari, new blouse and new shoes, reclining on a sofa, reading a book under the table lamp, with a glass of lemonade half finished on the table at her side. She looked fresh and dainty, and not at all

the sort of person, who is eaten up by worries of an impending law-suit.

She looked up with amazement as he entered the room.

"Oh, Hullo ! You here ? She said.

"If you think that I would not be by the side of my wife," he said with feeling, "when danger threatened her, you have mistaken me all your life. However, you don't look pleased at having me."

"Of course, I am glad to see you; but I had not sent for you, I merely asked for money."

"Merely asked for money ! Ever since I married you, I don't remember your asking for anything else but money. I suppose you married me for it ?" Bisu Babu was chagrined to find that his wife did not think his presence indispensable to her, specially when he had come away at a sacrifice.

"You start quarrelling the moment you enter the house." She said pouting.

Bisu Babu ignored the remark.

"What is it all about ?" He asked.

"What is it all about what ?"

"I mean the law-suit."

"Oh that, it is over. We won the case. They didn't stand a ghost of a chance the moment I stepped into the witness-box."

"I am glad to hear about it. But what was the case about ?"

"You see dear," her tone was very suave, "when we embarked on S. S. Ranpura at Madras, there was not a soul on the steamer, except Marie, Malti, I, and three other passengers. Naturally, it was very lonesome on the steamer, and Marie must

have mixed rather freely with the crew..."

"Must have? So you are not certain?"

Suniti ignored the questions.

"Well, the captain noticed that one of the crew was unusually interested in keeping her company to the neglect of his duty; he was charged with flirting with a passenger, and dismissed. When we reached Bombay, the dismissed sailor brought a case against the steamship company for wrongful dismissal; and I had to appear in the court as witness, being the mistress of the woman he flirted with.

"You sided with the sailor?"

"Of course, I did not want to see the poor man dismissed for nothing."

"What I can't understand is why he wanted at all to flirt with Marie, I don't think she is particularly attractive."

"Neither do I. But that is not the point. The poor man had to be saved his job."

"Oh!"

"What?"

"Nothing. It just struck me that you are rather too fond of sailormen to go out of your way to help one of them."

"Are you insinuating?" She asked in ominous tones.

"Let it go; the subject seems to make me angry. And now, why did you ask for money? It doesn't cost much to bear witness in a court. Will you kindly make over to me the balance of the hundred rupees I wired to you?"

"Certainly. I had no intention what-so-ever of keeping your money under false pretences." She lazily turned over on one

side, put three fingers into her blouse pocket, and extracted the money.

"Here is the balance of your money." She said, as she put three silver rupees, one four anna nickel bit, and three copper coins into his hands.

Bisu Babu's lower jaw dropped. He was dumb with amazement.

"You...you don't mean me to believe that it has cost you ninety-six rupees, eleven annas, three pies to bear witness in a case against an imbecilic sailor flirting with a half-witted maid!"

"These law-suits cost an awful lot you know." Said Suniti piously, "The government ought to do something about it." "Never mind the Government. Don't side tract." Said the aggrieved husband. "What did you spend the money on?"

"You see darling," This time Suniti was actually dripping honey, "I had to impress the judge, if my testimony was to carry weight. And one can't impress judges in old clothes. I simply hadn't a decent sari to go in."

"Is it the one you are wearing?"

Yes, you like it don't you?"

"It didn't cost you ninety-six rupees?"

"No. But you see dear, there is no sense in having a new sari without a blouse to match. And now a days it is imperative that your shoes must match your dress too. So you understand, don't you."

"And the earring you are wearing, they seem to match too."

"That goes with the rest, of course." She said sweetly.

"Whilst you were at it, you might have bought new undies and new socks to go with the rest." He said with great sarcasm.

But the sarcasm was lost on her.

"How very clever of you to have guessed it. There was not much sense leaving them out, when you have bought the rest, isn't that right?"

"And was the judge impressed?" Asked Mr. Bisu Babu, wiping a perspiring forehead.

"Very much so. He said that it was improbable that a maid belonging to such a respectable lady—that is me—should have been flirtatious. And Rosie's bad looks added great weight to this belief."

"So the steamship company

lost the case. What happened then?"

"Well the sailor was given his original place."

"And you had new togs into the bargain. It seems that only Rosie didn't get anything out of the incident?"

"She is going to get the sack."

"What?"

"The sack."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want a woman who flirts so desperately with men she has known for just a few hours."

"Good heavens! So the sailor was rightly dismissed, and you went out of your way to bear false witness."

"Bah!" said Suniti with great contempt, "these men will be scrupulous and critical even when one is helping them."

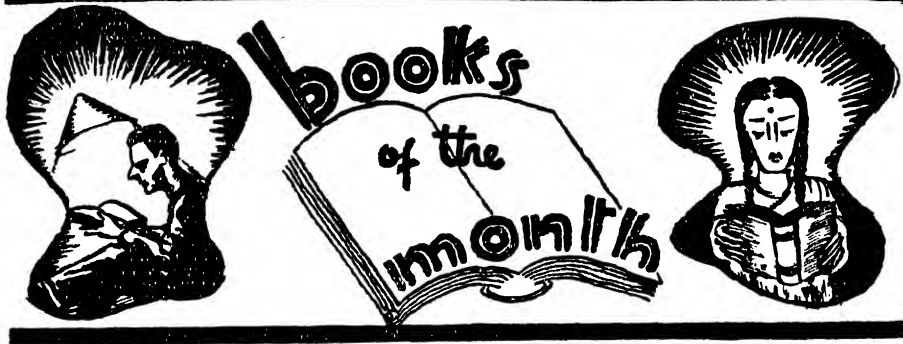
Epitaph on a very young Airman

Think not of valour—the pain
That never deflected my course;
Limbs would have mended again;
Wavering brings but remorse.

But think of the heart that lies cold
The singer whose songs are unsung;
For I, who shall never be old,
Hardly knew what was to be young.

MAURICE HEALY.

FOGS are not the results of man's pollution of the atmosphere. All he has done is to change the colour from white to black. If fogs were white and not black, headlights would be reflected back and traffic in the towns instead of moving slowly would be at a complete standstill. Let us then be thankful for our open fires and grateful to the polluters of our atmosphere.



Reviewed By

HILLA C. VAKEEL

THE TRANSPOSED HEADS.
Warburg 6s.).

By Thomas Mann. (Secker and

THIS book by one of the greatest German writers of the day provides ground for the assertion that "no man can be truly bilingual" if language is extended to include the intellectual idiom and attitudes of the race to which it belongs. It proves that in the final analysis the East eludes the West and that there are vast hinterlands of European thought which we, due perhaps to a difference in types of consciousness, fail to fathom. *The Transposed Heads* is an Indian legend presented through Western eyes and because of this it loses much of its native strength and vitality and though carefully plastered with the symbolism and sensuality of certain religious Hindu cults and heavily interlarded with the patois of Indian philosophy it does not ring true. Reminiscent of the Indian Pavilion at Wembley, it is artistically designed, care-

fully constructed and because its author is one of the greatest creative writers of our time it bears the stamp of subtle and delicate craftsmanship. But it fails, as it were, to make its point and does not succeed in convincing the Indian reader of its native origin.

The story centres round Shridaman, the son of a Brahman who represents Intellectual Beauty and Nanda, the son of a cowherd whose perfection is physical. A beautiful friendship exists between the two young men which remains unaffected by their falling in love with the same woman. Nanda woos her for his friend and Sita of the Beautiful Hips marries Shridaman but the marriage is not a success and Sita's desire is awakened by the physical beauty of Nanda. Things are in this unhappy state when the three set out on a pilgrimage. Coming to a temple devoted to Kali Shrida-

man immolates himself before the shrine to bring an end to a desire which evokes no response. Nanda alarmed at his friend's absence seeks him out and finding the dead body of his friend at the feet of the goddess kills himself. Horrified at this dual tragedy Sita decides to hang herself when Kali appears before her with whom she intercedes on their behalf. The boon is granted but in the excitement of the moment the heads are transposed and Shridaman's delicate face appears on Nanda's beautiful body. This appears at first sight to be a solution of the problem but only creates further complications and more unhappiness and the tale ends violently in the death of its principal characters.

Disquisitional in the time-honoured Hindu manner the book is relieved by the introduction of humour and by the skilful but kindly presentation of human especially feminine foibles. But the writing in spite of its distinguished authorship lacks spontaneity and the Indian reader is faced as it were with the embarrassing

necessity of meeting an old friend in unfamiliar guise and of being hard put to it to make the necessary adjustments. The sensuality too, is heavily underscored and rises so loudly and frequently above the entire composition that it subdues the intellectual level of the whole. For the rest the argument is in the following strain "For there is not only the truth and knowledge of the understanding, but also the insight of the human heart which sees as in an allegory, and knows how to read the handwriting of all phenomena not only in its first and simple sense but also in its second and higher one using it as means whereby to look through at the pure and spiritual. How will you arrive at a perception of peace, and feel the joy of a cessation from conflict unless you have a Maya-image to give you a hold on it—though in itself a Maya-image is by no means peace and joy? It is granted and vouchsafed to man to make actuality serve him to see the true; language has coined the word "poetry" to express this boon"....



RANDOM HARVEST. *By James Hilton.* (Macmillan & Co.).

IT is refreshing for the modern reader threading his bewildered way among the Incomprehensibles, the Impressionists, the Symbolists and the Surrealists to find novelists who hold old-fashioned views about their art, who consider that a novel to be a novel must tell a story and not merely contain bits of the novelist's mood, patches of his subconscious, a

defence of sexual perversities, of new or outworn political creeds or an inveighing against the social order. Too often is the modern novel cooked and served according to the recipe given by a literary critic in an English review some time ago: "To one well-ripened grouse, add three large "cabbage-heads," clean and put in shallow vessel and cook over

slow fire. When ready add four large tablespoonfuls of Sex, mix thoroughly and serve hot. For special flavour add Slang to taste." The measure of the ingredients vary but the flavour seems to a reviewer so tediously alike that almost any change from the monotony is welcome.

Random Harvest does not belong to this category but is an interesting and well-written novel about a shell-shocked prisoner in the last war who goes about with a blank patch in his life that he cannot remember. Clever, elegant, successful and slightly cynical, the hero, Charles Rainier is the sort of person to whom things happen. He dominates the story which concerns itself mainly with a retrospective account of the forgotten years, the bewildering search, the grop-

ing in Rainier's mind for clues and his reactions when he fails to link up. The theme calls for a great deal of psychological insight and inventiveness and Mr. Hilton displays both to a remarkable degree. The story winds its way through the years following the last war and the beginning of this one and the social and political changes in England during that period are well sketched. Except for the ending which is slightly weak and a little disappointing *Random Harvest* is an absorbing and unusual book. It bears the impress of the experienced novelist and like Mr. Hilton's earlier work "The Lost Horizon" and "Good-bye, Mr. Chips" it is wistful, tender and fascinating. Mr. Hilton above all possesses the gift of story-telling to a remarkable degree.



GOD PARDON US. By *Rupert Downing*. (Frederick Muller 7sh. 6d.).

THE dedication of Mr. Rupert Downing's latest novel: "To my Mother and Father without whom (obviously) this book would never have been written" sets the pace of this delightful and entertaining book. A crowd of English people, irrevocably and unutterably English are gathered together in France and conduct themselves in the hectic manner to which English humourists have accustomed us in the depiction of their fellow-countrymen abroad. Ranged around an amorous, unbalanced novelist, a stay-at-home wife, an experienced lady-killer with ideals, a debutante whose "knowledge of certain subjects

would have done credit to the observant child of a farmer," a beautiful vamp whose researches in the same field have been considerable, Jacques who "like most French waiters was flat-footed and ageless and might have been a married man with six children or a bachelor with a few more," and a fatally susceptible youth the story proceeds from one amorous escapade to another and ends unconventionally on a conventional note.

Mr. Downing has a bright and amusing style and a sparkling sense of humour which also displays an undercurrent of rather harrowing cynicism. In this he bears a certain re-

semblance to a Roumanian novelist who wrote a well-known book some time ago around a "green hat which women wear *pour le sport*." Now and again one recaptures the wistful lilt of an Arlenesque passage: "There are beasts and there are dreams. The dreams keep prowling round the soiled loneliness of desire; the beasts keep prowling round the soiled

loneliness of regret." But behind the laughter and the sophisticated chromium exteriors there are so many hints of tears and of human beings made helpless by passion that one may well look to Mr. Dowling to enlarge the scope of English humour and to rescue it from the trough of immature fatuities into which it has recently fallen.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Contributed by

P. R. KAIKINI

A VOID in the Indian sky—
 A paralysed glance in pity's eye
 A seagull flapped flagwise
 Green as midnight oceans
 Raging like an angry cyclone
 Relentless crushing of storm-voices
 A dead star fell weeping into far eternity.

Strange cloud-shadows overcast an evergreen land
 A frail bard, of delightfully insolent song
 An artist, painter of twelve kings' jewel-bright robes
 Singer who enchanted swan-breasted critical queens
 Knight-errant who quelled the overhanging dusk
 Is alas! no more, no more, no more,

Dolorous beat the erstwhile glad hearts of baffled bairns,
 A priest divine's spirited away—
 Behind him only a sleepless load of uneasy corpses.

WE need Laughter to-day. Men's souls are oppressed by world turmoil and uncertainty; they crave the relaxing and healing medicine of Laughter; they want the blithe spirits who can make them laugh.

Laughter has a sober and solid value. It is gold and silver and precious stones. It has values of all kinds: physical, commercial, mental, spiritual. It cannot be weighed, yet it carries weight. The role Laughter plays in morale, philosophy and personal power is incalculable.

Abraham Lincoln knew the worth of Laughter. "With the fearful strain that is on me day and night," he said, "if I did not laugh, I should die."

● ICTORIAL SECTION ●



Christmas has come and gone, but to Annie, the Philadelphia Zoo's pet chimpanzee, it will last as long as this "monkey doll" remains in her arms. Of all the Christmas presents she received this is her favourite one, and she takes care of it as if it were her own baby. You don't have to know about Christmas to have Christmas in your heart. Love is an inborn instinct; it's knowledge misapplied that makes people hate and fight.



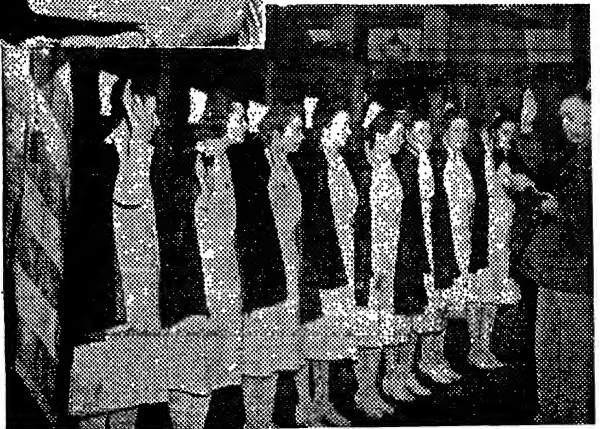
There is no war between this old English sheepdog and the German dachshund, as they meet and exchange a few sniffs about the state of dogdom. "They call us dumb animals," says the dachshund, "but we don't go around taking bones away from all other dogs." "Righto," says the sheepdog, "if human beings had as much love and loyalty in them as we have, this would be a better world." "Yeah

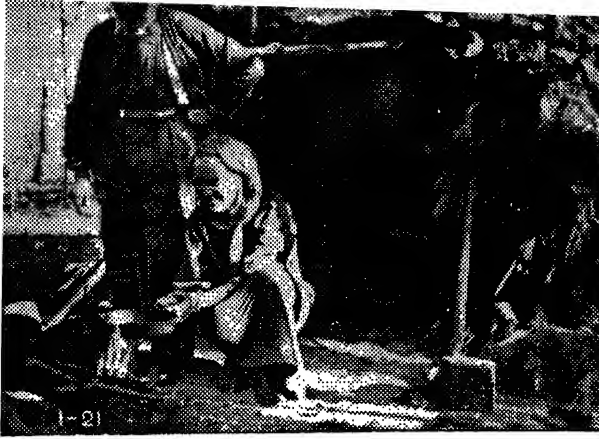
forty-three years ago. Don't ask us how; there were no candid cameras in those days. The gentleman looks as if he is just about to pop the question—and the lady, has she got her mind on the yarn? If "you" are thinking of proposing, look at this picture and go to it. Think how much simpler it is to-day!



Tommy Harmon, Michigan's All-American back and one of football history's wonders, now promises to become one of the country's great screen lovers. As you see in this picture of a film test, Tommy kisses a mean kiss, and the lady's rapt expression testifies that she is getting a big kick out of it. From the test it certainly looks as if he'll score another touchdown.

These eight Red Cross nurses are being sworn in for active army duty in Philadelphia by Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Schoenfeld. They are the first of 250 the army has asked this chapter to recruit, and after being inducted they left for intensive training at Camp Belvoir, Va. These girls are symbolic of





from home in search of romance. She found it in eighty - two - year - old Pleas Hickman, of Roan County, Tenn., and married him. Now she is keeping house for him in his one room shack in the woods and she says that she is completely happy. She cooks on an open fire, her running water is a creek, and a kerosene lamp lights the "house." Any house is a palace if Romance is the architect.

This is Axel Gorm Anderson's idea of what a real American looks like. Trapped in Norway at the outbreak of the war, his family travelled through several countries and finally settled in Woodside, Long Island. Axel, who is five years old, insisted that he should be outfitted as he knew American boys looked—he had read all about it in Norway, and hadn't he seen American movies? Well, even if Axel is wrong about the clothes, some of the courage, the grit and spirit of the cowboy is fortunately still in every "real" American.



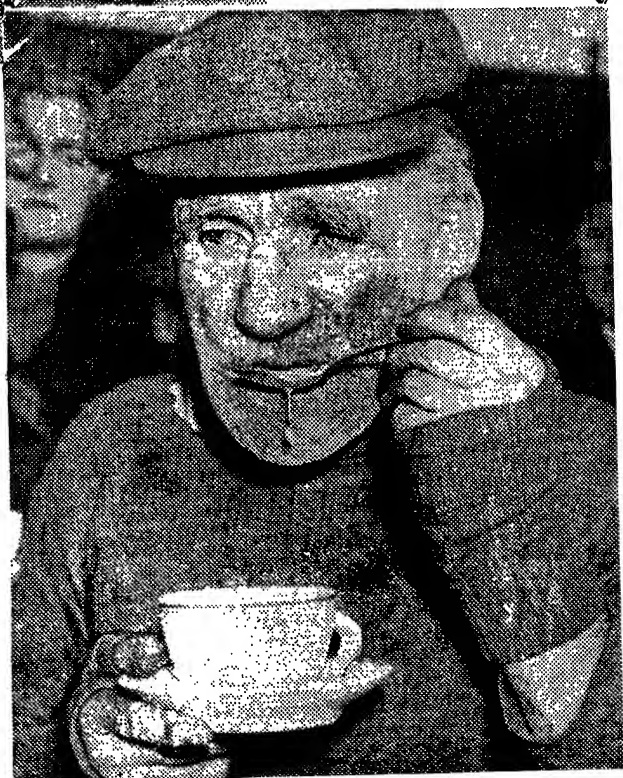
Little Richard Zaratzian, Jerry Giacobbe and Jerry Perleman will hereafter be able to buy their milk at a penny a half-pint. The New York School milk programme provides for 30,000,000 quarts of milk for the city's school children at this reduced price. Guard your children's health and you guard your city's safety. You can't expect patriotism on an empty stomach.



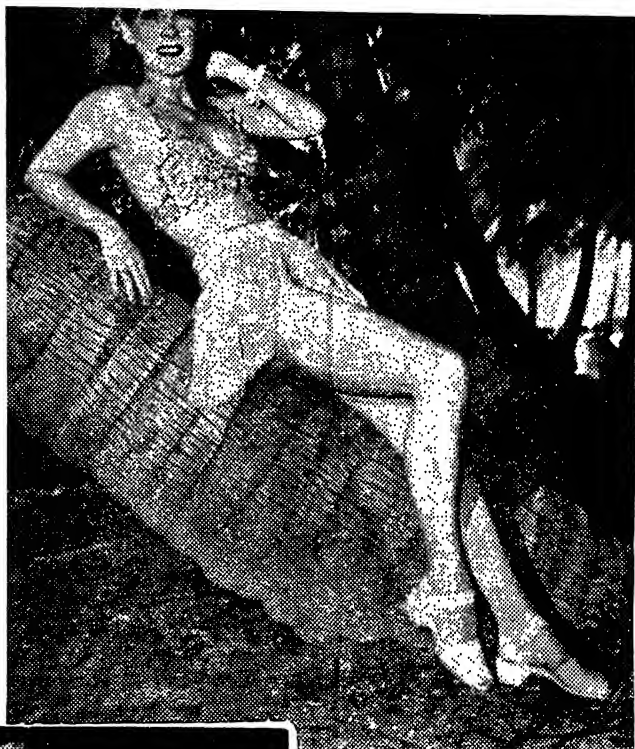
This English boy is an "A. B." and he has just added "M. A." to his initials. "A. B." stands for Able Seaman, "M. A." for Master of Arts. Mortarboard and academic gown over a sailor's uniform: he stands for England and civilization. A fighter for his country, a standard-bearer of culture and education, he represents the two powers that will maintain democracy. Power without enlightenment leads to darkness and slavery; the two combined keep the lamp of liberty lighted.



Thomas Kavanagh of Belfast, Ireland, aged 78, able seaman on the S. S. "Langleytran," has been spending a few days at the Seamen's Institute in New York. Here he is seen taking his spot of tea, without which an Englishman is not a "real" Englishman. "Give me my tea and the British navy," said the hoary old tar, "and all is O. K. with the world, as Yankees express it." When asked how much longer he expects to work as a sailor, he said, "till that bloomin' blighter 'titer 'as hənough!"



The tropical bathing suit is the latest. You will see it on the beaches. A hula skirt over brief panties and a bra top is all you need for one of them. Mothers will do well to watch the fringes on table covers and drapes. Don't call this latest contraption daring—in thirty years you'll laugh at it and say, "How old-fashioned!"



Guinevere Kilpatrick could not get a job as a stenographer. But she had to live, so she now is night watchman at a large New York women's wear shop. Armed with a lead pipe and a disarming smile she is ready for any burglar who may be in need of a blouse or a dress for his wife. In the meantime she writes poetry between making her rounds. Any job can be fun, says Miss Kilpatrick, if it gives you a chance to do the things you like.



Jeanne Joanne Henson, Los Angeles, California. She measured twenty-four inches from toes to hair and, in keeping with her size, let out a yell which plainly seemed to imply, "What a small world this is!" The mother, Mrs. Jack Henson, weighs normally 120 pounds, and is none the worse for her first baby. There goes that California climate again!

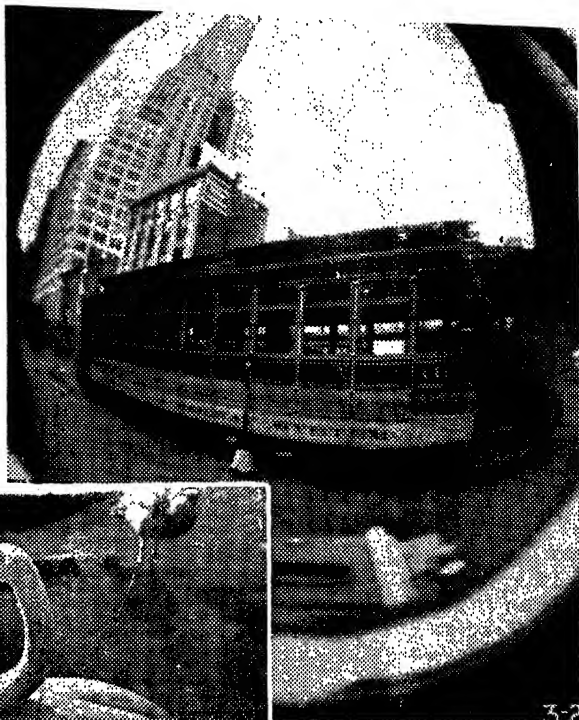
The fellow on the right is John McDonnell, graduate of the Father-To-Be class at the Brooklyn Methodist Hospital. He is showing Frank Manocchio, about to become a father, how to give baby a bath and how to apply the safety pin.



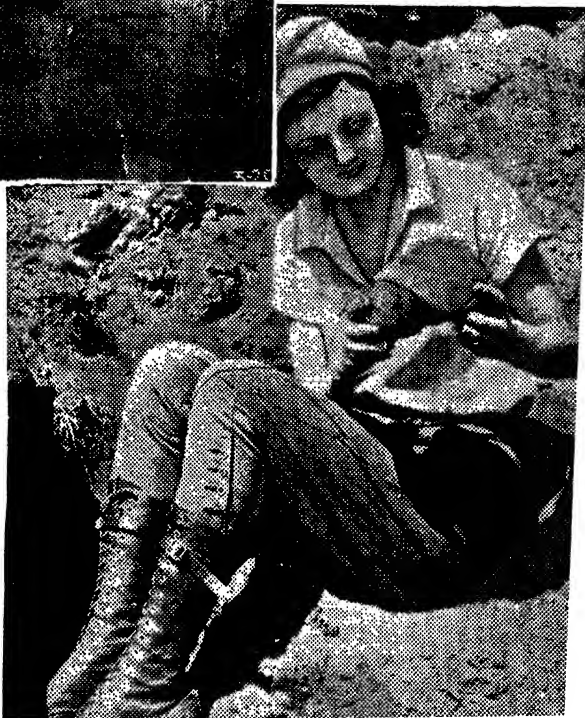
Little Nicholas Okounsiff, a native of Paris, isn't taking any chances. He is going to stay in America "for the duration," but no enemy is going to hurt him or his relatives in Boston, with whom he is going to make his home. His gun may not be the latest model or the most powerful — but it's good enough for him and he'll use it if necessary. It isn't the only gun that counts; it's the spirit behind the finger that pulls the trigger.

thing the matter with this picture seems kind of crazy. It's simply the reflection of a street car and a building in a crystal globe. Just the photographer's idea of fun. Yet how often we people put the wrong reflection on things, just because we look at them wrong. Anger, prejudice, drink—all these make us see perfectly simple things in a bizarre light. Let all our mental images be in focus.

"In the Spring the young man's fancy—" In every zoo the country over you see scenes such as this. Let's go to the zoo and look at birds—and the jackasses. We can learn a lot from them.



This young lady is thoughtfully looking at the remains of a skull which she found somewhere in the Arizona desert. Who was its owner? A man, with all man's worries and joys—or just a monkey? At any rate, he was probably somebody's ancestor—possibly some descendant of his is bragging about him now. But no matter who he was, his scion of to-day has to stand on his own feet, make his own way! Ancestors have no cash value in grocery stores.





Thousands of boys flocked to the colours when they saw the picture of winsome Elaine Bassett of Dallas, Texas, on the army recruiting posters. Daughter of a Baptist minister, she got tired of playing the violin in the Dallas Symphony orchestra and decided to do her bit for defense. Beauty is a priceless gift when used in the right direction.

Since the occupation of France by Germany, French school-girls have been ordered to dress like this. They are called the Young Ladies of the Legion of Honour, as this particular school is conducted by the Legion. The French used to



pride themselves on their individuality, particularly in dress. Look at these faces of the youngsters. There is one consolation for them: A conqueror may remark on their dress, but he can't put "soul" in their form.

Little Ray Ratkovich of Chicago is very mad at the stork because he brought another boy when she wanted a baby sister. But her brother, Joseph, is well satisfied because now he'll soon have a playmate who knows what boys like. Ray is three years old. Maybe in fifteen years she'll be glad that she hasn't a sister who may be a competitor for the affections of her boy



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PEN PORTRAIT OF PRINCES

H. E. H. The Nizam of Hyderabad

KHWAJA MUSHTAQ AHMED

OF all the Indian Princes, the personality of H. E. H. Sir Mir Osman Ali, the present Nizam of Hyderabad, stands out as the most conspicuous, and suggestive of a number of distinctly individual traits. The European tourist—diplomatist who comes to India with his head stuffed with fantastic and spectacular ideas about Indian Nabobs and Rajas, is almost shocked by the rigid austerity, and the simple principled solidity of the present ruler of Hyderabad. Here in this aged-modern state he comes face to face with a ruler, who is enveloped in an atmosphere of elaborate pageantry, and is yet distinguishable as a man having little faith in the "Pomp of heraldry." With the Nizam this is not a mere mental attitude which requires long sophisticated conversations to be discovered. For he wears his beliefs as one wears a hat. His unprincely dress and appearance, about which one hears a good deal, not only interpret his personality, but also inspire, by way of contrast the idea that modern dress serves to camouflage the modern man. Such a simplicity, when it is displayed by men who can afford to be ostentatious, is liable to be dubbed by the cynic as careful carelessness. But the simplicity of H. E. H. the Nizam strikes even the greatest cynic as nothing but proletarian in its essence. Indeed one can trace in it the

inspiration and the obsession of Carlye's Sartus Resartus.

The fact is that the Nizam is deeply and profoundly conservative. That is the reason why he does not strike one as a cynical Bohemian purposely and consciously riding a tattered Ford with a view to challenge all modern values of life. Genuine conservatism always gives an individual or a nation strong and unbreakable roots in life. It illumines your mind with all the glory of the past which provides you with the necessary inspiration for building your future. That is why, perhaps, no man can be great without being conservative. However, sheer conservatism without a vision is of no avail. And fortunately, as well as enigmatically, there is a harmonious fusion of a bias for the past and a dash for the future in the personality of the Nizam. That is the reason why the Nizam has been waging in his state a campaign of reforms and modernisation with a crusading spirit. In his temperament he may betray "traces of the imperiousness inspired by the once unchallenged supremacy of the old Delhi emperors." But in the progressive policy sponsored by his government in recent years, there is ample evidence to show that the Nizam is a modern ruler well equipped with the modern qualities of statesmanship.

It is due to this dual person-

ality of the Nizam that Hyderabad impresses the visitor not only as a modern state but also as an echo of what was once the great and glorious empire of the Great Mughals. Like his predecessors the Nizam enjoys enormous prestige with his nobles, officials and entourage, and with an almost "puckish sense of humour" he tolerates and encourages the medieval aristocratic traditions of the court and nobility. Thus to be in the Nizam's State for a day is to take a holiday from the all too drab reality of day to day life. Yes! it is a veritable excursion in history.

Himself a full-fledged Parnassian the Nizam is also a great patron of art and literature in his dominion. In patronising artistic activity he betrays an acute sense of Oriental history and culture. He seems to have grasped the fact that as a rule art and culture in the East have always co-existed with state patronage. There was a time when his predecessors robbed the great Safavid dynasty of Persia of the poetic and literary talent through sheer bounteous patronage. To-day the Nizam is goaded by the same impulse, and in a short period he has stimulated in Hyderabad a cultural awakening in every way equal, and in many ways superior, to the movement in British India.

And this is not sheer exaggeration. For it must be remembered that Hyderabad is the only bit of land in India where indigenous culture and language have been wonderfully exploited as basis for the superstructure of modern educational system. Coming years will prove amply that this is a master stroke of statesmanship. For, Indians will be truly Indians only when they begin to think and feel in their own language. Considered thus it would be an injustice to regard the establishment of Urdu University in Hyderabad as an outcome of the Nizam's Islamic and communal impulses. Broad-minded people can very well realise the importance of this far-reaching measure. The Nizam has strived hard and consistently to encourage the cultivation of a language and culture which will stand in the history of India as a symbol of Hindu-Muslim unity even if the two communities part. Centuries ago Hyderabad gave a lead in evolving a culture acceptable to both the communities. To-day the Nizam emphatically abides by this glorious tradition. Under his able direction Hyderabad is a specimen of Hindu-Muslim fusion. Who knows that it may provide an inspiration for the warring communities of our country at a future decisive moment?

THE BRITISH CROWN is one of the world's most august inheritances, and in a sense one of the loneliest. For it cannot be shared. All the high-sounding maxims and principles which have been formulated in connection therewith, such as "The King can do no wrong," are marked with the two-fold edge.

Though the King can do no wrong, the King must never make a mistake, and the burden of that thought may well at times be crushing.

The States and the Paramount Power



“AHMED KAWRAN”

I CAME, I saw, I conquered.”

This well known and much quoted dictum of the history of conquest can hardly be applied to the British occupation of India. It is this fundamental fact of modern Indian history which raises all sorts of issues, political, constitutional and diplomatic. When Mr. Churchill, in a recent statement on the Atlantic Charter *vis a vis* India, made reference to the various obligations of the British in India, he had probably in his mind this important aspect of British Indian history.

This remarkable feature of British Indian history is best illustrated by the relations between the Indian States and the Paramount Power from time to time, and by the various moral and constitutional factors which have sustained these relations. It is mostly due to such non-belligerent factors in the past that to-day the Indian States occupy an eminently dignified position in the well knit scheme of the British Empire. To a very great extent this broad and tolerant attitude of

the Paramount Power in the past has been responsible for engendering the suspicion in some quarters that the modern Indian States are merely creations of the British power with a malicious desire to keep back the hands of the clock. This section of public opinion in India looks upon the States as breakwaters on which the tide of progressive movements dashes in vain. Nothing, however, could be more erroneous than this view. Going back to Indian history we realise that the States have always existed as an integral part of India since times immemorial, and to-day they in no way indicate a departure from the age-old traditions of Indian history. But certainly to-day they exist with the important difference that unlike those good old days, they are to-day neither feudal nor vassal states. Constitutionally and legally they are independent sovereign states, though the various moral and administrative considerations link their destinies with those of India as a whole.

The Indian States owe their present dignified position to the fact that since 1858—a year which marks an important constitutional landmark — every theoretical and practical attempt has been made to define and clarify their relations with the Paramount Power. The Proclamation of 1858 was a solid attempt to remove the anomalies in which the East India Company was gradually drifting. Before this monumental proclamation all these 600 and odd states were tiny and insignificant. They lay under the shadow of their great neighbour and carried out only such orders as they might receive from it. Nor did their existence represent any new phenomenon to Indian politics. For, every conqueror had found himself embarrassed by the difficulties of administering the great extent of India, and had always left undisturbed great numbers of local chiefs who fell into dependence. Thus upto 1858, it must be admitted, they continued to be under the East India Company what they had been under the Mughal Emperor—a mass of pseudo independent units owing undefined allegiance to the dominant power. The East India Company entered into treaties with the states, but unlike the European treaties, these diplomatic arrangements were in no way comparable to international treaties which made provisions for the retention of sovereignty and were in every respect treaties between two states of equal rank. Thus the Company invariably retained the power to interfere in the internal administration, and even on occa-

sions made full practical use of this privilege.

And this and much more resulted in a diplomatic confusion and there was a need for a more constructive policy towards the states. In 1858 India was proclaimed to be the territory of the English sovereign, and thus by one stroke of political imagination India passed on from a corporation of merchants to a constitutional sovereign. This had a miraculous effect on the sentiments of the Princes. Ten years later Canning could feel that "There is a reality in the suzerainty of the sovereign of England which has never existed before, and which is not only felt but is eagerly acknowledged by the Princes." This was to be the natural consequence of the new policy; for no personal loyalty could be expected towards a corporation of merchants despite the qualities of their government and the conduct of their governors-general.

But the new policy towards the states was willingly acknowledged by the Princes for many other reasons. The Queen's proclamation made it emphatically clear that "We desire no extension of our present territorial possessions." This was an abandonment of the Company's policy "of abandoning no just and honourable accession of territory." It was in other words a promise of security and goodwill to the Princes, who realised at once that they were to be perpetuated as an integral part of the Indian body politic. The Proclamation hailed them as members of the Empire, and not as rulers driven by force into an unequal alliance.

Thus the new position was accepted not unwillingly.

It was this progressive policy towards the Indian States which laid the foundations of that unified Indian system which we are expecting to-day in the India of the future. The Proclamation of 1858, and the subsequent policy of the Crown inaugurated an era of healthy progressive relations with the Princes—a possibility absolutely beyond the scope of the oriental diplomatic jargon of those treaties which to this day provide a legal basis of relationship between the states and the Paramount Power. Assurance in unequivocal terms of the abandonment of the old threat of annexation, and the growth of various common interests resulted in the policy of cultivating and not coercing the Princes and so to enlarge the extra-diplomatic element in the paramountcy of the Crown. Thus in view of the gradual growth of a community of interests in India as a whole the former policy of "Subordinate isolation" gave way to the new policy of "Subordinate co-operation" which has to-day come to serve as a concrete basis for the proposed federal structure of India. As time passed and the influence of developing communications became more evident, this need for the policy of "Subordinate co-operation" also became imperative. The necessity of a uniform railway system and telegraph arrangements, for example, served to carry the conception of paramountcy beyond the political into the economic sphere.

Alongside this there emerged another factor which served to

bring the individual states into the orbit or an India-wide system. This was the moral factor, which in other words was the desire of the Indian Government to see the establishment of good progressive government in the states. Before 1858 it existed merely as an excuse for annexing a state. But thereafter it was enunciated by Lord Curzon as a dictum of vital importance in the interest of those over whose destinies the Princes ruled. Lord Curzon, for whom Government was more of a pleasure than power, laid down that:

"The native chief has become by our policy an integral factor in the imperial organization of India. He is concerned not less than the Viceroy or the Lieutenant-Governor in the administration of the country. I claim him as my colleague and partner. He cannot remain *vis a vis* of the Empire a loyal subject of Her Majesty the Queen Empress, and *vis a vis* of his own people a frivolous or irresponsible despot. He must justify and not abuse the authority committed to him; he must be the servant as well as the master of his people."

Thus due to these various factors the states have become what they never were by treaty, parts of an Empire. That is why to-day the problem of the Indian States is more of a constitutional than a diplomatic problem. In the words of Dodwell "this has been achieved by an illogical expansion of political right by that sense of moral duty which has been at once the strength and the weakness, the inspiration and obsession, of modern British rule in India."

"Indian States in Federal Framework"

-States and the Proposed Federation

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AND

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THE conception of a great Indian Federation is not a new idea. Ever since the weaving of the present pattern of India was completed about a century ago the welding together of the Indian States with the British Indian provinces into a single polity has been occupying the minds of thinking men—Indians as well as English men. But then it was only a distant ideal to be realised in the 'fulness of time.' Nevertheless it has always been self-evident, that no permanent solution of the Indian problem was possible that did not assign to the State, a position commensurate with their political status.

The post-war era saw the idea of a federation of India, slowly taking shape. The states were already part of the Indian political system. In the eye of the world, the States and the British Indian territories formed a single Indian polity. Writing in 1927, Sardar Panikhan says, "there are evident both in the system and in the relationship which is the basis of it, important elements of a federal tie. . . . The joint political entity of

Federation has been shelved for the duration of the war, but sooner or later it will have to be brought down from the shelves and dusted. For it is perhaps the only solution for a united India marching toward the goal of Dominion Status. Dr. V. Shiva Ram and Mr. M. Rajkumar both of the Department of Political Science, Lucknow University, and authorities on the problem of Federation, have discussed in a very dispassionate manner the place of the Princes in the Federal Framework—their position in the federal structure, its advantages to them, and its disadvantages.

the States and British India is recognised and the Government of India as the Central Government exercises certain rights which the States have surrendered. The tie is thus essentially federal and is based on a division of sovereignty." He recognizes however that this federal development is rather

weak and inchoate in character, but he goes on to say that "it is only in this line that the polity of India can develop."

For India is naturally one and indivisible; the political division into British India and the Indian States is purely arbitrary in character and is the result of an historical accident. In the words of the Simon Commission "there is an essential unity in diversity in the Indian peninsula regarded as a whole" (Report Vol. II para 15). Again both British India and the States are united to the British Crown through a common agency—the Govt. of India. It is also seen that in economic and industrial matters, the States are compelled by the force of circumstances to co-operate with British India (see Simon Report para 17). Thus from every point of view, a Federation between the States and the Provinces was both an advantage and an imperative necessity and would have only meant the constitutional definition of an idea which was already rough-shewn in shape.

The enquiry by the Simon Commission and its findings set the statesmen of both countries thinking and serious attention was given to the problem of an all-India Federation. The Indian princes were also "willing to co-operate in building up a successful and united India. . . . by the institution of appropriate Federation machinery." It was widely recognised both in England and in India that in future there should be a constitutionally defined relationship between British India and the States within a federated India. At the first Round Table Con-

ference the representative princes declared their readiness to take part in a scheme of Federation. But the difficulties in the way were enormous. The Government in the States was autocratic and it was not easy to effect a synthesis of opposing systems viz., the personal rule of the States and the democracy of British India. There was the important question of safeguards. Financial adjustments like subsidy, tribute, maritime customs, Railway Revenue, etc., was a thorny problem though it was clear at the very outset that it would not be possible to establish a perfectly symmetrical system of federal finance. In short, there were two India's and the problem was how to make them one. History failed to supply any precedent or mark out any track for the supreme task of solving this intricate problem of dual jurisdiction. Much water has flowed under the bridge since then. The first Round Table Conference was followed by two more R.T.C.s a Joint Committee of both Houses of Parliament, exhaustive debates and bitter argument. The ultimate result was the passing of the Govt. of India Act, 1935. The underlying principles of the scheme were Provincial Autonomy, Federation of the States and the provinces and Central responsibility with safeguards. It was essentially a compromise between the views of the conservative diehards of England and those of the extremist Indian politicians.

THE PROPOSED FEDERATION

We are not concerned, nor is it necessary for our purpose to

make a detailed analysis of the 1935 Act. But the position of the States in the proposed Federation is an essential factor for a sound conception of the problem. The main features of the 1935 Act are:—

I. The Act envisages the establishment of a Federation composed of the 11 British Indian provinces, the 6 chief Commissioner's provinces and those Indian States which may accede to the Federation. This, forming part II of the Act has not been brought into operation. The Federation is to be brought into being by means of a proclamation by His Majesty if an address in that behalf is presented to him by each House of Parliament.

II. The Act provides for a sort of dyarchy at the Federal Centre—a division of the Executive powers into Reserved and Transferred subjects. Certain subjects will be transferred to popular control while the rest (viz. Defence, Ecclesiastical affairs and External affairs) would be reserved to the personal control of the Governor-General. The Executive head of the Federation will be the Governor-General appointed by the Crown.

III. The Act also provides for the constitution of a bicameral legislature at the centre—the Council of State with 260 members and the Federal Assembly with 375 members consisting of the representatives of British India and the nominees of the Indian States joining the Federation. The Council of State is a permanent body not subject to dissolution, while the term of the Federal Assembly is five years ordinarily. Election to

the Council of State is direct, while the members of the Federal Assembly are chosen through a system of indirect election. The system is thus topsy-turvy. The electorate is communally divided and separately represented.

IV. Provision is made in the Act for a Federal Court. This has already been established and is in full working order. The Court at present is composed of 3 eminent judges—one of them being the Chief Justice who presides over the Court. The judges are appointed by His Majesty and their Security of tenure and independence are ensured. The Court possesses both original and appellate jurisdiction subject to certain conditions which are mentioned specifically in the Act. But the Federal Court is by no means the highest Court of appeal under the Act. The Privy Council, as Prof. K. T. Shah explains is still supreme in that respect vide—his "Federal Structure" (p. 398).

V. The Federation Railway authority is also a creation of the 1935 Act. The administration of Railway is not a reserved department under the Act; it has been transferred to the control of the Federal Government under certain safeguards. The Federal Railway authority is a corporate body of 7 members to be appointed by the Governor-General. There is also a President for the authority. This statutory body is to exercise the Executive authority of the Federation in respect of the regulation, construction, maintenance and operation of Railways." A Railway Tribunal is also provided for from which

an appeal lies to the Federal Court, whose decision in the matter is final. The Railway authority controls the Railway Budget which is not submitted to the Federal Legislature. Thus it is an independent body and replaces the present Railway Board.

VI. Part III of the Act, provides for the constitution of the 11 British Indian Provinces into fully autonomous units of the proposed Federation. Thus provincial dyarchy is abolished but the system is more or less transferred to the federal centre. This part of the Act is already in operation since 1937 and has been worked fairly successfully by popular ministries. The vast and comprehensive special powers reserved to the Governor has not impeded the general working of Provincial Autonomy.

VII. The 1935 Act however still leaves the Secretary of State the dominant authority of the Indian Constitution. His vast array of powers testify to this. "He has, in fact, all the power and authority in the governance of India, with little or none of its responsibility."

VIII. Another feature of the Act is the reservation of special powers to the Governor-General and to be the provincial governors. These special responsibilities cover a tremendously wide field and if exercised to the full and frequently would set at naught even the fundamentals of the Constitution as embodied in the Act.

A very complex system of federal finance is brought into existence by the operation of the Act. The peculiarities of this system are but the reflec-

tion of the anomalous nature of the units comprising the Federation. "It is perhaps in the fitness of things that an anomalous Federation like the Indian should have an anomalous and unequal financial settlement." Incidentally a Reserve Bank of India is already working.

POSITION OF THE STATES IN THE FEDERAL STRUCTURE

With this background of the general structure of the new constitution in view, it would be helpful to study the position assigned to the Indian States in the proposed federation.

I. FIRSTLY, then, no ruler of an Indian State is compelled to join the Federation against his will. Thus the federal government cannot exercise any authority over a State without the consent of its Ruler. Provision is therefore made in the Act for the 'voluntary' joining of the federation by the princes by means of the Instruments of Accession in which a declaration is to be made by them individually and separately that they accede to the Federation as established under the Act. This Instrument shall specify the matters with respect to which the Federal Legislature may make laws for the particular State. Such specification is final and cannot be changed later on. The Crown, however, has the discretionary power either to accept or reject any such Instrument. The Ruler, of course, assumes the obligation of ensuring that due effect is given to the provisions of the Act within his state, so far as they are applicable therein by virtue of his Instrument of Ac-

cession. It is understood that with regard to those States which do not enter the Federation and in respect of those subjects, which are not ceded to the federal control by the acceding States, the position of the Crown would be the same as before the passing of the Act. We see therefore that the Federation "will come into being as far as the States are concerned only by the willing act of their Rulers and its authority will extend only over the sphere willingly ceded by them and agreed to by the Crown."

II. SECONDLY, it is important to note that the Federation cannot be established unless and until the Rulers of Indian States entitled to choose not less than 52 members of the Council of State (in accordance with the provisions contained in Part II of the First schedule to the Act) and the States with their aggregate population amounting to at least half of the total population of all the Indian States (as ascertained in accordance with the said provisions) agree to join the Federation. Thus the inception of the federation is conditional on the requisite number and size of the States willing to accede to it. The States are therefore made the deciding factor in the constitutional development of India as a Federation.

III. THIRDLY, it is provided in the Act that the Governor-General in his other capacity as Viceroy will deal with the Indian States as the representative of the Crown and exercise the latter's authority and powers regarding the States not joining the Federation and in respect of those subjects which

the Federating States have not agree to be controlled by the Federation. We shall cease below how this arrangement is beneficial to the States.

IV. FOURTHLY, the States send 104 members to the Council of State and 125 to the Federal Assembly. These State representatives are to be nominated by the Rulers. The Council of the State seats are allocated among the States on the basis of their "dynastic Status, salutes and importance." The bigger States have one or more seats assigned to them while "the lesser States are grouped and each group has one or more representatives who will come from each state in rotation." In the Federal Assembly, the seats allotted to the individual states are roughly proportionate to their population. Here also the smaller states are joined in groups for the purpose of representations. It should be noted that the total number of members representing the States in both the Houses of Legislature will consequently depend on the number of States joining the Federation.

V. The Federating States are subject to the jurisdiction of the Federal Court subject to certain qualifications. E.g.:—there is some difference between the original jurisdiction of the Court over the provinces and the Federating States due mainly to the conditions on which such States may enter the Federation. In the case of appellate jurisdiction also appeals against the decisions of a High Court in a Federating State, are permissible only in

certain cases. Thus it is seen that when the Ruler of a State agrees to accept the Federation as established under the Act by means of an Instrument of Accession his acceptance of all the Federal authorities—the Governor General, the Federal Legislature, the Federal Court, etc.—is qualified by the terms thereof.

VI. The subjects over which the Federation will have authority in the federating States are in general, those specified in the Federal Legislature list (List No. 1 Seventh Schedule), subject however to any special provisions mentioned in the Instruments of Accession. The total number thus involved are 59 out of which the States have been invited to accept the first 47 and items 53 and 59. Generally speaking those matters with which the Government of India now deals, are the same as those controlled by the Federal Legislature, the exceptions being Defence, External affairs and the like which are reserved to the Governor-General. Most of the subjects which the State Rulers are required to concede to the federal government are those on which agreement between the States and the present Government already exists e.g. Railways, Major ports, Tariffs, etc. Thus it may be said that "the Federation but takes over from the present government."

VII. As regards Finances, separate and special provisions are made in the Act for regulating the financial relations between the Crown and the States. This also depends to a great extent on the terms on

which a particular State accedes to the Federation. The federating States are not liable to direct federal taxation like Income tax and Stamp duties, etc. unless they agree to it by the terms of their Instruments of Accession. The States are therefore in certain cases placed in a much better position than the Provinces.

VIII. Besides there are various miscellaneous provisions affecting States scattered throughout the Act (1) Among the special responsibilities of the Governor-General is the one relating to Indian States and their rulers. (2) The federal legislature can make laws in connection with the States, only in accordance with the Instruments of Accession, but this jurisdiction is not exclusive, as it will still be competent for the States to exercise their existing powers of legislation. (3) Again, there is no legal bar against the representatives of the Indian states preventing them from voting on question of purely British Indian interest (see J. P. C. Report, para 217). (4) The executive authority of a Federated State is to be exercised as not to impede or prejudice the exercise of the executive authority of the Federation in the State. In case of conflict, the question may be referred to the Federal Court. (5) Provision is made to compensate the States for joining the Federation. (6) Those provisions in the Act dealing with the representation of the States in the Federal Legislature cannot be amended without the consent of the Rulers affected by it (Sec. 308). Also, the

approval of all the princes seems to be necessary before any fundamental modification of the Act could be undertaken although the ultimate supremacy of the British Parliament in this respect is recognised (7) The Federal Railway authority exercises jurisdiction in the federated states in terms of their Instruments of Accession while it may exercise similar functions in the non-federated states under the authority of the Viceroy. (8) Lastly, it should be noted that paramountcy remains absolutely untouched by the Act. But one result of the accession of the States to the Federation is that they would "become subordinate to two independent authorities viz. the British Crown as the paramount power and the Federation" (Varadarjan above P. 36).

ADVANTAGES

From this analysis of the position of the States in the federal structure it would be helpful to draw a few conclusions. It is evident that there are several advantages as well as disadvantages from the point of view of the States if they join the Federation. The main advantages are:—

(1) It is clear that the entry of the British Indian provinces in the Federation is automatic, while the States might join the Federation or not according to their will, that is to say their entry is voluntary. This gives the States a privilege which the other units of the federation viz. the provinces do not enjoy.

(2) The States therefore can refuse to join the Federation or in the alternative demand a

price for their consent. The federal authority will have to be content with what States are willing to give up in individual cases. They can make special reservations in their Instruments of Accession. "The position of the princes has made it possible for them to dictate terms."

(3) It should be noted that the States are given 33% of the representation in the Federal Assembly and 40% in the Council of State when as a matter of fact they claim only 23% of the population of India. Thus "disproportionate weightage is given to the States—or rather the princes—joining the Federation in federal legislature." This is certainly a substantial gain in a polity where numbers do count. The States representatives have been given an effective voice in the proceedings of the legislature and in the composition of the federal executive.

(4) We have seen that the federal authority would extend over only those subjects ceded to its control by the States in their Instruments of Accession. These States would have full autonomy in the remaining sphere of administration. But even in the ceded sphere the States are free to exercise their existing jurisdiction provided such jurisdiction does not come into conflict with the powers of the Federal centre. The States are also given the power of carrying out federal laws through their own agency.

(5) From the financial point of view, it is a moot question whether the States stand to gain or lose by entering the federation. Authorities seem

to disagree on this point. On the one hand it is pointed out that the States are not liable to direct federal taxation. There is a definite time-limit fixed for the remission of cash contributions by the States joining the federation. The States also get other financial advantages denied to the other units of the Federation. The incidence of taxation for example, is unfair to the provinces. According to Sir Shafaat Ahmed Khan, "the British Indian provinces are called upon to pay a disproportionate amount of federal expenditure. Provision is also made to compensate the States for joining the federation. All this, it is said, involve the Federation in a considerable loss. It is asserted therefore, that the system of financial adjustments is favourable to the States.

As against this, it is submitted that these arrangements are discriminating in favour of the provinces. The distribution of certain taxes, certain additional liabilities imposed upon the federating states, etc., etc. are quoted by Prof. K. T. Shah to prove his point. Mr. M. K. Varadarajan says :—

"....it may be stated that it is indisputable that the States in acceding to the Federation are sacrificing some of their resources which, but for their accession, they would themselves retain—judged in terms of money, they are paying a heavy price for such unity."

It is difficult to assess the comparative value of these opinions, more so because the proposed Federation has not yet materialized. When the

proposed federal structure is in full working order, it would be time enough to give an impartial judgment on this complicated affair.

(6) By joining the Federation the States do not lose their present political status in the least. They are given absolute liberty of internal administration in all those subjects which they have not ceded to the federal authority. The question of paramountcy is untouched. Paramountcy remains where it is—with the Crown and with the Crown's agent—the Viceroy, and nowhere else. Only "certain subjects which had previously been determined between the States and the paramount power will in future be regulated to the extent that the States accede to the federation, by the legislative and executive authority of the Federation, but in other respects, paramountcy will be essentially unaffected."

(7) On the whole, the position of the States in the Federation is quite favourable. "It will be noticed how few are the matters on which the States make surrenders. Matters over which the States have no control now would be transferred to an agency in which they will have an effective voice. Perfect immunity against legislative and executive encroachment is ensured. Let it be remembered that "at present there is no authority to set a limit to the encroachments of the Central Government." The judicial machinery provided by the Federal Court would also be a guarantee that the inherent rights of the federating States would not be infringed in any manner. Again "as the rela-

tions between the States and the Govt. of India would be determined by the terms of the constitution and by courts of law, the present wide claims of an uncertain position of paramountcy would *ipso facto* cease to apply." Many of the present disabilities of the State subjects would also disappear with the advent of Federation.

Writing as early as 1930, before the passing of the new Act, Messrs. Haksar and Panikkar states "thus the position of the States would be immune against caprice, co-operation would give place to compulsion and common matters would be decided by joint authority. The exclusive authority of the States would be guaranteed by the constitution... There would be freedom and security for the States which would be due to their development and accelerate their advancement, while to the Central Government would be reserved the rights necessary to safeguard the peace, tranquillity and good government of the whole of India." It may be truly said that these words still hold good with regard to the proposed Federation.

DISADVANTAGES

It is pertinent to enquire at this stage whether the States would suffer in any way if they join the Federation. It seems evident that—

(1) An immediate legal consequence of the accession of State is that the powers of sovereignty it now possesses will be "greatly impaired and diminished beyond all redemption." This is but inevitable as the very idea of a Federation

means the surrender of certain powers by the federating units to the central authority. We have seen that federal laws claim precedence over State laws and over-ride them in cases of conflict. Similarly the State judiciary will to a certain extent become subordinate to the Federal Court. Local autonomy therefore is considerably diminished and radically altered. It is interesting to note in this connection that while the provinces get more power from the Federal, centre, the States give some of their powers to the Federation. Apart from the cession of powers made under the Instrument of Accession, it is quite likely that a further encroachment on the States' powers might be effected gradually as a result of the judicial interpretation of the Instrument. With the backing of the paramount power they might be even 'forced' to assent to the most far-reaching changes that may be made in the Act. This fear though imaginary, is not illusory. Thus though they may maintain their legal status as separate entities, they are bound to be bereft of some sovereignty.

(2) The powers once ceded by a State to the Federal centre, cannot be revoked at any time later on. The surrender is thus perpetual. The scope of the powers originally ceded may be enlarged from time to time, but none of the powers surrendered may be resumed once again by the State. Thus the Act does not specifically recognise the right of succession by the States at any future stages; the Federation is of a permanent character. According to

J. H. Morgan, K.C., the Federation is "an organic union and indissoluble." Therefore, once the States 'get in' it will be very difficult for them to 'get out,' as even 'paramountcy' will not avail them.

(3) The Rulers may lose a number of special privileges they highly cherish and as a result lose some of their 'prestige.' This looks on the face of the puerile, but one who knows the sentimental temperament of most of the Indian princes, can understand what it means to them.

(4) Some of the States at least will suffer severe financial loss. We have seen how an influential School of thought believes that the financial provisions of the Act hit the States very hard, as compared with the British Indian provinces. It is true that in questions like tributes and cash contributions ceded territories, privileges and immunities, cantonments and civil stations, the States have been treated shabbily and in certain cases even unjustifiably. From the financial point of view, therefore, it is quite possible that the States might actually lose by joining the Federation. Nevertheless, if Federation is to be more than a fiction most of these provisions will have to stand.

(5) The representation of the States in the Federal legislature is not at all equitable. The seats given to the major States are quite disproportionate to their size, revenue and population, while the smaller States get more than their due. E.g. Travancore gets only 6 seats in the Assembly and 2 seats in the Council. In the for-

mer case, it is entitled to 8 seats and in the latter it is placed on a par with Kalat, the population of which is not even 1/15 of that of Travancore. This representation is much below what is allotted to the provinces of corresponding size and population. It is obvious that this scheme is very unfair to the major States which ought to have a more effective voice in the national legislature.

CONCLUSION

With all these disadvantages, the more the warp and weft of the new constitution are studied, the more it becomes evident that the interests of the States would be better safeguarded by acceding to the federation. True, they would be making a substantial sacrifice, but by doing so they would "participate in the larger political life of India and promote the cause of Indian unity and Indian nationalism."

The federal scheme as embodied in the 1935 Act has been bitterly criticised by all concerned. The spokesmen of British India have condemned it in no uncertain terms. There is no attempt at ensuring political homogeneity and constitutional uniformity among the federating units. The mediaeval feudalism and autocracy of the Indian States and the modern nationalism and democracy of British India are expected to pull on together. While the representatives of British India would be elected, the State representatives would be the nominees of the princes. What future awaits a Federation consisting of such desperate elements? The constitution, moreover, confers dictatorial powers on the Governor-

General. Full responsibility at the centre is not conceded; even provincial autonomy—it is contended—is a show, though later events have proved that it is not all dross. The entry of the States it is said, would make Dominion Status for India difficult of attainment. The whole scheme is therefore undemocratic and ultra-conservative, as it does not transfer any real power to the people and retards future progress by conceding a predominant voice to the Indian States. These and other things, those who think and speak for the Indian people, feel and say.

The princes also criticise the scheme, of course for reasons of their own. They feel that their rights and interest are not adequately safeguarded. They are very nervous about their financial, economic and political future. They also feel perhaps, that they would be made mere pawns in a British game of setting off their conservatism against the radicalism of the Indian people. They distrust British India as the latter distrusts them. (But the States should realise that on the whole the scheme is advantageous to them and ensures their existence as separate entities perpetually. For this reason alone, if for nothing else, they should welcome the Federation.) When the idea of federation was first mooted by them, they seem to have had very high hopes of it; as such they are disappointed with the present official scheme.

Should the States join the Federation? If they do, would

they give strength to the federal government or will they prove a sort of fifth wheel to the coach, will there be a perpetual conflict between the autocracy of the States and the democracy of British India; if so which will triumph in the end? These are some of the questions which agitate the minds of Indians to-day. They cannot in the nature of things be answered now.

The federal idea has not yet materialised. Due to the pressure of the princes, the original draft of the Instrument of Accession has undergone many changes. The States were given a time limit to send in their Instruments for final scrutiny and the powers that be were expecting the early establishment of the Federation. But the outbreak of the European War early in September, 1939, has changed the whole course of events. The plan has been suspended for the time being. The governments in seven out of the 11 provinces wherein the Congress held a majority, have been taken over by the respective governors under the 'break-down' Section 93 of the Act. Thus India is in the melting pot and is facing one of the greatest crises in her history. It is to be hoped that the end of the War would see the realisation of the dreams alike of the princes and the people of India. It will then be interesting to watch the unfolding of the new constitution; as it gradually emerges from the envelope.

WE are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.

—Seneca.

Filmindia's Stride in Last Year

D. C. SHAH

The year 1941 has seen a big stride forward in the Indian Film Industry, which includes not only an appreciable improvement in the standard and output of productions, but also the addition of several new concerns, despite the many handicaps arising from war-conditions.

THE war has dislocated the industrial and economic conditions all over the world, and it was hardly to be expected that India would escape the general catastrophe that has overtaken almost every other country. The film-industry over here has been hard hit by the progressive rise in the cost of production and the restriction of imports of raw films and other materials. Despite these handicaps, the stride made by the industry during the year that has closed is nothing short of amazing.

There were many who feared a great set-back to the output of Indian films. But they have proved false prophets so far, judging by the results of the last year, which has seen an appreciable improvement in the standard of pictures produced as also the emergence of a great many new concerns.

Among the old established producers, Bombay Talkies led the way with *Punarmilan*, *Naya Sansar*, *Anjan* and *Jhoola*—each of which has been outstanding in its own

way. Of these, *Anjan* marked the come-back of Devika Rani, and her re-appearance, after a prolonged absence, may be taken as a happy augury that this great little star has not been, after all, lost to the Indian film-world. *Naya Sansar*, incidentally, was the first Indian film to introduce an entirely new theme, out of the beaten track — the struggles and triumphs of an independent press.

The notable contribution of Prabhat during the year under review was *Padosi*, whose release was most opportune at a time when Hindu-Muslim riots in the country threatened to assume the proportions of an internecine war. It was a tribute to its value as a first-rate propaganda for communal unity that two of the provinces in India absolved the film from the usual entertainment tax.

New Theatres of Calcutta, which had been losing ground with pictures like *Har Jeet* and *Andhi*, again came to the fore with *Nartaki* and *Lagan*, the latter of which,

especially, was of the calibre of some of their best hits of earlier days.

Sikandar stands in a class by itself. It took the Minerva Movement far ahead of the stage they had reached with *Pukar*. For sheer spectacle and gorgeous splendour, it is not only unapproachable among Indian pictures, but is easily comparable to some of the Cecil B. de Mille productions of the type. The authentic atmosphere of the period, as reproduced in costumes, settings, etc., is a marvel of research and painstaking labour, of which any producer in the world could be justly proud.

Prakash Pictures' *Narsi Bhaut* was a notable addition to the list of screen-burphies of cinema, in which Bhambhani had taken the lead. This was the first occasion that the life of a popular Gujarati saint was dramatised in a film.

An event of almost international interest was release of Wadia's *The Court Dancer*—the first film in English entirely produced in India—which, though not free from defects, should open out a new outlet overseas for Indian pictures suitable for foreign audiences.

National Studio's *Sister* was a masterpiece of technical achievement, though it failed to satisfy the expectations of its producers at the box-office.

Ranjit whose standard does not usually go beyond catering for the average audience, gave

two popular successes in *Musafir* and *Pardeesi*.

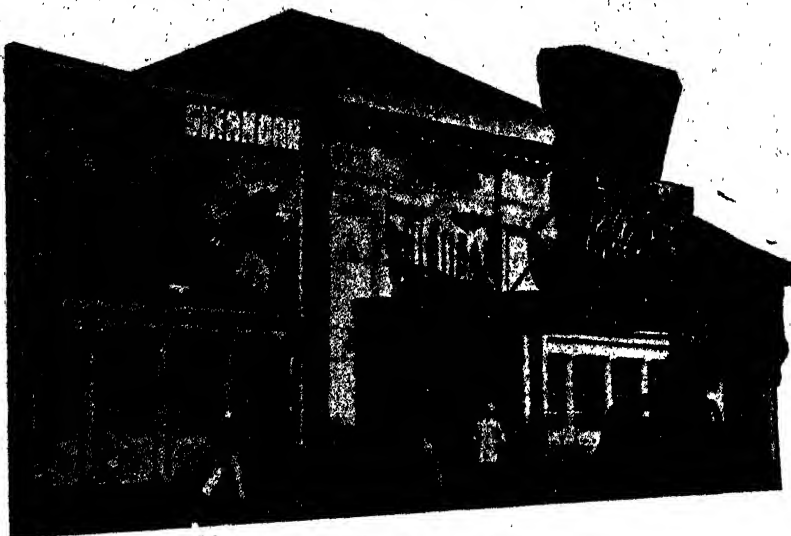
The Nayug Chitrapat, which started its career with *Lapandar* during the previous year, followed it up with three more productions. Among the four pictures from Circo, Director Kardar's *Swami* was the only one deserving of special notice.

The several new additions to the industry during the year are an equally significant indication of the fact that the optimism of the producers and their financiers has not waned, but has, on the other hand, been strengthened, in spite of the discouraging conditions brought about by the war. Among the new concerns that came into existence were Amor Pictures, Asha Pictures, Aitre Pictures, Soham Pictures, Taj Mahal Pictures, Sunrise Pictures, Chitra Productions, Laxmi Pictures, Ananya Productions, Parbh Art Pictures, Chakori, Swastik Productions, Fresh Brothers, Shanti Productions, M. P. Productions and Talwar Productions (the last five in Calcutta).

Another striking fact was the increasing demand among the public for Indian pictures, which was sought to be met by the addition of several new theatres and the change-over of some English picture-houses to Indian.

If there is nothing to counteract this upward trend in the industry in the near future, we might expect a still more prosperous period during the current year.

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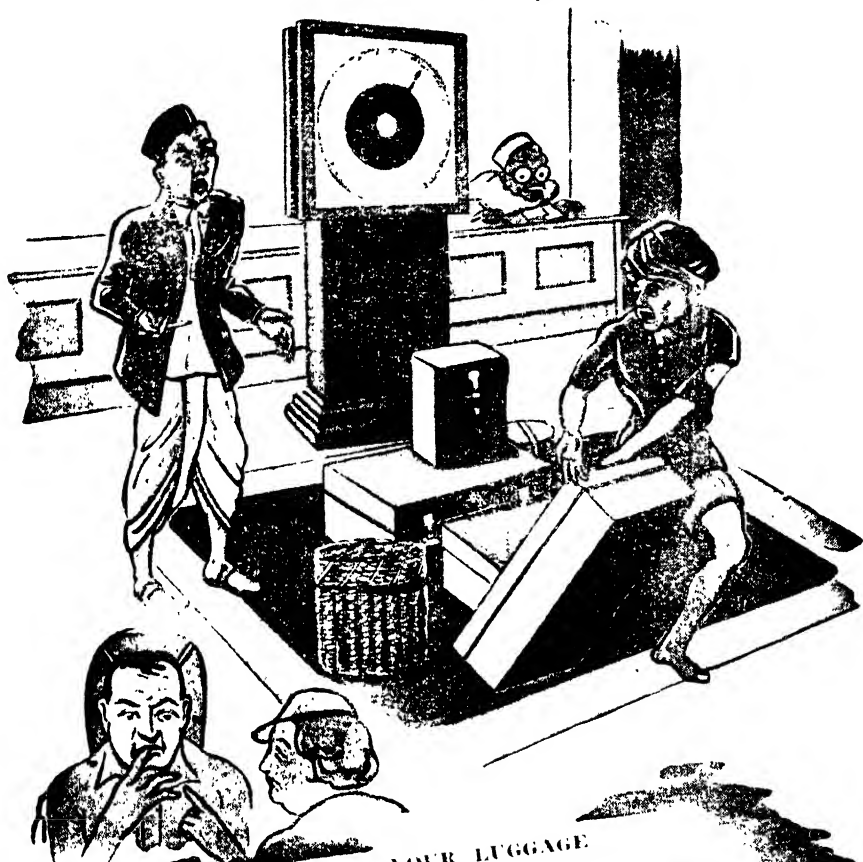
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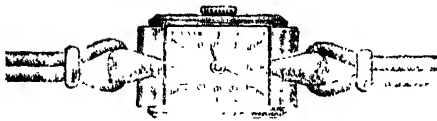
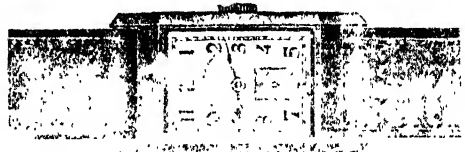
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Japan and the Nazi Disaster

BY N. J. NANPORIA

Recent events in Libya and North Africa have changed the strategy of the war very much against Germany; and Japan, as a partner in the Axis, is bound to take her share in the defeat, but this does not imply that if the Nazis are liquidated it will mean an end to Japanese resistance. Japan has entered this war with the full knowledge that she will have to rely entirely upon her own strength, and it would be foolish to expect that she would collapse like a balloon immediately on her partners being defeated.

NOW that the first flush of victory in the North African campaign has been superseded by a calmer and saner attitude toward the general war situation, it is perhaps appropriate in the calculating an unemotional atmosphere of the aftermath to consider precisely how and in what manner Allied successes in the North African theatre of war and to a certain extent in the Solomon's sector, have affected the general aspect of the united campaign waged not only against the Nazi-fascist in Europe but against the no less formidable left arm of the Axis—the Japanese. Before we proceed to consider the Pacific problem in isolation, it is necessary in the interests of proportion to preface such a review with a few lines not only on the North African campaign but on the characteristic broad principles of the period into which the war has now passed.

It is evident that we are now in the midst of the most critical phase of the struggle against the Nazi-fascists, and although the series of develop-

ments in the North African and Southern Pacific theatres of war have considerably augmented Allied chances of emerging victorious, it is never advisable nor indeed logically justifiable to claim, as has been done by not a few commentators, that an ultimate victory is an assured fact. Tempered though we are with this cautious realisation, it is possible provisionally to establish the contention that the passing of the initiative into Allied hands both in Europe and to a certain degree in the Southern Pacific has transformed the course of the war, if not precisely with revolutionary thoroughness, at least in a manner such as to invite justifiable optimism.

In contending however that the offensive has passed into Allied hands, it is all too often assumed that such an offensive has been completely wrested from the enemy. Popularly it is thought inconceivable that a period such as that through which we are now passing should be characterised by the paradoxical fact

that though the initiative has passed into Allied control, potential initiative still lies with the enemy. Initiative, like the quality of courage is a commodity of which no single party may establish a monopoly. It is therefore only when both belligerents retain their respective initiatives, that the consequent tremendous offensive pressure thus generated leads to a collapse. When and how such a collapse will take place is a conjecture which is futile and irresponsible. But to inquire specifically how it is possible or impossible either for the Allies or for the enemy to withstand this common pressure, is a task that is both legitimate and indeed necessary if one is to gain some conception of the course which the war is likely to take in the near future. The period of offensive pressure which we have postulated is clearly what is so often termed the beginning of the end, though it is as often never disclosed whose 'end' is being referred to. To speak of the beginning of the end without seeking to ascertain further with whom the end is identified, is a futile use of mere words. We have therefore the following principles to bear in mind regarding the phase of the war into which we have now passed:

- (a) that it is a period of tremendous common offensive pressure,
- (b) that as a consequence of this pressure which cannot be maintained for long, the present period is the beginning of the end,
- (c) that in attempting to ascertain with whom the end is to be identified, it is ne-

cessary to consider the specific countries involved, the psychology of their peoples, their foreign policies and their respective offensive strengths.

It is now our intention to apply these principles to the problem of the Pacific, the principal countries involved in this case being Japan, the United States of America, the Soviet Union and China.

I have periodically stressed the fact that the war in the Far East is as important as that in Europe, alike in the sphere of vital issues at stake and in that of military and naval considerations. We are not concerned at this point as to whether victory in the East is assured or is not assured. What must be maintained with the utmost emphasis however is the irrefutable fact that the collapse of Nazi resistance, though placing the Japanese in a difficult and compromising position, will not in any degree detract from the grim realities with which we are at this moment faced in the Pacific. These realities cannot be ignored by the comforting assumption that the centre of Axis inspiration is Berlin and that Tokyo is but a branch office piping the tune which Hitler and the Wilhelmstrasse wish it to pipe. It is no doubt an essential part of Allied strategy to concentrate first on the subjugation of the Nazi menace and then subsequently to deal with the situation in the Pacific. . . . This is an extremely convenient arrangement, but it is astonishing how facilely it is assumed that the Japanese will obligingly await the collapse of their Axis partner and then

sally forth to battle. They are unfortunately not so considerate. They are a nation in a tremendous hurry. They will never willingly be wholly on the defensive.

We have indicated elsewhere that the measure of co-operation existing between Japan and the Nazis is solely dictated by reasons of self-interest. To speak of Berlin bringing pressure on Tokyo to adopt this or that policy or any specific military move is to speak nonsense. Apart altogether from the not unimportant fact that the Japanese had planned the drive towards the Southern Pacific independently of the Germans, it may be pointed out that neither the former nor the latter are patient enough to maintain a facade of hypocritical affection even among their own kind. The Japanese are not wholly unaware of the fact that in German clubs throughout Japan, they are referred to as yellow monkeys and that if ever the Nazis should emerge victorious from the European war, all restraints would be swept aside and outright opposition to the Japanese would immediately result. It is significant to note in this context that Japanese internal propaganda prepared solely for home consumption refrains as far as this is possible from emphasising Japan's co-operative capacity as an Axis partner, and rather stresses the independent glory and might of the Yamato race which would fight to the bitter end.

And indeed as far as the individual Japanese is concerned he has never been encouraged not has he himself manifested any tendency to picture him-

self as a comrade in arms with the Nazi. The Japanese are an exceptionally cynical race, but the cynical element is not perceptible owing to their no less pronounced capacity for national hypocrisy. They are as we have pointed out elsewhere quite capable of simulation even among themselves; a group of Japanese every one of whom realises that the much publicised Co-prosperity Sphere is but Japanese imperialism in a new kimono, nevertheless will continue to profess, even within the group, where hypocrisy would serve no purpose, that the projected Sphere constitutes a sincere attempt on the part of the Japanese nation to rid the East of the white man's exploitation.

The younger army set in Japan is the one body in that country which has manifested a sincere regard for the Germans, but in so far as this set is but part of the Japanese military junta, and in so far as the junta itself does not command absolute power, the Nazis have never been able to exploit this connection very far. German successes during the first stages of the war leading to the collapse of the Allied front on the European continent, no doubt contributed much to the military prestige of the Germans, but these successes led not so much to a closer bond with the Japanese but to the latter simulating co-operation with the sole purpose of receiving Nazi technical assistance. Military missions were despatched to Germany, and German technicians poured into Japan. The Japanese army and air force were completely renovated and set on a footing that

completely deceived military observers of foreign countries. Fourth rate material and troops were sent to China where Japanese troops and planes necessarily put up a poor exhibition. Meanwhile with the war in Europe waging furiously Berlin was continually urging Tokyo to strike, realising fully well that the Japanese would strike whether or not they were urged to do so. It would have been of considerable advantage to the Germans if the Japanese had struck immediately following Dunkirk, but when the Japanese did not do so, her policy was generally regarded as one of sheer bluff, and it was contended that the Japanese intended to remain neutral.

Tokyo commentators argued thus : If the Allies win the war, then there will be no hope absolutely of a Japanese co-prosperity sphere in the Southern Pacific. If on the other hand Japan remains inactive and the Allies should collapse, it will be unlikely that victorious Germany will tolerate a militant Japan. Therefore it is in the interests of Japan to strike, irrespective of whether Germany is to win or to lose.

Both by army and naval tradition, not to mention her trade interests, Japar was committed to southern expansion. If she was to realise her destiny, as her propagandists put it, she could not afford to remain inactive and watch a dominant power arise in Europe—a power which would definitely oppose her expansion schemes. She had awaited this European war for twenty years, for it constituted the opportunity for which the

whole nation had been prepared.

She struck on December 7th. Japan's radio propagandists immediately announced to the world that even if Germany should collapse Japan would fight to the bitter end, and for once Japan's propagandists spoke the truth. How then does the South African campaign affect Japan's future policy ? As our necessarily short and inadequate review has revealed, Japan declared war against the Allies fully realising that a German collapse was a possibility. Is it possible to deduce from this fact that the Japanese have not made provisions for a lone struggle against the Allies ? It may be recalled.

- (a) that her best generals have not yet taken to the field and are conserved for the almost certain outbreak of hostilities with the Soviet Union,
- (b) that her main fleet consisting of her latest battle-ships have never seen action,
- (c) that the cream of the Japanese army is being reserved for conclusions with the Soviet Union.

Japan's conquest of the Southern Seas has been made with relatively light losses. Her people are fanatically determined to undergo the most excruciating sacrifices. Starvation and revolt on the home front are impossibilities. The country's full offensive pressure has never been revealed. It still remains an unknown factor. It is not for nothing that her Prime Minister stated that the second and major phase of the war against Britain and America

would start after the Southern Seas had been occupied by the Japanese.

In the event of a German collapse on the continent, it is possible that the Soviet Union may be called upon by the Allies to declare war on Japan, for Russia's geographical position and the fact that she has a common frontier with Manchukuo, are factors that cannot be ignored in bringing the Far Eastern conflict to a speedy conclusion. It is likely however that Japanese anticipating such a contingency will strike against the Soviet Union. Hatred and defensive considerations will dictate this move.

From this all too rapid survey of a wide and complex field, the fact emerges that except she be beaten in military and naval battle Japan will never admit defeat. She realises that hard times are before her; she was suffering from no illusions when she arranged Pearl Harbour. She has never forgotten the fact that America's productive capacity dwarfs hers to negligible proportions. It is not because she has ignored these facts or because she does not realise them, but because she is willing to risk all in the attempt to win all that Japan has sought to challenge Anglo-American power in the Southern Pacific.

LETTER from Dentist: "Dear Madam,—Unless the denture you had from me is paid for without delay, I shall be obliged to insert the following advertisement in the local paper:

"Excellent set of false teeth for sale. To be seen at any time at Mrs. Smith's, 5, Dettone Terrace."

The teeth were paid for the same day.

TRAM conductor: "How old is this boy?"

Mother: "Four."

Conductor: "How old are you sonny?"

Small Boy: "Four."

Conductor: "Well, I'll let him ride free this time, but when he grows up he'll be either a liar or a giant."

THE General was annoyed with the junior subaltern, and was telling him so.

"What the deuce to you mean addressing a letter to the Intelligent Officer," he bawled. "Don't you know there's no such officer in the army?"

POLICEMAN: "Now then, come on! What's your name?"

Speed Fiend: "Demetrius Aloysius Fortescue."

Policeman: "None o'that, now. It's your name I want, not your family motto."

SHE: "Now that we're engaged, dear, you'll give a ring, won't you?"

He: "Yes, certainly, darling. What's your number?"



A democratic Press should reflect public opinion, yet at the same time it must play a large part in formulating that opinion.

Newspapers that Let the Nation Down



ARTHUR MANN

THE two main functions of a democratic Press are to present to the electorate a true picture of what is happening at home and abroad and to stimulate an interest in public affairs by illustrating their relation to the day-to-day life of the individual citizen. Political ignorance and political apathy are the twin enemies of democracy and the most valuable allies of the dictator. It is the duty of the Press to dispel both by the accurate presentation of news and by reasoned comment on current affairs.

The first requirement of a democratic Press is that it should so present the news as to place events in their proper perspective. For a newspaper exerts a profound influence upon its readers' sense of values. A journal which devotes its front page to the account of a sensational murder and pays scant attention to the previous day's Parliamentary debate will inevitably create in the minds of its readers a false impression of

the relative importance of these two events. Journalists of the old school were deeply conscious of the responsibility which they bore towards British democracy, and to those men it would have been unthinkable to prostitute their art by appealing to the baser instincts of the mob. But to-day we live in an era of net sale certificates. The tremendous responsibilities of the Press are apt to be forgotten in the drive for increased circulation. If a newspaper subordinates all else to the quest for large profits it cannot fulfil what we have declared to be the main functions of a democratic Press.

A democratic Press should reflect public opinion, yet at the same time it must play a large part in formulating that opinion. The right to free discussion and free criticism means that every citizen is entitled to try to persuade others to alter their opinions. A State from which all criticism of and opposition to the Government has been eliminated is no longer a

democracy, and it is the function of a democratic Press to keep criticism and opposition alive.

If the Press is to fulfil these functions adequately there must be a large number of independent newspapers, each representing a particular viewpoint. There will never be a public issue on which a whole nation thinks alike; for men differ widely as to the ends of society; they differ also as to the means of achieving those ends.

When I first entered journalism nearly 50 years ago the country could boast many independent newspapers, each upholding the highest traditions of responsible journalism. Circulations were small by modern standards, and this very fact relieved newspaper proprietors of the temptation to pander to the tastes of the crowd. The last half-century has seen great technical advances in newspaper production, but it has also seen the commercialisation of the Press, which has led to the disappearance of many fine journals and to the concentration of the remainder in ever fewer hands. In this way we have been deprived of the variety which a democracy has a right to expect from its Press.

The enormous circulations which the popular London dailies enjoy are to be deplored, not only because they place excessive power in the hands of a few men, but also for the effect which they have on the quality of the newspapers concerned. If a paper is to appeal to two or three million people it must set out to entertain its readers, not to educate them. Starting with the assumption

that the masses take little interest in public affairs, the controllers of the popular Press devote little space to the serious reporting of important events, instead of attempting, as the journalist should, to stimulate an interest in them. Moreover, the desire to keep in favour with so large and varied an audience leads newspaper magnates to avoid outspoken criticism in advance of public opinion, because they fear that by indulging in such criticism they will incur unpopularity and endanger their circulations.

As the control of the Press becomes centred in a few hands, a democratic government is tempted to win over the powerful newspaper proprietors and to suppress criticism of its own activities. One of the first acts of the dictator on achieving power is to muzzle the Press by force. The democratic statesman may not employ such crude methods: his technique is more subtle. He may cultivate relations of personal friendship with the newspaper owner; he may bestow honours or titles upon him. It has even been known for a government to approach influential shareholders of a newspaper company with a view to silencing criticism of its policy.

It may be doubted whether a government is wise to "wire-pull" newspapers in this way. For the Press is in a double sense an intermediary between the government and the public. It both provides a channel by which ministers can keep the electorate informed of their activities, and it also serves as a kind of barometer, from which the government can gauge the

feeling of the country. A Press subject to official pressure will give a wholly false impression of public opinion. The correspondence columns of a great newspaper should indicate to the Government what people are thinking, provided that the letters published are a true reflection of the letters received: a journal, which refuses to publish letters in disagreement with its editorial policy is failing in its duty.

The straightforward presentation of the truth, a refusal to suppress unpalatable facts, honest comment and fearless criticism—these are the standards to which the journalist should adhere. The abandonment of these standards throughout a considerable part of the modern Press is to be attributed not to the apostasy of the professional journalist, but to his subordination to the business man, who does not appreciate the duty a newspaper owes to its public.

One should not underestimate the importance of the part played by the Press in moulding the character of the nation. It is easy enough to say that a country gets the Press it deserves. I remember shortly before the last war talking to two Germans, who insisted that the British were a degenerate people. When I inquired the reasons for their belief, one of them picked up copies of two of our most sensational daily newspapers and exclaimed, "a people which reads stuff like this must be degenerate."

This man assumed that the national press was a product of the national character. But

though there is perhaps some truth in his contention, it represents only one side of the picture. The pioneers of the popular Press set to work on the assumption that the great mass of the people had thought only for trivial things and they designed their newspapers accordingly. In so doing they encouraged the public to interest themselves in trivialities and to neglect the responsibilities of democratic citizens, thus fostering the growth of the very type of mentality whose existence they had initially assumed.

Never has the British Press been guilty of such a neglect of its responsibilities and never have the consequences of its neglect been so disastrous as during the years immediately preceding this war. While the Nazi leaders were engaged in ruthlessly suppressing the liberties of the German people and in maturing their plans for the domination of Europe, the popular Press of England continued to interest its readers mainly in football matches, film stars and divorce cases, with little intelligent thought for what was happening on the Continent.

Newspapers, on which millions depend for information and guidance, would not risk the unpopularity which they feared they would incur by exposing the national danger, and constantly reassured their readers with optimistic predictions of an era of peace and plenty just round the corner. Thus the truth was wrapped in a veil of wishful thinking: unwelcome facts were suppressed: expert students of international affairs were silenced to meet the

exigencies of net sales certificates or party discipline: sometimes even the dispatches of foreign correspondents were mutilated to fit in with editorial policy. How can one blame the people for clutching at the straws that were offered them? For they were denied a knowledge of the facts, so essential in forming a sound judgment on any subject. Yet in September 1939, as once before in August 1914, the British nation vindicated itself of the charge of degeneracy and proved itself

willing to defend the rights and liberties of a free country.

If it had only been served by a Press worthy of it, it would have awoken earlier to the menace of Nazism and been better prepared to withstand it: then the Czechs and the Poles might have been spared the conqueror's heel and the tragedy of war averted, for Hitler would have been given no excuse for believing that England had relinquished her historic role of leading Europe against tyranny and aggression.

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1-15

"I don't care if he IS an air-raid warden. He'll not push ME into a shelter to save my life!"

The Opposition to War



RAOUL DE ROUSSY DE SALES

WHAT may turn out to be the most important and characteristic trait of the times we live in is the existence of a universal and deeply rooted opposition to war.

This sentiment is so general and so new in some of its manifestations that it will take the perspective of history to analyze it fully and to appraise correctly its influence on the state of mind and on the behaviour of the millions of men and women who are involved directly or indirectly in this war.

Though, as far back as one can trace the history of mankind, there have always been men to contrast the blessings of peace with the horrors of war, war in past ages was accepted as a necessity. The warrior was surrounded with an aura of respect. He was glorified by the poets, and the conqueror often received the tribute reserved to a god. Men recognized the horrors of war, but they also praised its glorious and heroic aspects. They also believed it was useful and profitable because, up to a fairly recent past, there was no better way for a people to enrich itself

than to make war on others and plunder them.

The idea that war does not pay is a modern idea. It could not have been thought of before our time because it is only in our time that this may have become true. Wars of the past, implying the acquisition of new territory and the subjugation of new people, were undoubtedly profitable to the victor. Wealth was directly connected with the amount of land under the control of a ruler, because under the economics of scarcity which prevailed everywhere, and in the absence of transportation, more land meant more food, and the annexation of more people meant more labour to cultivate the land. In other words, the ratio between the cost of a successful war and the profits it brought in were not what they are to-day.

Our forefathers knew as much as we do about the horrors and devastation of war, but they seldom doubted that such sacrifices were worth while. Even when they fought for other motives than conquest, such as preserving their independence, there was a clear

connection in their mind between obtaining victory and improving their condition. They preferred peace, no doubt, as we do ourselves, but when they plunged into war they seldom had the moral scruples or the misgivings that characterize the modern civilized man. They did not feel that war in itself was a regression or a denial of their purposes and ideals. Quite the contrary: war in most cases appeared as a means of achieving progress, or benefiting both the conqueror and the conquered (as, for example, the Roman conquests or the conquest of America by the Spaniards, the Portuguese, and other Europeans in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries). In other cases, wars enabled a people to liberate itself from an oppressor, and that objective was usually considered sufficient in itself.

The contemporary man, however, has another conception of war. The ratio between the possible profits and the certain sacrifices has changed in his mind. The latter tends to overbalance the former. The industrial developments of the last hundred years, as well as the facilities of transportation, have destroyed the idea that more land means more wealth, more people, more profitable work. The average man knows that he does not have actually to own a wheat field to eat bread or a vineyard to drink wine. He knows that the necessities of life can be produced in superabundant quantities and transported anywhere in the world. He knows that the fundamental problem of to-day is not one of production but of distribution.

War obviously cannot solve that problem. It can only make it more insoluble, as proved by the terrible conditions now existing in Europe owing to the disorganization brought about by the war.

The contemporary man may not know how to improve his spiritual, economic, and social conditions in time of peace, but he realizes that peace is the pre-requisite condition for any approach to the problems that confront him. He realizes, too, that the interdependence of nations and continents as it has developed in our time tends to make war not only increasingly more disruptive but obsolete as a method of settling the difficulties both of the individual and of the nation. The damages and the destruction caused by war under modern conditions are so vast, so far-reaching, and so obvious that it has become difficult, sometimes well-nigh impossible, to persuade the modern man that it is nevertheless necessary for him to fight, even when his very existence is at stake.

Believing that even the victor will come out of a war impoverished and generally worse off than before, he tends to obliterate in his own mind the very notion that the people who make war on him are his foes. He prefers to think they are temporarily misguided by their leaders, and that, were it possible to make them see the light, they would stop making war. The modern civilized man cannot understand why other men—presumably equally civilized—want to make war when he himself is so profoundly attached to peace. And, since he is un-

able to explain this paradox, his inclination is to deny that it exists. Thus, when war does come, he finds himself in the curious predicament of having to fight without even the primitive incentive of hatred or the desire for victory. Each argument for war turns into an argument against war. Even the supreme reason, which is the survival of the nation and of the individual, becomes a contradiction in itself. 'Why should I go to war to save my country,' asks the average man, 'when I know that war in itself is an unmitigated evil that will probably debase and perhaps destroy both my enemy and myself?'

Moreover, the whole logic of Western civilization cannot be justified if war is accepted as a method of settling human conflicts. The Western man believes that he is master of his own destiny, which means that he must reject the idea that war is unavoidable, for the simple reason that war—contrary to other calamities, such as plagues, diseases, earthquakes, floods, and so forth—is man-made. With the increased consciousness of this fundamental distinction between natural calamities and those which he brings upon himself, the modern man's horror of war has increased, all the more so since his success in combating disease, famine, poverty, and in reducing the damages caused by the forces of nature, has been very remarkable.

II

War — man-made war — remains the one great scourge toward the elimination of which no progress has been made.

After twenty centuries of gradual emancipation from primitive and irrational barbarism, the modern man is still periodically confronted with the greatest of all absurdities: the wilful and organized destruction of human life and property, and all the self-inflicted suffering that war brings in its wake.

When war occurs, therefore, it must be justified by motives which, from the point of view of 'civilized' thinking, are somewhat artificial, or at any rate regressive—such as the bare instinct of self-preservation, or the renovation of ancient myths, usually quite barbaric, like the whole set of nonsensical dogmas (the master race and the 'blood and soil' theories, the cult of the warrior, and so forth) that have enabled Hitler to rehabilitate war and even to sanctify it.

But neither the rationalization of self-defence nor the rejuvenation of archaic myths offers any satisfactory answer to the average modern man, be he a German, a Frenchman, an American, or an Englishman. Whether he fights or refuses to fight, whether he shows bravery, resignation, or apathy, the fundamental and baffling questions remain ever present in his mind: 'Why must I make war? Why must I destroy to avoid destruction? And if it is true that we as well as our opponents are our own masters, why do we make war when we obviously prefer peace?'

It may be that some men have always asked themselves such questions, even in the most savage periods of primitive history. But the important fact is that to-day practically all men

ask them. The point of view of the few men of wisdom, which expressed itself rather exceptionally in past centuries, has now become the point of view of the man in the street. The Western man of the twentieth century has finally learned his lesson. He does not need any further demonstration that war is not only inhuman and evil, but also senseless and futile. And yet we live in a time when this lesson has to be unlearned, when we have to rehabilitate within our own selves instincts which our reason has condemned as barbaric, or create new reasons and new impulses to justify our plunging into what we want to avoid.

Sir Nevile Henderson records that Goering told him one day that the British had to be 'brutalized' in order to survive. There is no doubt that Goering himself has accomplished that feat with the help of his Luftwaffe, if what he meant was that the British should recover their fighting spirit, but both the advice and the consequent result throw a good deal of light on the fundamental dilemma of these times. The Nazis, having 'brutalized' the Germans, are now forcing their opponents to 'brutalize' themselves,—because there is no other choice,—but the accumulated teaching of twenty centuries of civilization cannot be forgotten in one day. In fact the whole conflict in which we are engaged revolves around this question: Is it possible for the Western civilized world to stop the barbaric assault launched upon it by Germany without itself reverting to a state of barbarism?

Or, to put the question in a

more concrete form, can we demonstrate to the average man on our side of the fence:—

1. That, although everything he knows and feels about the evilness of war is true, he must nevertheless make war now?

2. That he must therefore either forget temporarily everything he has been told about the senselessness and uselessness of war, or find new reasons for having recourse to war?

3. That if he cannot do these things he must nevertheless agree to sacrifice many of the spiritual and material achievements of civilization on the mystic premise that the sacrifice in itself will ensure, somehow or other, the salvation of this civilization?

III

If the problem presented in this fashion approximates the reality of the situation, I believe one can say that it has not been solved as yet. Even if it be admitted that most of the people who oppose Germany are fighting for the defence of civilization, their behaviour up to now has not demonstrated that they have overcome the formidable inhibition of the anti-war feeling. They are at war, no doubt, but no war, as far as history can record, has ever been fought with less enthusiasm, with less conviction of the necessity of waging it, and with less faith in the prospect that victory will bring about a better world. The complexity of the issues involved, and the recognition that the world is engaged in a dual conflict of rival imperialisms and revolutionary upheavals, have greatly contributed to the confusion of mind of the indivi-

duals and of the nations who are involved in this crisis. The aims are dim, and even certain oversimplifications, such as the denunciation of Hitler as a new Caesar whose intention is to dominate the world, or the efforts to rally the free people for the defence of their liberties, have not been sufficient to overcome the inhibitions and the doubts of the leaders or the apathy of the common man.

The most interesting aspect of this universal lack of enthusiasm for war is that it is but slightly affected by the varying conditions of the war itself. Neither victory nor defeat seems to influence perceptibly what might be called the potential of combativity of the modern man. There have been great feats of heroism in this war, prodigious battles, and demonstrations of courage and of the spirit of sacrifice which prove that man, in his nature, remains unchanged. But the important fact is that the reaction of world consciousness to such deeds has been dulled as by some tremendous repressive force which tends to prevent the average man from being stimulated or inspired by these examples. His opposition to war remains the same, as if he had developed some sort of immunity to all the emotions which inspired his forefathers to take up arms through an instinctive impulse to fight and obtain victory.

Certain people, and first of all the British, have shown a courage and a fighting spirit which cannot be questioned. In fact the British, and they alone among the highly civilized na-

tions of the West, have been able to re-create within themselves the spirit of unity and resolution which has allowed them up to now to withstand, in the face of practically hopeless odds, the forces of destruction launched against them. They alone to-day have what is called a good morale, which means that the individual citizen has sufficiently identified his own particular interests and his ideals with those of the community, so that he has, in advance, made the sacrifice of everything he owns, including his life. Harmony has been established between the individual Britisher and the community to which he belongs. In the midst of danger, suffering, and death, many say that they have, for the first time, found a certain peace—the kind of peace which comes from the knowledge that one's existence is truly co-ordinated with other existences, that the individual is part of a whole, and that the nation has a common aim.

But if the English have a good morale one must not forget what price they have had to pay—what price they are paying daily—to obtain it. Up to the capitulation of France, the English morale was no better than that of the other nations involved in this war. The unity they have now found, their dogged resolution to resist destruction, is born of a certain intensity of despair. In this sense they are singular and great, but in this sense too they show how deeply affected they are by the universal opposition to war: it is because they have no choice but war that they are now fighting with such heroism.

and with such peace among themselves.

The Germans too are fighting with courage, it will be said. And this is true of their troops, or at least of that spearhead of fanatical young men Hitler has specially trained, both technically and psychologically, to carry on the blitzkrieg. Among this corps, who form an elite, the concept of man as a warrior has been developed to a supreme degree. The German aviators, the parachutists, the crews of motorized divisions, and in general all the specialized parts of the German army that have actually done the fighting and assured the long list of Nazi victories, are undoubtedly imbued with a combatively and a spirit of sacrifice that cannot be questioned. But all observers agree that this high quality of morale is not universal in the German army. It is said that France was actually conquered by 200,000 men, the elite specially trained and mentally conditioned by intensive Nazi education. But there are innumerable stories concerning the fairly low morale of the German army of occupation now quartered in conquered countries---ordinary German soldiers whose main preoccupation does not seem to be new conquests and more battles but the desire for peace and the wish to go home.

As for the morale of the German civilian population, as good an observer as Mr. Joseph Harsch, of the *Christian Science Monitor*, writing in March 1941 at the height of Germany's triumphs, had this to say about it :—

There is almost no public or

private enthusiasm for the war [in Germany].

There is widespread cynicism about Dr. Joseph Goebbels's propaganda.

There is no deep faith in the Nazi war cause.

There is no general enthusiasm for the Nazi Party, or confidence in its integrity or the loftiness of its aims.

There is intense weariness over protracted privation, rationing, and strain after living in what has amounted to a state of war for eight years. . . .

But when all this is said the plain fact remains that civilian morale is entirely adequate for Hitler's purposes, and there is not the slightest prospect of these moods being translated into any action against the regime or against the war effort in the measurable future. It is bad morale according to democratic standards of civilian morale. It is just as bad as the morale of the armed forces is good. But under dictatorship such as that in Germany today, such deficiencies become almost meaningless.

This diagnosis of Germany's state of mind contains many lessons. It shows that the successes of Hitler have been possible not on account of any real fighting spirit among the German population as a whole, but in spite of the absence of it. Hitler has concentrated his effort on developing a high morale and a spirit of total sacrifice in the army, and he has succeeded (so far, at least, as the actual combatant units are concerned). But all his attempts to overcome the apathetic condition of the masses of the population, their fundamental

anti-war attitude, have been fruitless. The fact that the German temperament is inclined to passivity and blind acceptance of discipline has helped him to carry on the most aggressive form of war against a deep current of opposition to any form of war. It has not reversed that current.

Mr. Joseph Harsch says that the German civilian morale is bad, 'according to democratic standards.' It might be more correct to say that morale in Germany is as bad as it is in the democracies. And there is no better indication of the universality and the intensity of this curious opposition to war in the midst of war itself, regardless of victory or defeat.

IV

With necessary allowances for each particular situation, the same attitude towards war has existed in all the countries opposing Hitler, but, symptomatically enough, it has been much more marked in those which can be considered highly civilized (from the point of view of Western standards) than in the more primitive.

A good morale, both among the civilians and in the army,—that is, a unification of national consciousness in the presence of war and a merging of individual interests into that of national consciousness,—was evident in Poland when that country was invaded by Germany. It was present in Finland when Russia attacked her. The Greeks showed similar heroism, and the Serbians actually overthrew their government because it had made what they

considered a humiliating treaty with Hitler. In all these cases the morale of the people and of their soldiers was what one might have called 'normal.' Their fighting spirit was brought up to a pitch and stayed there. There was practically no dissension among them, no hesitation as to what they should do. Even against the greatest possible odds, with practically no other prospect except defeat, they fought to the end.

The same can be said of the Russians, who have astounded the world not only by their unsuspected skill in meeting Hitler's war technique but by their courage and patriotism. This has been explained, in the complacent democracies, by saying that the Russians were fighting with so much heroism not because they were defending Communism, but because they were defending their land, Mother Russia. Be that as it may, it is interesting to note that the Western highly civilized people have been actually surprised to find that the 'godless,' 'barbaric', or, let us say, backward Russians could fight so well. But the explanation may merely be that the Russians, like the Poles, the Finns, the Greeks, and other less highly 'civilized' people, have retained towards war an attitude which I would call more 'normal' than the western Europeans and the Americans. This does not mean that they enjoy war, but merely that they are less confused than the Western people when the brutal choice between war and destruction is presented to them.

No such unity of purpose, no such acceptance of total sacrifice, no such morale existed

among the people whose civilization was more complex, who had grown to depend more on the intricate mechanism of Western industrialism, and whose political life also had, during the last twenty years of the post-war period, been more directly subject to the dissolving forces of Western anti-war education.

Without minimizing the heroism and suffering of hundreds of thousands of men and women of the Western democracies, there is no doubt that the Scandinavians, the Dutch, the Belgians, and the French did not enter this war or fight it with the same disregard of individual sacrifice and of future consequences as did the less complex people of Poland, Finland, Greece, or Russia.

In all cases, and regardless of whether the war was really on or in its 'phony' stage, there was the same tendency to evade it by all possible subterfuges, including some that were not particularly honourable, the same persistency of doubts of the advisability of fighting, the same division of counsel when it came to weighing the advantages of pursuing the fight to the limit or saving something through compromise or surrender.

Underlying such events as the surrender of the Belgian King and his army or the French capitulation in Bordeaux, one senses the profound lack of faith of millions of civilised men of the Western world in the necessity of defending not only their independence but even their soil by waging war. The horror of war remains stronger than war itself, even in the midst of war, and when it was

proved that the whole psychological approach to war—based on defence—was a fallacy, whatever morale there was disappeared. Those who had placed their faith in 'neutrality,' which is a form of legal defence, succumbed when that talisman proved futile. The French, having relied on the Maginot Line, had no time to re-create for themselves a new strategy and a new morale when the Maginot system failed. All these nations had hoped that the full impact of total war upon them could be either kept away or avoided altogether by a limited effort on their part. In the same manner as Leon Blum used to say that he wanted to introduce as much socialism into the capitalist system as that system could bear without destroying it, the Western people opposed to Hitler tried to preserve as much peace in a state of war as the phenomenon of war could stand.

The theories of Liddell Hart that defence is preferable to offence and that it assures victory were nonsensical, as amply proved in this war. But they were accepted and applied by the military leaders of the democracies because they corresponded so well to the psychology of the people. Defence and offence are two aspects of war which cannot possibly be separated if one understands war to be a conflict of forces the purpose of which is to destroy the opponent. The use of one form of tactic or the other is determined by the changing aspect of a war. But the democracies were psychologically committed to defence because the word seemed to imply a limited effort, a sort of state of lesser war.

A country that proclaims that it is compelled to *defend* itself feels itself less warlike than the country that takes the initiative of attacking. To take up arms to protect oneself appears less immoral than to invade another country. But, whether true or not, it does not change the fact, that as soon as war exists the choice between defence and offence becomes merely a military problem.

Hitler, in spite of the reluctance of his people to go to war (which was slightly less than that of the democratic people), in spite of the bad German morale, has never been encumbered by such fine distinctions in planning his strategy. He or his generals have clearly understood that the conduct of a war cannot be determined by peacetime inhibitions.

But the fact that the Western democracies and the neutrals were bound to the theory of defence, both psychologically and strategically, cannot be understood fully without an analysis of the causes that made them adopt this attitude. The defensive attitude was predetermined, so to speak. Given the mentality of the Western people, their ideas of war, and the education they had received during the twenty years that separated World War I and World War II, there was no possibility for them to accomplish overnight the fundamental transformation from pacifism to full war-mindedness that was necessary to meet the crisis. Still clinging to peace, they slipped into war. They behaved like a man who has fallen in the water and who struggles desperately to reach the shore, but whose frantic efforts will not prevent him

from drowning if he does not know how to swim.

The Maginot Line mentality, the pitiful faith of the European neutrals in the magic of neutrality, as well as other manifestations of the purely defensive attitude of the Western people, are expressions of a state of mind that exists also in America. Such formulas as the Monroe Doctrine, hemispheric defence, national defence, and so forth, whether used by the isolationists or by their opponents, reveal the universality of the anti-war sentiment, the reluctance to face reality as it is, and the fatal tendency to approach it step by step.

But this confinement to pure defence is only one of the manifold aspects the anti-war feeling has assumed. Other manifestations are to be found in all fields of thought.

Leaving aside pure pacifism and various doctrine of non-resistance to force, we find that in recent years certain schools of thought of a semiphilosophical or mystical nature have grown in influence and greatly contributed to the demoralization of the Western people and of their leaders. Among them can be noted the Buchmanites, the partisans of the Oxford Group, or the queer and equivocal fraternity of so-called Men of Good Will. In these groups—or travelling with them—we find strangest assortment of people: political appeasers, such as Chamberlain in England and the Socialist leader, Paul Faure, in France; humanitarians like Herbert Hoover or the King of Belgium; befuddled or suspect fanatics like Rudolph Hess, and confused poets like Anne Lindbergh.

All of them are the products of this great movement of non-acceptance of war that has developed in our world in the last twenty years. Many are sincere idealists and express some of the noblest aspirations of mankind. Others are fools, or cowards, or Quislings on the make. They are all united by one characteristic, however, which is that—willingly or not—they help to divide and demoralize. In many instances they are the apostles of sheer defeatism, which, under the conditions of this war, can only mean surrender to force and ultimate annihilation.

The anti-war sentiment finds another form of expression in what is called 'realism.' The realist is the man who, having weighed all the visible factors in a given situation and having found that the odds are against him, decides that fighting is useless. He will not engage in a war if he cannot have the assurance of victory. And, as this assurance can never be given to him, he will always oppose war because it is always, to him synonymous with defeat.

Georges Bonnet, in France, was a typical 'realist.' He felt that France, with its low birth rate, its bad morale, and its attachment to peace, was no match for the dynamism of Nazi Germany. France, in his eyes, was a sick old woman that any violent shock would kill. He saw with a realistic eye all the poisons that made France weak and vulnerable, but his 'realism' was not an antidote—it was merely more poison.

There are many Georges Bonnets in America, too, 'realists' who, although they can-

not argue that America is weak and sick, nevertheless fear that it could not survive the test of war. Democracy would perish, they say. America is not prepared to fight. Let us wait for the enemy. Let us die on our shores.

V

When the last war ended in 1918, the power of the victorious democracies was so great and so obvious that it did not seem possible it could ever be challenged again. The belief in peace in those days was apparently justified, because it was supported by the overwhelming superiority of the victors. And these victors wanted peace. In spite of their disunity, their inability to organize the peace they had won, there was no prospect that the world would be at war again. War was absurd and criminal. No one in his right mind wanted war. War had been eliminated.

And yet, in less than twenty years, this immense will to preserve peace deteriorated in such a way that war once more became a possibility—a probability, and very soon a fact. Frightened and powerless, the 'peace-loving' people clung to their illusions. As they were shattered one by one they felt that their own power was dwindling. They could not organize resistance. They could not unite. They had nothing to stop Hitler with except their own hatred of war, their own unwillingness to fight, and their bad morale.

And so, one by one, they entered the war—or rather were forced into it—reluctantly, without songs and without heart.

They were not prepared for it, either materially or mentally. One by one they waited for the onslaught, always hoping to the last that, by some miracle, it would not come, that they might be spared. Whether weak or strong, they considered themselves victims, and their pre-occupation was always to prove their innocence rather than to help one another. They glorified in selfishness. 'Our national interest,' they said, 'commands us to defend ourselves and ourselves alone. Why fight for Czechoslovakia? Why fight for Danzig? Why fight for England?' And when, one after the other, they fell, those who had lost all would say, 'We were wrong to fight at all. Why did we help the Czechs, and the Poles, and the English, and the Greeks? . . . They have dragged us into defeat.'

Every time a new disaster took place those who were still out of immediate danger said, 'Let this be a lesson to us.' Hundreds of books and thousands of articles have been written describing what happened to those who thought themselves secure, and how it happened. The technique of Hitlerian aggression is, in fact, so well known by now that a precise vocabulary—brand-new—has been invented to describe it, a vocabulary which every man, everywhere in the world, understands. 'War of nerves,' 'fifth columnists,' 'Quislings,' 'peace offensive,' 'infiltration,' 'tourists,' 'strategy of terror,' and so forth, are words we read or hear several times a day. We know what they mean. We know that they are the weapons which Hitler has created and which he himself

has defined as intended to produce 'mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, panic.'

But although we know how these weapons work, although we understand the mechanism of this war thoroughly by now, we are still incapable of opposing any real defence to them. Each country, whether already conquered or threatened by Hitler, remains vulnerable to his methods of internal dislocation. The example of Austria did not help to save the Czechs. The invasion of Denmark and Norway did not convince the Belgians and the Dutch that their own neutrality was no protection.

The reason for this is not to be found in the superiority of German arms alone, nor even in the perfection of German propaganda. In fact, the 'mental confusion, contradiction of feeling, indecisiveness, and panic' which Hitler refers to as his best weapons have not been forged by him. His success in this line is due to his ability to exploit a state of mind which already existed when he came to power, but which he alone understood and appraised correctly. The confusion was there, the disunity was there, the uneasiness was there, the blindness was there. They were the conditions under which the Western world lived, and *wanted* to live, ever since the end of the First World War. They were—and they are still—our inheritance. And until we succeed in repudiating this inheritance, and in replacing it by something that will protect us against confusion, division of counsel, and chronic lethargy, there is little chance that Hitler

will be stopped except by the exhaustion of his own momentums.

What this 'something' will be, I do not know. It may eventually spring out of this very anti-war force, out of this unwillingness of men to fight other men which seems so universal and so little affected by the evolution of the war itself. This Second World War may be only a sort of relapse, and it may be that when it is ended the reconstruction of peace that started in 1918 will be taken up

again and carried on more successfully.

This may be so. But in the meanwhile the world is facing one of the greatest attempts at universal disintegration ever undertaken. It is at war, and the question is whether this war will be won in spite of the reluctance of the Western peoples to overcome the long spell of anti-war sentiment which for twenty years has been their main conviction, and to which even to-day they still cling.

(The Atlantic.)



Rajagopalachariar's Peace Mission

U. G. RAO

THE Indian deadlock shows no sign of resolving itself. On the other hand, several developments point to the unpleasant possibility of this deadlock becoming a permanent feature of our politics at least for the duration of the war.

The recent refusal of the Viceroy to grant permission to peace-maker Rajagopalachariar to see Mahatma Gandhi in jail, is one such development. But Mr. Rajagopalachariar was a bit too optimistic. He read in the declarations of certain British politicians an overwhelming desire to see the Indian question settled. He thought that the British Government was only too willing to transfer power, but, alas, there was that communal hurdle! If that hurdle could be successfully crossed and an agreement broached, the rest would be easy work. One had only to inform the British Government of the possibility of an agreement to get an enthusiastic reply of support, an offer of help and the promise of an announcement transferring all power or almost all power to the Indian people as soon as the agreement was clinched.

Thus argued Mr. Rajagopalachariar and, in the face of public apathy, even opposition and open derision, he set about the task of seeking an agreement. It was a challenge to the Indian Nationalist spirit to be told every now and then by British politicians and others



too that it was lack of unity among Indians that stood in the way of their securing freedom and not a lack of desire on the part of Britain to transfer power. Stung by these constant reminders of Indian disunity and hoping that once unity was achieved, all would be well, Mr. Rajagopalachariar strove and strove hard to find an agreement.

He first carried on conversations with leaders of several minor parties, unattached politicians and others who were sincerely interested in seeing the political impasse ended. Then he tackled the one man who, with the Congress in the wilderness, holds the key to the

Indian deadlock. Mr. Mahomed-ali Jinnah, head of the Muslim League, which is at present the most important Indian political party within the law, was courteous to Mr. Rajagopalachariar, sympathetic and, if reports are true, even helpful. Mr. Rajagopalachariar carried on prolonged discussions with the League leader and, as the talks proceeded, saw glimpses of a hopeful turn in the Indian situation. Whether diplomatic Rajagopalachariar yielded to uncompromising Jinnah or whether each met the other half way, newspapers do not tell us. Nor is it of great interest to us. What is actually of interest and of great importance is that the Madras leader could, at the end of the talks, speak hopefully about the chances of a settlement and could tell the country boldly that the negotiations had reached a stage when an interview with Mahatma Gandhi had become absolutely necessary.

Mr. Rajagopalachariar is a seasoned politician, who could not have been building castles in the air when he made that statement. In his 20 or 25 years of political life, he must have had enough occasions to learn the simple truth that it is much better to leave things as they are rather than to raise false hopes of betterment and then be unable to fulfil them. He himself had made it clear in his statements to the Press that, if he did not feel sure that some good at least would come out of his interview with Mahatma Gandhi, he would never have asked for it.

Now here was a chance for the Government to show that it was genuinely desirous of a settlement. There was no request to the Government to take any initiative in solving the deadlock; it was not an appeal to the authorities to release the Congress leaders; nor was there any demand for an immediate abdication of power. All that Mr. Rajagopalachariar asked for was permission to interview the Mahatma in jail and explore the possibilities of a settlement, and that too because he felt that the chances were very bright. And what was the Government's reply? A curt, though considered no.

And yet we have been told times out of number that only an agreement has to be reached for power to be transferred immediately to Indian hands and that the authorities, whether British or Indian, would be only too glad to facilitate an agreement!

The Viceroy has an argument as to why he could not permit Mr. Rajagopalachariar to see Gandhiji. It is that the Congress leaders do not yet show signs of a change of heart. But how could there be a change of heart at all? If the Congress leaders had really started the present disturbances and they were directly responsible for its grave consequences, then there was some point in hoping for a change of heart in them. But they were locked up in jail before they could do anything and that, in spite of the expressed desire of Mahatma Gandhi to carry on negotiations with the Viceroy. And after locking them

up, it is hardly chivalrous for anyone to foist on them the responsibility for what a few misguided elements have been doing in the name of the Congress, to take it for granted that the leaders must be gloating in prison over what is happening outside and then to call for a change of heart.

For what we know, Mahatma Gandhi and his other responsible colleagues must be very much upset over the recent disturbances and, if they were free, they would not have hesitated to condemn this hooliganism in no uncertain terms. Let the Government release the leaders, and if they still keep mum over the disturbances, it would be time for the authorities to condemn them at the bar of world opinion, to dub them as the promoters of violence, shut them up in jail again and then keep waiting for a change of heart. And all sane Indians would nod their heads in approval. In the meantime, however, it would be wiser for the Government itself to show a change of heart and see if there won't be a reciprocal change of heart among the people and their leaders.

If the Government thinks that it is impolitic or too early to release Congress leaders or take any equally big step, can it not at least permit sober-minded politicians like Mr. Rajagopalachariar to do their bit towards easing the situation? The Madras leader is eminently fitted for the role of a peace-maker. Though out of the Congress, his reputation for sincerity and honesty of purpose is still very high among Congressmen in general. He is

the one prominent Hindu leader in this country who can be said to enjoy the confidence of the Muslim League. The Liberals and other Moderates have nothing but admiration for his statesmanlike approach to the problems of the day. And an increasing number of British politicians seem to be taking kindly to the Madras leader. In short, he is the only person who enjoys the confidence and sympathy of all the parties concerned in the Indian deadlock, and who can successfully play the part of a mediator.

His motives are above board. He was the first to condemn the wave of hooliganism that has been sweeping over the country. He earnestly feels that India should have a government of her own and that she should play a big part in the war against the Fascist menace. And for the convictions he holds, he has suffered much. Yet he has lost neither hope nor faith.

Lord Linlithgow would be doing only the right thing if he revised his earlier decision and gave Mr. Rajagopalachariar a chance to play his part in bringing Britain and India together. Lord Linlithgow has only a short time at his disposal. If he could use that for solving the deadlock or, at least, giving others an opportunity to do so, he would be doing a great service to this country, which he has striven hard to serve, and to Britain too. He has yet a chance to earn the gratitude of four hundred million souls and to go down in history as one of the greatest Viceroys of India. Will he seize that chance?

My Last Meeting With Hitler

ERNST RUDIGER PRINCE STARHEMBERG

IN April, 1932, an invitation reached me in the Tyrol to go to Berlin, as Roehm, organizing chief of the Nazi party, wished urgently to see me. I travelled to Berlin in the latter half of April. A conversation with Roehm was arranged in the Hotel Kaiserhof, through Major Pabst. I was very much astonished to see Himmler present. What it was that Roehm desired of me so urgently was never made clear.

He opened the conversation by saying that as Leader of the S. A. he wished to get into touch with me as head of a militant movement, since the politicians would never reach agreement. He considered collaboration with the Austrian Heimatschutz of the utmost importance to Germany from a Military point of view. The Heimatschutz was in his opinion an extremely valuable defence corps, owing particular to its strong peasant element. This was about the most interesting thing he had to tell me. He also asked if I had relations with national circles in Hungary and whether I was in a position to win over Gombos, at that time still Hungarian Minister of War, for Military collaboration.

Not until much later did I discover that Roehm was at this time planning a joint front composed of all Free Corps and voluntary defence units in Germany, Austria, and Hungary, and that he had in mind a kind of dictatorship of the Free Corps. Perhaps Himmler's presence prevented him from

During the nineteen-twenties Prince Starhemberg, a young Austrian aristocrat, had been associated with Hitler's gang in Germany. Later he broke with Hitler, and during the early and middle nineteen-thirties he was prominent in Austria as the romantic and unpredictable head of the Heimwehr, or Heimatschutz, a fascist corps that was given financial aid by Mussolini as an offset to Hitler's growing power. He was Vice-Chancellor in the Dollfuss and Schuschnigg Governments. When Hitler marched into Austria Starhemberg was outlawed by the Nazis and all his estates were confiscated. At the outbreak of the war he offered his services to France and joined the French Air Force. At present he is a flyer with the Free French forces in Africa; but before his recent departure from London for Africa on this mission he prepared an autobiographical manuscript from which this article is taken, his version of his last talk with Hitler in 1932.

speaking frankly. I too was cautious and gave only evasive answers. Himmler hardly spoke at all, only putting a few questions on various occurrences in Austria, from which I gathered that he was not only interested in every detail but also very well informed.

When Major Pabst (who was

also present) and I had taken our leave and were going towards the stairs we met Adolf Hitler, Hitler recognised me:

"Good day, so you are here in Berlin? Are you staying long?"

"No," I said, "only for a short while."

Hitler replied: "Didn't Count Helldorf say something to me about our meeting?" (Helldorf was at that time Hitler's adjutant.) "I have an idea that a meeting has been arranged."

"I know nothing about it," I said. "I had a talk with Roehm this morning; beyond that I know nothing."

At this moment a group of young men passed by, Bulgarian students I think they were. Hitler turned to exchange a few words with them. Major Pabst whispered to me: "Don't you understand, he wants to talk to you, but does not want to say so."

Hitler turned to us and added: "Well, perhaps I am mistaken, but I felt sure that Helldorf said something about your wanting to talk to me."

I answered: "It's a mistake. I have'n't spoken to Count Helldorf."

Hitler then shook hands, said good-bye, and I left the hotel. Hardly was I back in my quarters when I was rung up by Prince Josias Waldeck-Pyrmont, another of Hitler's adjutants, who asked if he could have a word with me. Waldeck came and said:

"The Manitu (a name frequently given to Hitler at the period by his entourage) wants to talk to you. But it must be kept strictly secret as he doesn't wish his Austrian party mem-

bers to hear about it on account of the bother you have had there. The Chief knows what idiots the Nazi leaders in Austria are. He would like to talk to you frankly on the question. He thinks highly of you; after all, we look upon you as an old comrade of the 1923 putsch and as one of ourselves. I think it might be to your interest to talk with the Chief."

"Very well," I said, "when shall it be?"

"To-morrow morning at 9-30, at the Kaiserhof."

Next day I entered the adjutants' room a few minutes before half past nine. They excused themselves politely, saying that Hitler was engaged at the moment—would I wait a few minutes?

"Go next door, you will find an old friend there," one of the young S. S. officers on duty said to me.

I went. It was one of the reception rooms of the Hotel Kaiserhof—tapestried walls, the floor completely carpeted, and everything fitted up in the manner of a luxury hotel. A glaring contrast was provided by a tubby little fellow dressed in a brown shirt, riding breeches, and black-top boots, who lay on the silk coverlet of the double bed, gobbling food. By the side of the bed was a table with a platter of cold meat, buttered bread, a bottle of wine in an ice pail, and grapefruit. Without bothering about knife or fork he was stuffing bits of meat into his mouth and drinking large gulps of wine from the bottle.

At my entrance he burst into loud laughter and said with an unmistakable Bavarian accent: "Well, I never; where does Starhemberg come from? It's good to

see you again." I recognised him at once; he was Sepp Dietrich, and we had met in the Free Corps. On returning from the Upper Silesian campaign to his home in Munich, he became a newspaper packer in the publishing firm of Eher where later the *Völkischer Beobachter* was published.

He was the typical jolly Bavarian primitive, sometimes rather coarse. He had been a non-commissioned officer in the Great War, and in the Free Corps he had, as far as I could remember, commanded a company and several times distinguished himself by his dash and recklessness. I was rather surprised to meet him again in these surroundings.

"Gruss Gott, Sepp. Things seem to be going well with you."

"Rather. Do you know, I'm now a Reichstag deputy and one of Hitler's suite. We don't have a bad time, only a bit too much riding in trains; everlasting travelling between Berlin and Munich is a bit tiresome at times."

"Here you seem to live very comfortably."

"Yes, there's nothing wrong with this. We have a whole floor to ourselves and they've even built on for us. We're getting a large house in Berlin. Believe me, that all costs a mint of money, for we live here free of cost and don't have to pay anything."

"Tell me, who pays for it all? It must cost a lot?"

"Who pays, I dunno; Hitler does the paying, but he must get the money somewhere. Anyhow that's not my business." We chatted together about Free Corps days. We touched only

lightly on Austria; Sepp had heard something about our troubles with the Nazis there, but he took my part.

"Do you know, these political leaders, lawyers and teachers, they're all miserable creatures," he said. "But it's all quite different in the S.A."

I was much amused by this meeting. But I could not get my astonishment at a party which called itself a Socialist worker's party allowing its leaders such luxury. In Austria it would have been impossible. Although financially I was completely independent, even well-to-do, I never dared stay in one of the large luxury hotels in Vienna for fear of arousing resentment among the rank and file.

"But what do your people say about your living like millionaires?" I asked.

He was quite angry. "What we do is no concern of theirs, we have to work hard enough for them creating a new Germany. For that, surely, we have a right to a little comfort."

But by this time Hitler's visitor had gone and an adjutant accompanied me to Hitler's drawing room. I entered a corner department with a large red-plush carpet which covered the whole floor. The room was not very big; in the corner opposite the entrance was a writing table with chairs grouped round it. Some sofas and chairs upholstered in red stood scattered about the room. Over the writing table hung a large picture of Frederick the Second. Beneath it sat Adolf Hitler, who rose at my entrance and advanced to meet me. As was his custom, he looked me straight in the face and, once

again, I felt the extraordinary magnetism of his eyes. I fought against it. We had gone too far apart for me to feel any great sympathy with him. I tried to count up the repellent details of Hitler's person. In a badly fitting blue suit he sat facing me in a huddled position. How repulsive his face really was, how ugly his hands, and how common the German dialect he spoke! A Prussianized South German dialect it was, which gave the impression that he was trying feverishly to speak cultivated German. And yet I could not be blind to something I could only call attractive and compelling.

Hitler opened conversation: "I am glad of the opportunity for this talk. I feel we ought to discuss many things frankly. What do you say to our great success in Vienna?"

He was referring to the municipal elections which had taken place a few days previously and, as the Heimatschutz had not entered the lists, the National Socialists had captured fifteen mandates.

I replied that the success should not be overestimated. "Austria is not Germany. The invasion of the National Socialists may lead to trouble in Austria. There we have a well-disciplined, well-armed Socialist force in fighting trim. The Socialist leaders in Austria will not look on while National Socialism comes to power through the ballot box. There we have the starting point for civil war. Everyone who is working for Austria's recovery must act in close alliance with the Christian Social Party."

To this Hitler replied: "What you say would be true if the

decision depended upon Austria. For me Austria is a secondary theatre of war. And I need success in Austria for the sake of its propaganda value to my struggle for power in Germany."

"Do you expect to seize power in Germany within the near future?"

"It won't be within the next few months, but development must necessarily lead to power being delegated to National Socialists as the strongest party in Germany. And we shall be the strongest party some day even if we have to force new elections ten times over."

"Are you sure that your democratic foundation will not one day disappear? Your coalition partners, the Hugenberg party and the Stahlhelm, are they really on your side? Might they not in agreement with the President of the Reich carry out a *coup d'état* over your head?"

"No, there's no great danger of that. Even if these gentlemen entertained the idea they are far too antiquated and stupid to risk positive action. Besides, both Stahlhelm and Reichwehr have too much sympathy for the Nazi cause."

I answered: "That may be true in Germany, but it is not the case in Austria. With us the growth of National Socialism means civil war. I therefore tell you quite frankly that I shall vigorously oppose all the efforts of the Austrian Nazis. If you mean to engage in politics in Austria you have to take Austrian conditions into consideration. I cannot of course agree that Austrian interests are secondary. Leave Austria to the Austrians. I told you years ago and I tell you

again to-day, leave it to the Heimwehr to create a new and patriotic Austria, and an Austria that is national in the best sense. Austria will always maintain the closest relations with a national Government in Germany."

Hitler did not answer. With a fixed expression on his face, he stared straight in front of him. For some seconds there was silence in the room. Then suddenly Hitler began to speak in an unnecessarily loud voice:

It is utterly wrong to say that a man can be good interior decorator if he is a bad architect. It is also completely wrong to assert conversely that a good architect understands nothing of interior decoration. Both these branches of architecture are inseparable and interwoven."

Hitler grew excited: "It is one of the idiocies of our time to attempt to separate exterior from interior architecture."

Then the floor burst. Citing examples from the history of architecture extending from pre-Babylonian, Egyptian, Grecian, and Roman days up the Gothic period, Hitler argued furiously in support of his theory of the inseparability of exterior and interior architecture. He finally grew so excited that he jumped up from his chair, which fell over with a crash, and walked up and down the room, at moments of his lecture literally screaming.

"No one," he shouted, "would have dared to suggest to one of the great masters who built our Gothic cathedrals that he should devote himself only to the exterior and leave the interior to another."

I had the impression that he

thought he was addressing a large audience. I said nothing, feeling extremely uncomfortable at this exhibition. I must confess that his form of words and his assembly of evidence were extremely effective and convincing, although the topic had no interest for me.

I kept count of the time by my wrist watch. For forty minutes Hitler spoke or shouted the history of architecture. Then he suddenly broke off and sank exhausted into an arm-chair. I rose and picked up the fallen chair. Hitler stood up and returned to his place at the writing table. Neither of us said a word. I wondered how I could take my leave, having no wish to resume our talk. Hitler sat huddled up, leaning over his writing table and staring straight in front of him. Suddenly, he sat up with a jerk and hitting the table with his first three times, but quite gently, he said:

"And it is so and every other opinion is wrong."

"I said: 'I must go now as I have an appointment at my hotel,' and I rose to leave.

Hitler stood up and we moved to the door. He was breathing heavily as though exhausted by violent physical exertion. At the door, he held out his hand and said in a friendly tone: "Good-bye, I wish you much luck," and he emphasized the word "much". I said: "Auf Wiedersehen, I wish you all the best."

I never saw him again. I could not shake of the impression of this conversation. I spoke to only one person in Berlin about it, as Waldeck had told me that the talk must remain secret.

(*Harpers Magazine.*)

An International Asylum

HOMI TALEYARKHAN

For the purpose of appreciating this playlet, the reader must in the first place provide himself with a powerful imagination, so he can conjure up with ease the visions the author is striving to create.

* * *

The scene is a huge hospital, almost as large as the world, having numerous small and big wards. It is elaborately appointed. Doctors and nurses of "neutral" nationalities pop in and out of wards and shuffle about in the lobby.

Suddenly everything drops into silence. The shuffling ceases, the popping in and out stops. The complete silence is only broken by the occasional moans of pain coming from some of the wards. The time is the present.

NURSE 1 (softly) — The Doctor is here.

NURSE 2—Oh. The Doctor is here.

NURSE 3—Oh, dear. The Doctor is here.

The word passes round the entire hospital. Everybody alert. At last the Great Doctor enters. He is very venerable, very distinguished, has the stoop of age and the white hair of wisdom. His name is Dr. Peace. He does not enter alone. Along with him, he brings a guest, a young man, healthy, untouched by disease in spite of being in infectious surroundings. As they enter—

DOCTOR—I promised to show you round my hospital

this morning, but some of the cases are infectious. I hope you don't get afflicted too. You are coming at your risk.

GUEST—Quite, Sir. I have been longing to take care of myself for years.

DOCTOR—Very well, then. Let's start with the Western Ward of the hospital.

They walk through the lobby, the Doctor exchanging morning greetings with the various nurses and assistant doctors. Eventually they reach the western wing. The Doctor enters first, has a word with the nurse, then beckons in his guest. On the bed is a patient.

DOCTOR—Can you recognize the patient?

GUEST—Of course I can. It is ENGLAND. But what's the matter with her?

DOCTOR (smiling)—It is natural you wouldn't know because you are not a doctor.

GUEST (anxiously) — Oh, do tell me, doctor. After all my destiny has been bound up with hers for the last 150 years. Naturally I am feeling anxious, wouldn't you?

DOCTOR—I suppose so. Well, she has been giving me a lot of anxiety, but I think she'll pull through. She is suffering from Ataxia.

GUEST—Ataxia? Whom has she been attacking. So far as I know she has had to defend herself like the devil.

DOCTOR (laughing) — Ataxia has nothing to do with attacking. It is a disease caused by the incoordination of the

muscular movements with the central nervous system. It usually affects the extremities. And one of the extremities of the British Empire is India. There is no co-operation between this extremity and the central body. The one is asking too much, the other is giving too little. The result is a crisis of the Empire. But of course you know all this.

GUEST—Yes, I know, doctor, she and I don't get on any too well, but still I have great respect for her. I hope she will survive the crisis.

DOCTOR (*confidently*)—Oh, yes. I see little doubt of that. She is used to Ataxia in the past. With every crisis she generates greater power of resistance. She has a hardened constitution, even though it be unwritten and so her chances of complete recuperation are ample. (The doctor looks down at the patient covered in a sheet of Union Jack, admiringly) Aren't I right, old girl?

PATIENT ENGLAND — I never say die, do I doc? (to the guest) Hullo India, hope will get on better together after I recover from this.

NURSE (*gently*) — You mustn't talk so much.

DOCTOR (*taking his guest by the arm and leading him out*)—You know she always makes blunders this England, but she always wins in spite of them. Tremendous grit, unlike our patient here . . .

They enter a ward south of England's. It seems to be all in a mess. Things are lying about at random, the patient is restless under a tricolour sheet.

GUEST (*shocked at the sight*)—Good God! Is this France, doctor? I can't believe

it. Certainly not the France I knew. It looks like its ghost.

The doctor looks down sympathetically at the pale, pain-ridden face of the patient.

DOCTOR—Not even its ghost, I am afraid. She is suffering from tremors, the poor thing. It causes an involuntary rhythmic contraction of parts of the body bringing about a complete disunity.

GUEST—Do you mean that because France had many parties like the Socialists, Communists, Catholics, Royalists and others that France began having tremors which resulted in the hopeless disunity you mentioned?

DOCTOR—Quite so. You are getting clever in my line. I am getting jealous.

GUEST—Thank you. But, doctor, is there no remedy? Can't you save her? Can't you make her again the France I saw, the France of freedom and frivolity; Can't you restore her to the France I knew, the France of the Marseillaise, that song of liberty, equality, fraternity, which because I missed so much in my own country I travelled all that way to hear in France. And now France too doesn't sing it. You are a great doctor. Do something.

DOCTOR—You are very eloquent in your enthusiasm, young man, but I am afraid the patient has come too late into my hands. Whosoever's charge she was in before she came here tried to cure her disease by injecting a poison. It works sometimes.

GUEST—And it didn't in this case?

DOCTOR (*nodding towards the patient*) — Unfortunately not as you see. The poison of

dictatorship was injected by Petain and Laval. It had a disastrous effect. The patient suffered a complete collapse from the cure, worse than she could have sustained from the disease.

GUEST—Is there nothing you can do to revive her?

DOCTOR—I am trying my best to undo the effect of the poison and I am beginning to notice a very, very slight improvement.

PATIENT FRANCE (*faintly*)—Vive La France!

GUEST—That's a good sign, isn't it, doctor? But do let's get out of here. I can't bear to see this once-upon-a-time great tower of strength crumbled up like this.

They walk out into the lobby towards the south-west wing of the world hospital. An ungainly form covered in a differently coloured tri-colour sheet stares up vacantly at them, neither moving nor speaking.

GUEST—Is this patient deaf and dumb, doctor?

DOCTOR—I don't think he is at all deaf, unless he is terrified into it by Hitler's voice. But he is certainly dumb.

GUEST (*in a whisper*)—Isn't he that fellow Italy? Funny seeing him silent. He used to talk like fury and boast like blazes.

DOCTOR—He talked too much and developed tetanus. You know, lock jaw. The germ enters through an open wound, caused in this case by the Axis, and this germ creates a toxin two hundred times as strong as strychnine. So when a crisis comes such as the world war, the patient's jaw becomes locked. He becomes very silent and stiff, as you have noticed.

GUEST—It seems as if his own saying, that there are some who despise pride with greater pride, has been turned on himself. He was proud but Hitler beat it down with his worse pride. Anyway, do you hold out any hope for him, doctor?

DOCTOR—He has a very acute ear and the poor fellow has been hearing such horrible news all this time that if he hears anymore he'll just pass out. Let's get out and I'll tell you. (*To the patient*) Well, good luck, Italy, cheer up.

They leave the ward and are in the lobby again.

DOCTOR—No, I don't see many chances for this patient. Eighty per cent. of the cases in this disease are fatal. The only chance I see is by the removal of the germ of Nazism and Fascism from his blood. But that's only a remote hope.

By now they have caught up with a northerly ward. It is an extraordinarily huge ward, Oh, much bigger than any of the others, and it is very strongly fortified from all sides.

GUEST (*taken aback and stopping short*)—What on earth is this, doctor? It looks like a ward in a lunatic asylum, not in a hospital.

DOCTOR (*laying a hand of caution on his guest's shoulder*)—I shouldn't go too near. We must be very careful with this patient. Though we have taken all adequate precautions he is still very dangerous.

GUEST (*nervously*)—Is he mad?

DOCTOR—Murderously mad. Be careful. He has his eyes on you.

GUEST—On me? Why?

DOCTOR—Because you are a friend of England's.

GUEST—Am I? Anyway who is it?

DOCTOR—Perhaps you have heard his name. Germany.

GUEST—Good God! Ger.... I should have known.

DOCTOR—Sh... You had better stand clear. I'll just have a look at him and join you in a moment.

The doctor goes inside to examine. Voices on the stage, yet from the view of the audience are heard. The guest is nervously pacing up and down. A terrifying shout of anger comes through.

GUEST (to himself)—Good Lord! That's Germany all right. I wish the doctor would hurry up. Rather frightful. Hope he doesn't break loose or something.

After what seems an age to the guest but only about a couple of minutes to the audience, the doctor rejoins the former.

GUEST (relieved)—You've been an age, doctor. Is he secure?

DOCTOR—Yes, on one side and no, on the other.

GUEST (after a moment's futile reflection)—I don't get you.

DOCTOR—Well you see, it needed the entire eighth army to pin him down in Libya while the Russians haven't got him quite under control yet on the other side. But the sooner he dies the better for himself and for everybody around him.

GUEST—How did it all start, doctor?

DOCTOR—Germany has been suffering from the most deadly form of dementia, called dementia praecox cataconia.

GUEST—Which is of course all double Dutch to me.

DOCTOR—Oh, it's a disease with two stages. First is the cataconic stupor when the patient remains in brooding silence, doing nothing, not even eating. That was the state of Germany after the last world war.

GUEST—What is the second stage?

DOCTOR—The second stage is the cataconic excitement when the patient screams and talks and raves without ceasing. Along with this, he develops murderously grabbing tendencies and is not likely to stop at anything. In this state he has swallowed some dozen unoffending countires.

GUEST—But didn't these unoffending countries take offence at this treatment?

DOCTOR—Some of them did for a while, but all of them suffered from brittleness of bones known to us as multiple myelotonia. Russia whom he had hoped to make his thirteenth dish is free from this disease. She is giving him the time of his life.

GUEST—By bringing him closer to the time of his death.

Another huge howl of pain and wrath rents the air in the precincts of the hospital.

GUEST—Is he in delirium, doctor?

DOCTOR—Yes, but he is still dangerous—in spite of his wounds. He threatens the safety of everyone inside and outside this hospital.

GUEST—I am thankful I am not inside.

DOCTOR—Even outside, you are not free from his menace. But I don't think he'll last long now.

They move away from these dreaded surroundings till they come to another huge ward, huge but not so forbidding as the other. The cage form in the bed is heavily bandaged but still full of life. It is covered in a red sheet with the sign of the star and the sickle.

DOCTOR (*cheerfully*) —
Hullo, there. And how is my patient this morning?

NURSE ON DUTY (*answering for the patient who nods vigorously*)—The patient is doing very well indeed, isn't he?

DOCTOR—How is the rib—the Stalingrad rib? I hope I don't have to remove it. (*The patient props himself up with a great effort and shakes his head violently in open defiance.*)

DOCTOR (*patting him*)—All right, all right. Nothing to get excited about. You can fight on with that battered rib of yours. I am not stopping you (*turning to his guest*). If you had more like him, you'd have nothing to fear.

GUEST (*admiringly*)—Stalin and his Russia.

They are once again in the lobby heading now for the last ward, the Far Eastern ward which is occupied by a small in stature, but tough in build, patient. When they enter he is so busy eating at a table covered with a tablecloth with a design of the rising sun, that he does not even look up at the doctor.

GUEST—Does he always eat this way, doc?

DOCTOR (*laughing*) —
That's what he is here for. He is suffering from a disease called Erithremia and one of its symptoms is the creation of a most abnormal appetite. He has already eaten much of China, the whole of Malaya, Burma. But he won't be able to retain it for long. He is already feeling uncomfortable, though he is still trying to bite off more than he can chew. It'll bring about a complete collapse of his system.

They leave the ward and the World Hospital and step out into the freshness of the open air and the beauty of the garden. For a while both say nothing each lost in his own reactions after the visit.

DOCTOR—So you have seen the principal patients in the world hospital. There are many other smaller ones suffering as much or worse than they are.

GUEST — Thank you very much, doctor. I'll remember this visit for a long time and for a longer time still I'll think on it.

DOCTOR—What will you think?

GUEST—I'll think, doctor, that after the sights of pain and misery I have seen, how little reason I have to be discontented with life and my lot, how wonderful it is to be able to breathe this fresh air and behold this beauty, even though I may not be as free as I should like to be, as I will be one day.

They walk away slowly. The curtain falls on the scene.

OUR idea of a really observant naturalist is the fellow who said that it always seemed to him that penguins walk like they'd busted their suspenders.

My stars! what next?



BY
CYRIL SCOTT

ASTROLOGY could be of very great value to doctors in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. Moreover, those extra broadminded physicians who have had the courage to make use of astrological knowledge have proved that what I say is true. But, unfortunately, in this commercial age, astrology of a kind is used for much less reputable purposes—a matter which has incensed the more high-minded and serious astrologers. The fortune-telling type to be found in the newspapers is a prostitution of an exalted science and cannot be accurate, because a great many more factors need to be taken into account than are indicated by merely the month in which an individual is born. This particular knowledge, however, is useful to determine to a certain extent the type of foods most suited to a particular individual, because persons born in a given month require a correspondingly greater proportion of a certain salt. Thus in biochemistry the term “birth salts” has been coined.

The twelve tissue salts cor-

respond to the twelve signs of the Zodiac, and these in turn govern the various parts and functions of the body. This being so, the table in the opposite page should prove instructive.

I should add, for the benefit of those who know nothing of the principles of astrology, that the month of birth only indicates (as shown) the position of the sun (the great life-giver) in the horoscope, but does not indicate the “rising sign.” The latter is of importance in determining the type of body with which the individual will be born. This, however, can be discovered only by having the horoscope cast according to the precise time (and, of course, year) and place of birth. From the biochemical standpoint such knowledge is also of value, as it indicates the *two* salts which are especially indicated instead of indicating the one only. For instance, a person born, say, on September 28 has his sun in the sign Libra, yet his rising sign may be quite different—Virgo, for instance. In that case the salts he particularly requires are sodium phosphate (for Libra)

Extracted from the Author's book "Health, Diet, and Commonsense"

and potassium sulphate (for Virgo). And here again we see the necessity of a varied natural diet, so that both these re-

quisites (varying, of may be covered by the foods course, according to the individual) consumed.

Those born between	Sign of the Zodiac through which the Sun passes	Governs	Foods
March 21 and April 20	Aries	.. Head, face, brain	<i>Potassium</i> (phos.) Lettuce, figs, oats, nuts
April 21 and May 20	Taurus	.. Neck, throat, larynx, lower brain	<i>Sodium</i> (sulph.) Carrots, celery, lentils, cats, nuts
May 21 and June 20	Gemini	... Hands, arms, lungs, blood	<i>Potassium</i> (chloride) Lettuce, cheese, oats, figs
June 21 and July 20	Cancer	.. Chest, stomach, digestion	<i>Calcium</i> (fluorine) Cabbage, garlic, water-cress, cheese
July 21 and Aug. 21	Leo	.. Backbone, heart	<i>Magnesium</i> Barley, rye, beans, citric fruits, prunes, egg yolk, spinach
Aug. 22 and Sept. 23	Virgo	.. Abdomen, intestines	<i>Potassium</i> (sulph.) Figs, potatoes
Sept. 23 and Oct. 23	Libra	.. Lower abdomen, kidneys	<i>Sodium</i> (phos.) Oats, lentils, nuts
Oct. 23 and Nov. 22	Scorpio	.. Excretory and sex organs	<i>Calcium</i> (sulph.) Cabbage, onions, oranges
Nov. 22 and Dec. 21	Sagittarius	.. Thighs, nerves, arteries	<i>Silica</i> Barley, figs, lettuce, spinach, strawberries
Dec. 21 and Jan. 19	Capricorn	.. Knees, bones, joints	<i>Calcium</i> (phos.) Bran, cabbage, milk, oranges, lemons
Jan. 19 and Feb. 19	Aquarius	.. Legs, ankles, circulation	<i>Common Salt</i> Celery and iodine foods
Feb. 19 and March 20	Pisces	.. Feet, lymphatic system, glands	<i>Iron</i> (phos.) All dark berries, bran, rye, barley, wheat, spinach, lentils, prunes, onions

Look Before You Give

W. A. GOLDBERG, Ph.D.

DEMOCRACY is at war. A total, all-out-for-victory war that demands a contribution, and a heavy one, from each of us. No matter what we have already given we shall be asked to give more. But don't give blindly. Make sure that your donations reach the right people. You will unwittingly support a racketeer or a confidence man in at least five cases out of ten unless you check up on the appeals



1. Always investigate before you give. Any worthy charity welcomes investigation.



When you are asked to donate for war relief and you do not know the organization, be suspicious. Verify the purpose, existence and the address of the agency. Do not rely on the endorsement of prominent citizens or even of friends. A racketeer may be using their names without their permission—depending on one's habit of being impressed by "big names" and on your failure to investigate an "endorsed" organization.

3. Give no money to door-to-door solicitors without positive identification. Ask to see the endorsement of the agency, ask for personal identification,

and for the address of the agency. If you are satisfied that the appeal is legitimate, mail your donation to the office. If you are not satisfied, check still further.



4. Never give money to a messenger calling at your house after a telephone call. All war charities will need money urgently but never so quickly that a messenger is sent to your house to collect.



5. If a letter directs you to send money to a given address, are you certain that this is the address of a legitimate organization? Or is it merely a fly-by-night room rented for one or two weeks merely to collect the checks? A check-up through the telephone directory is the least you can make.

By all means give to the Red Cross, and similar organizations. Be sure the money you give for war relief will be used for war relief, and not to support a racketeer.

How long will Germany need to grasp
again the realities of history ?

When Hitlerism Does Collapse...

E. C. BENTLEY

ONE of the various questions which can be answered only by time itself is the question, what is going to happen to history in the German Reich. What, that is to say is going to be the view taken by so many millions of Germans, old and young — and especially the young—of the truth about the affairs of the world during the period through which they are living and have lived; more particularly, about the affairs in Europe?

The conduct of a nation is, broadly speaking, decided by its beliefs about the course of contemporary events. France, after some 20 years of intoxicating military glory, came to the definite conclusion that the last phases of the Napoleonic drama had been a mistake; that after the security of the country and the establishment of the principles of 1789 had been attained, a halt should have been called. From that view of the case France, as a Power, has never since wavered; she has turned her back on the idea of dominating Europe.

In the case of the Crimean campaign—to take a far smaller affair—we decided that the affair had been a mistake as well

as a muddle, discreditable to everyone but the rank and file, and we made a peace which left things very much as they had been. In South Africa we fought it out, but we never pretended that the war had been one of untarnished glory for the

British arms; we took the whole episode as what Kipling called it, "a jolly good lesson," which should "do us no end of good."

In the situation of to-day, however, the world is faced with a state of affairs in Germany that has no precedent. The whole of a great nation, whose vast intellectual resources have in modern times been the admiration of the world, is enclosed in a mental prison much more completely cut off from all knowledge of actual events and all contact with world opinion than any fully-civilized and world-conscious people has ever been.

For the first time all the enormous possibilities that 20th-century science and modern methods of large-scale organization place at the disposal of Governments have been exploited in the interest of an absolute despotism, among whose principal objects is the

forcing of a whole people's mind into a certain mould. Every school in the country is a well of falsehood; every newspaper, every cinema, every radio set is a weapon in a vast battery, pounding away, day in and day out, at the minds of the nation with an endless supply of poison-gas projectiles. Every influence that attempts to make head against the system has been brutally stamped out.

The plan is simply to destroy all who might bear witness to facts unacceptable to the tyranny; and the longer it lasts, the nearer to success, in this and other directions, it will come.

The principle of collective propaganda, that it is incessant repetition that tells, has been resolutely acted upon from the first. To take one small example: The *Altmark's* British prisoners told us that even those of the German crew who were well-disposed to them could not be shaken in their belief that all German prisoners taken by us were tortured.

Germans were told, again, not long since, by one of the Nazi chiefs, that in our country there were no social services for the betterment of the lot of the people; not merely that our social services were inferior to those established in Germany, but that we had none.

Again, after the sinking of the *Athenia* at the outset of the war, all Germany was told that the Nazi Government had "absolute documentary proof" that it was done by the direct orders of Mr. Winston Churchill. This was repeated incessantly, so that it became an article of national belief.

These are a few small instances of a process of falsification of fact that has extended for years over the whole field of public affairs. How is that colossal work of mendacity going to be undone? How are the minds of tens of millions of people—by nature inclined to be submissive to authority and fed for so long on lies and on no other fare—to be disabused?

When Hitlerism does collapse, there will be no sudden process of universal enlightenment, as if by the stroke of a magical wand, to bring the people in touch with reality again. When the Terror is ended, its intellectual work will not automatically be undone. There has never been anything like it; and its consequences are not easy to foretell. The counter-acting of all this falsehood will not be any easy task, and the restoration of Germany once more to the European family will not be rapidly brought about.

(*The Daily Telegraph.*)

A HOLLYWOOD star was somewhat sensitive when she went to get a licence for her fourth—or was it fifth?—marriage. The clerk who made out the marriage licence seemed to her to be very inquisitive.

"Have you been married before?" he asked, "and, if so, to whom?"

This was too much. The air became zero. In her most freezing manner she demanded: "What is this—a memory test?"

Japan's Losses at Sea

LEONARD ENGEL

MILITARY strategists have long recognized that Japan's most vulnerable feature is dependence on overseas communications, Japan is an island power with limited resources, and must import or die. No matter how great her conquests may be, they benefit her only if she has merchant ships to bring the wealth of the colonies across the sea to her, and a navy to protect the merchant fleet. Winning the colonies itself requires ships of all kinds in great numbers. The course of the war at sea is thus at least as significant an index of Japan's military position as is the extent of her territorial gains.

Ten years ago, Japan initiated the first of three intensive programmes for modernizing and expanding her merchant marine. At that time her fleet totalled 4,25,000 gross tons. The year-by-year record since then paints a revealing picture. During the first half of the decade, almost no net gain was registered, owing to scrapping of a large number of small, old, dilapidated vessels. The special usefulness of the small tramp steamer in many types of military supply operation, however, caused a change of policy soon after the

start of the "China Incident." From then on, only ships which no amount of human ingenuity could keep in operable condition were broken up. The records therefore shows:

1937	4,475,000 gross tons
1938	5,007,000 "
1939	5,630,000 "

No later figures from Lloyd's register, from which the preceding data are taken, are available. Reliable estimates, however, place the 1940 gross tonnage at 6,000,000 and on the eve of the Japanese attack on the United States, 6,300,000 tons.

The greatest annual growth of the Japanese merchant marine took place in 1938-1939, when 623,000 tons were added. More than a quarter of this

gain, however, represents vessels acquired from foreign owners rather than built in Japanese yards. Since 1939, when the navy, to which Tokyo had been adding steadily throughout the thirties, accelerated its expansion, merchant fleet growth has fallen off sharply. Additions of combatant vessels to the navy, however, have never exceeded 125,000 displacement tons in any one year. At no time in the past decade have Japanese yards been able to produce

It need scarcely be said that Japan's casualties afloat are yet far from crippling. Even such transport difficulties as are indicated in this article may not have an immediate effect. But, without political stupidity there is every reason to believe the war at sea can weaken Japan disastrously within one year.

as much as half a million tons of new merchantmen in any one year, despite extensive government help; and, when naval construction rose, merchant building contracted. The annual output of United Kingdom shipyards has been three times as great, without extensive government aid or a programme of war preparation.

The output does not even approach the technical capacity of Japanese yards. Estimates by British and American authorities credit Japan with seventy to eight-five ways long and wide enough for building 1,000-ton vessels or larger. The number may be as high as one hundred. Their technical capacity is known to be nearly 800,000 merchant tons annually, plus more than 150,000 displacement tons of combat craft.

At the root of the failure to use even this relatively limited capacity is a shortage of steel. In the only year in which Japanese launchings exceeded 500,000 tons (1919, 612,000 gross tons), a great part of the required steel had to be supplied by Japan's World War I allies, to whose order many of the vessels were built. In the past three years, the steel shortage has even interfered with normal repair and maintenance of the Japanese commercial fleet. Japanese steamship lines were forced to forego several lucrative hauling contracts in 1939 and 1940 because of refit delays which kept ships tied up in the repair yards month after month. Unless India and the Tata Iron Works fall, there is little chance that the steel bottleneck will be relieved.

Statistics of Japanese production, especially those issued by Tokyo, are confusing. The steel shortage and its effect on shipbuilding can be measured nevertheless. Between 1936 and 1941, the Empire's output of steel rose from 5,500,000 to 6,500,000 long tons annually. So small an output—but 7 per cent. of America's prewar capacity—obviously could suffice to build a war machine as powerful as the Japanese only at the cost of heavy sacrifices in other directions. One was a reduced allotment of steel for shipbuilding, particularly merchant construction. New plants and mills for making more steel had to be restricted arbitrarily. The steel shortage has cut future as well as present supplies of ship steel.

In 1937, Japanese yards sent down the ways 451,000 tons of merchantmen, reflected in the 1938-1939 peak of additions to the merchant fleet. It was Japan's greatest launch since 1919. The year before, however Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto, of Pearl Harbour ill-fame, had torpedoed the London Naval Conference, and in 1937 Tokyo denounced the 1930 naval limitation treaty and began a greatly expanded programme of warship construction. By the end of 1938 the new men-of-war began to assume shape and consume steel in large quantities. From then on, in terms of steel absorbed, the drop in merchant building matches the rise in naval work.

Tokyo will find it difficult to maintain, much less increase, the allotment, either by raising the percentage of present capacity diverted to marine require-

ments or by increasing steel production itself. The first is ruled out by preparations which Japan must be making for land campaigns (which consume material more quickly than sea war) greater than any she has fought yet—against China and the U.S.S.R. A fortunate irony of geography precludes the second, so long as the Japanese flag does not fly over eastern India. The primary obstacle to growth of a powerful steel industry in Japan has been a lack of domestic raw materials. Prior to the war, raw material sources under Japanese control provided only one third of the Empire's steel. For the rest, she depended on imported pig iron and scrap and ore.

The pig iron came chiefly from India, and the scrap from the United States, both sources now closed. The ore was imported principally from Malaya (2,000,000 tons a year) and the Philippines (1,250,000 tons). The Malaya and Philippine deposits are the only two in the entire area conquered by the enemy which were worked on a large scale before the war. Virtually their entire output—they were worked to the capacity of the mining industry installed—went to Japan. Unless the Japanese are able to dig new mines and put in new machinery, they will secure no more ore than before the war. As a matter of fact, they will actually obtain less because of shipping losses. Since Japan has had to abandon construction of even more desperately needed industrial facilities (aluminum plants in Korea and Manchuria, for example), it is improbable that metal can be

allotted to the erection of new iron ore workings and steel mills. Japan will do well to maintain steel allocations to shipbuilders at 1936-1941 levels.

That's the yardstick. How do Japan's losses compare with it? In the first five months of Pacific war, United Nations' bombardiers, gunners and torpedo-men sank between 450,000 and 650,000 gross tons of Japanese merchant shipping, and 125,000 to 150,000 displacement tons of warships. About 60,000 tons of naval vessels were lost by the Island Empire in the five-day Battle of the Coral Sea alone. Simple addition of Allied claims since December 7 gives much larger totals. Reports of Allied activities, however, are issued from different headquarters and duplicate one another frequently. Allowance must also be made for the natural optimism with which most combatants, especially airmen, report the results of encounters with the enemy. In addition, very likely the tonnage sunk is nearly equalled by tonnage badly enough damaged to require a visit to drydock. The British have found that, for every ship sunk by air action, two are damaged; half the casualties inflicted on Japanese ships resulted from air attacks. The tonnage of vessels damaged must nearly equal and may exceed that sent to the bottom.

The Japanese losses represent at least 230,000 tons of steel (150,000 in merchant bottoms, 80,000 in naval craft). Thousands of tons are also needed for repairs. Enemy losses to date, in short, to be made good, require 25 per cent. more steel than Japanese shipyards were

able to get in any one of the past five years. More simply, it will take at least fifteen months to make up the damage of five months. If the losses are actually as high as 650,000 merchant and 150,000 naval tons, the corresponding figures are 50 per cent. and twenty months. Except at Hong Kong, where four new 10,000-ton freighters completed only a few days before in a Kowloon yard, and several other ships, fell into enemy hands, Japanese windfall gains in shipping have been comparatively small.

These losses are 7 to 10 per cent. of the total Japanese merchant marine at the start of the war, but sinkings and the necessities of war have reduced the carrying capacity of the transport fleet by a far greater percentage. First, the ships lost were obviously all of ocean going type (2,000 gross tons or over). Of these, Japan had not more than 5,400,000 gross tons. The ocean-going merchant fleet now totals less than 5,000,000 tons, of which half a million tons are under repair. Second, that part of it operating to the South Seas, where lie so many of the raw materials without which Japanese war industries cannot function, is forced to travel in convoy. Because convoys must travel at the speed of the slowest ship and because of delays in assembly and turnaround, the annual carrying capacity of ships sailing in convoy is only 25 to 40 per cent. of normal. Such losses in efficiency and in ships themselves lead one to suspect that shipments of

strategic raw materials are already far below prewar levels.

Direct indications of this condition already exist. Berlin broadcasts report that home-ward-bound Japanese army transports carried 320,000 tons of food to Japan in the first four months of the war. As Kurt Bloch points out in the *Far Eastern Survey*, however, this is less than one third of the quantity normally imported from Formosa and Southeast Asia, while the tonnage of the transports is certainly a greater percentage of Japanese shipping than ordinarily serves this area. In view of the stringent food situation in Japan, the reduction in imports cannot be due to transfer of shipping to the carriage of war-industry raw materials. That the losses are serious is likewise indicated by the Tokyo radio announcement of an emergency meeting of the Imperial Diet to approve a new government shipbuilding programme. Published reports point to further concentration of the control of the industry in the hands of the government. The obvious purpose is to secure more rigorous control and more efficient use of steel supplies for shipbuilding.

It need scarcely be said that Japan's casualties afloat are yet far from crippling. Even such transport difficulties as are indicated above may not have an immediate effect. But, without political stupidity there is every reason to believe the war at sea can weaken Japan disastrously within one year.

(Asia.)



"Good heavens!" He's been rejected because of flat feet . . . and all the time I thought it was his head!"

The MIR

Vital Facts of Life Every Man and Woman MUST Know

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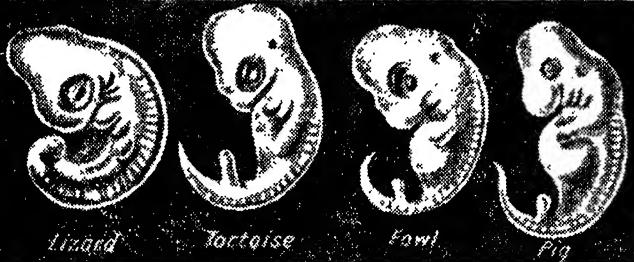
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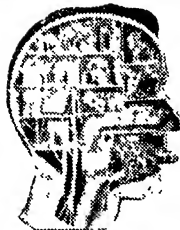
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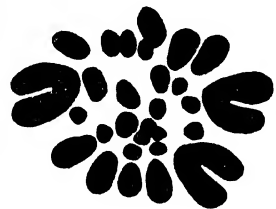
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The Maltese leaders have pinned their hopes on a future international organisation that will safeguard the interests of small nations.

The Maltese People

R. RAMENGO

The author of this article, written in no uncertain terms, is a Maltese who has been leader of the Maltese Labour Party.

A TINY island, 17 miles long, 9 miles wide, covering an area of about 95 square miles. It has gazed with disinterested impartiality and pitiful derision on the contending camps that strove for its possession. Trodden heavily underfoot by successive hordes of Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Arabs, Normans, Spaniards, Knights Hospitallers and Napoleonic partisans, it has never failed to grin when all that was left of their glorious presence was dust. Indeed, many came, very few stayed; the original settlers, hardy, peace-loving Phoenicians, were determined to keep their rocky sunburnt land for themselves. What secret remedies, what subtle subterfuges were adopted to eliminate foreign infiltration will be task of some leisurely historian to unravel. But how can we explain the fact that the Maltese people, the smallest in existence, have succeeded in preserving throughout thousands of years their ancient language, their customs, their peculiar way of thinking?

Once upon a time the Italian Fascists perceived a few borrowed terms in the Maltese vo-

cabulary; they knew very well that no language can claim to be absolutely undiluted; they thought, however, that this flimsy evidence would be sufficient for their purpose. Accordingly they acclaimed the Maltese people as their newly found brethren and the Fascist Grand Council instructed their servile press that henceforth Malta must always be referred to as "terra irredenta." The island had just freed itself from the cumbersome chains of antiquated imperialism; its people were enjoying the boisterous, exciting and fruitful days of self-government; they were not fettered by the narrow diplomatic considerations that in the years previous to this catastrophic war earned for Britain the resounding mockery of her real friends.

A Maltese government, elected by the Maltese people, abolished the Italian language from the Law Courts and in so doing they achieved two main objects: they revealed to Signor Mussolini the unwillingness of the Maltese people to share the benefits of his castor-oil civilisation by voluntarily joining the brotherhood of slaves;

they also rent asunder a feudal cobweb which a paternal Colonial Office had never found the time, the energy and the courage to remove. For over a hundred and twenty years British governors deemed it fitting that, in an island where less than 1 per cent. of the population can understand Italian, the official language of the Courts should remain Italian. It must be made clear that the question was not purely literary; it meant that the unfortunate suspect tried for murder was unable to understand one word of what the public prosecutor or the counsel for the defence was saying. The Maltese people who until quite lately (1937) were told by the House of Commons that they could not be trusted to decide what is best for themselves discovered that Maltese was more appropriate in an institution which is considered to be the seat of justice.

It would be amusing to know whether the British Government Sir Stafford Cripps included, considers the decision of the Maltese people to withstand with stoic forbearance the uninterrupted and barbarous onslaught of Nazi and Fascist bombers and to point their accurate gunfire towards Italian E-boats instead of directing it against Imperialist battleships as sufficiently clever to pass the intelligence test which, it is presumed, the Colonial Office, that fountain of wisdom, was supposed to set to these uncouth natives, and return self-government to a people whose voice cannot be heard in English constituencies.

English reformists find it

difficult to understand why a people who have so little to lose should willingly submit to such terrible ordeals; the Ministry of Information and the B.B.C. are to blame for this artificial lacuna: the Ministry of Information has taken infinite pains to stress the loyalty of the Maltese people but its vague statements have conveyed the erroneous impression that these brave islanders are ready to die out of sheer gratitude for services rendered them in the past. The harm done by these unscrupulous innuendoes is not confined to the Maltese Islands; basing their logic on these absurd fairy tales some journalists of the Right have tried to prove that Burma was not lost because the Burmese were refused self-government; they admit that the Filipinos fought to the last man in order to defend the freedom which the United States was wise enough to bestow on them; on the other hand they point out that Malta, a Crown Colony, has done even better; with snobbish complacent self-flattery they conclude that all is well with the Empire and that treachery is an innate characteristic unrelated to problems of welfare and freedom. These gentlemen cannot understand that freedom is dearer to unfortunate men who have never reaped its full benefits than to scribblers who have exchanged it for big salaries. The Maltese struggle for independence is not a whim of to-day; it is part of the heritage of every Maltese man and woman. It is best to quote an English authority:

"Brave Maltese—You have

made yourselves interesting and conspicuous to the world. History affords no more striking example. Betrayed to your invaders, deprived of the means of resistance, eternal slavery seemed to be your inevitable doom. The oppression, the sacrilege of your tyrants became intolerable. Regardless of consequences, you determined at every hazard to vindicate your wrongs. Without arms, without the resource of war, you broke asunder your chains. Your patriotism, your courage, your religion supplied all deficiencies. Your energy commanded victory and an enemy, formidable to the best disciplined armies of Europe, yielded in every point to your unexampled efforts and hid their disgrace behind the ramparts. The gallant battalions of the Casals have ever since confined them there, with a vigilance and patience worthy of the cause of freedom."

The quotation is part of an address by Brig.-General Graham to the Maltese; the date is 1800, not 1942; the particular enemy in question was Napoleon's garrison; the freedom referred to was very quickly replaced by British Imperialist protection. Once again Malta reverted to its miserable historic role—a pawn in the hands of Great Powers.

How is it, then, that the Maltese people are cheerfully sacrificing their lives and their homes for the Allied cause? The B.B.C. should have broadcast the an-

swer a long time ago; instead we have been entertained by amusing stories about Malta, submitted by soldiers and sailors. Maltese leaders should be brought to the microphone to tell English listeners what the Maltese nation is fighting for.

The Maltese leaders of to-day are not the priests; Cardinal Hinsley may not know; Mr. Woodruff, of *The Tabler*, should have supplied him with accurate information; Mr. Woodruff was in Malta just before the war broke out; he must have noticed how the clergy was reeking of pro-Italian sympathies; for once the sheep have not followed the shepherds and the shepherds are left with no other alternative but to follow the sheep.

The Maltese leaders have pinned their hopes on a future international organisation that will safeguard the interests of small nations; from the British people they now demand the immediate reinstatement of self-government; the bestowal of the George Cross has flattered them, certainly not satisfied them. They have not asked for a Colonial Development Board and they do not need it; given adequate reparations from Italy and Germany they can rebuild their island in less than ten years' time. They are not very insistent with their demands because they realise that the fate of all progress-inspired men is at stake. Their slogan is "For Malta and for Humanity."

(*The New Statesman and Nation.*)



LAWRENCE GOULD

To A Girl With A Past

Whether you ought to tell your future husband is a question to which there is no cut-and-dried answer. I can't see that he has any more "right" to know everything about you than you have to know all he ever did of which he is now ashamed.

EVERY year some thousands of girls take the irrevocable step of giving themselves to a man to whom they are not married. Most of them realize eventually that they have made a tragic mistake. And they give up hope of regaining the position they lost in their own eyes and in the eyes of the world. Or they wonder what chance they have to come back, and above all, make a happy, successful marriage. I receive a great number of pitiful letters from such girls, asking my advice.

For the sake of many who have not written, I answer this typical letter from Mary, who calls herself "a girl with a past." She has met a man whom she loves and who wants her to be his wife. She is not sure whether he knows her unhappy secret and she wonders if it is not her duty to confess it to him. In addition to that

she is worried whether "the sort of girl" she is has the right to marry or can be the sort of wife she feels a husband deserves. Here is my answer.

Dear Mary :

Suppose you begin by thinking of yourself in much the same position as a boy who's "gone wrong" and acquired a black mark on his record. Let's say—since this happens pretty often—that one night he got drunk, "borrowed" a car to take the crowd out riding and wound up by wrecking the car and hurting himself as well as some others. He was picked up by the police; having no possible defence, he pleaded guilty and threw himself on "the mercy of the court." A lesson for you, Mary, lies in the attitude the law takes towards this boy.

The people who were hurt, physically or financially, may be mainly anxious to get even for what they have suffered.



But the law is not concerned with vengeance, except for such restitution as may be in the boy's power. The law looks not to the past, but to the future. Even if it sends the boy to jail or to reform school it aims first, to make sure he will not repeat his offence; and second, to prevent other boys from following his example. In your case the same considerations should be all that matters to a reasonable person.

It is true that from some of those who discover your misstep, you will get less sympathy or even justice than the boy does. Unless you're a minor you won't be sent to jail or an institution, but you'll find your offence pretty hard to "live down." For a long while it will be a weapon with which anyone who knows the spot you're in can hurt you. In one field, your desirability as a wife, it will have done you damage in most men's eyes. For whether it's fair or not, it's still true that the average man insists the girl he marries must come to him "untouched."

Because the price you will have to pay for your mistake is so high that few girls would incur it if they stopped to think, you must be sure not to make that price even higher. You have suffered, and you may have to suffer still more, but you have no more lost all your hope of happiness than the boy who stole the car has lost all chance of being a respected and successful citizen. For not only, as you've found out, may a girl with a past hope to find a husband, and a good one, but if her

marriage fails, it won't be her past alone that wrecks it. It will be because she is keeping her mind on the past instead of on the present and the future.

Whether you ought to tell your future husband is a question to which there is no cut-and-dried answer. I can't see that he has any more "right" to know everything about you than you have to know all he ever did of which he is now ashamed. The best thing for any man and girl to do when they are married, if they can live up to it—and I see no reason why they can't—is to agree to take each other "as is." Neither is really qualified to sit in judgment on the other.

However nothing poisons your relations with a person so much as having a guilty conscience about something in connection with him. If you feel, even mistakenly, that you are wronging John by keeping your secret from him—if you've lied to him or feel that you have—you'll never be happy with him, nor he with you. To be happy you must be sure of his love; you never can be if you feel he wouldn't love you were he to know the truth. That worry can keep you so anxious that it will ruin your disposition. In fact it will keep you looking for rebuffs and slights until you'll find them even where they don't exist. If John is the sort of man who would have no use for a girl with a past, you'd be taking too big a risk to marry him, no matter how much you love him.

No matter how John feels, though, remember that remorse will not undo what has already

been done, it will only add to the price of your mistake. For you can become so absorbed in making yourself unhappy that you unknowingly do the same to others who had no part in your offence. Above all, it is bound to make John unhappy because if he loves you his happiness will depend on yours.

Dwelling on your past can cast a deadly blight on what should be one of the best parts of your new life—your first few years of marriage.

The price you paid for your mistake may tend to set up strong associations of fear and guilt with the whole idea of sex. If you're not careful these associations may ruin your married life. You may be so ashamed of the impulse which got you into trouble that you won't be able to enjoy a normal sex life with your husband. However hard you try, you won't be able to conceal your feelings from him for more than a short time.

The truth is you can't be a good wife, still less a happy one, unless you're able to regain your self-respect and a belief in yourself as a worth-while person. You have actually no right to be married until you can face the world without shame. This may not be easy but it can be done if you'll take a really long-range view of your problems, then act accordingly.

Be more than sorry for your mistake. Try to see the reasons *why* you went wrong, then correct them. In themselves they may not have been unworthy, but only exaggerated or short-sighted.

If you look at yourself in the right perspective you'll see that

no one thing you've done proves what "sort of girl" you are. It's a person's whole life, not one isolated part of it by which the world estimates him in the long run.

This will be particularly true if you can show that you are now not only "respectable," but neighbourly and useful. To-day there is work, vitally important work for everybody. What people think of you from now on will be based mainly on how well you do your share. Each community has its peculiar needs and opportunities, but wherever you live there is nothing you can do to help regain your self-respect more than knowing that you have found a worth-while job, then really working at it for all you're worth.

Remember that where one girl goes wrong from sheer physical desire there are ten whose strongest motive is to please—or not to "lose"—the man they are in love with.

Maybe you grew up with the mistaken notion that the only way you could be sure of making a man like you was to let the bars down a bit. Since every girl wants to be liked by men, at least by one particular man, you found you did not quite dare refuse what you thought was expected of you. What you need to do now is teach yourself by experience that there are other ways of winning a man's interest—ways which are not only morally and practically safer, but which work better in the long run anyhow. Old as the idea is, it's still true that a man who respects you will love you longer and more truly than one

to whom you are nothing but a passing pleasure.

On the other hand, say that it was your sexual desires which you gave way to. Such desires are not "bad"; they're an inherent part of human nature, the very force on which existence depends. Your mistake was not in having these desires; it was in giving way to them under conditions where common sense and accepted moral law required you to restrain them. All this means is that you had not yet really grown up. Instead of telling yourself that you're no good (which is as untrue as **dangerous**) train yourself to look before you leap when you find yourself faced by any strong emotion. Cultivate the habit of asking yourself before you act, or even speak: "How will I feel about this tomorrow?"

Don't get the idea that you can never be this rational because you are "over-sexed," for we find no evidence that any-

one by nature has either too much or too little sexual desire. It is early training plus the circumstances of our later lives that over-stimulates the sex urge in some of us, and largely or wholly stifles it in others. With self-understanding and re-education any of us—you included—can undo most of the bad effects of our conditioning.

Remember when you are tempted to condemn yourself for not having "known better," that nobody knows by *instinct* how to deal with any of life's problems. The only difference between you and other girls is that you have learned the hard way. To anyone with good sense this need not mean that you haven't learned as thoroughly and lastingly as they. Your past is done and can't be undone, but in its effect on your life in the future your past will be what you make it. Use it wisely and no man could ask for a better wife than you'll be.

TIM met a friend hobbling along the street and asked him what was wrong.

Bob: "Well, Tim, I've had a corn on the sole of my foot for some time."

Tim: "Well, there's a chiropodist over the road; have it out, man." Presently Bob came out, all smiles.

Tim: "Well, did you have it out?"

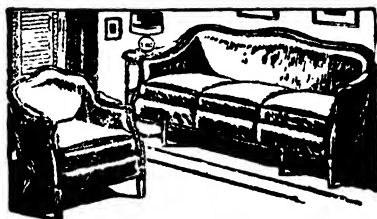
Bob: "No, lad, as soon as I got my sock off I found the collar stud I lost two weeks ago!"

"O'S the swell chap, you was talking to, Bill?" asked a passerby of the newsboy.

"Aw," retorted the newsboy "'im an' Me's worked together for years. 'E's the editor of one of my papers."

Most decorating experts agree that a room is unsuccessful unless you and your friends—the people who like you and share your tastes—are happy in it.

Perk up the Parlor



AMELIA LEAVITT HILL

DOES your living room thrill you every time you go into it? It ought to. If instead you wonder why it isn't cheerier, borrow a few professional decorating rules. You can apply them as well as any decorator, because after all your room should suit *your* taste.

Your taste first of all determines what furniture you shall have. If you don't play the piano, don't have a piano just because you think it is a handsome piece of furniture. If you don't care for reading, don't have a lot of bookshelves.

Most decorating experts agree that a room is unsuccessful unless you and your friends—the people who like you and share your tastes—are happy in it. If you don't enjoy books and music don't fill your room with things which indicate a love of them. Emphasize the things you *do* like—sporting prints, perhaps, a game cabinet, golf tournament cups.

Sometimes accidents will happen, and then it takes ingenious troubleshooting to make things right. One of my neighbours once went away on her summer vacation after instructing the painters to do her living room walls in a delicate apple green.

When you've chosen what you like, you must arrange it. This usually isn't difficult because large pieces have a way of arranging themselves. The davenport, for instance, must stand in a long wall space, unless you have enough room to centre it facing the fireplace. The desk must go by the window, preferably with the light

falling over your left shoulder for convenience in writing. You'll put the biggest armchair where there will be room beside it for an end table, bookstand, or floor lamp. When the big pieces are in place you'll meet your real problem — the

placing of smaller pieces such as chairs and occasional tables.

Why not put the articles where you think they ought to go, use the room a little and see where they drift? You want a cosy, inviting room, one in which friends can easily form conversational groups. Your friends will draw chairs up here

and move them back there, and when they have left you can see whether you'd like to keep any of their resulting arrangements. Nine times out of ten you'll get valuable suggestions this way. If the furniture groupings don't look so attractive as you think they should, perhaps you can modify them so that their practical value is kept and the artistic balance improved.

In placing the furniture don't forget the decorating rule called balance. You can achieve simple balance by opposing one piece to another exactly like it, as when, for example, you put two matching armchairs on either side of the fireplace. It's perfectly correct, but not very exciting. You get more subtle arrangements when you balance one article with two, or even three smaller ones. For instance, balance the big chair on one side of the fireplace by a smaller chair with an end table beside it—and if even that is not enough you might put a floor lamp behind it. In the same way you can balance a high-topped secretary desk by a table or sofa with a picture over it, or one large picture by a group of two or three smaller ones hung close together. Incidentally, in considering furniture arrangement, don't forget to take height into account. You'll be surprised at the improvement a height accent can give at times or how removing it may pep up a room.

If your room is monotonous, see what you can do with colour. Don't shy from fresh colour schemes. Of course if you have a small room it will look larger with walls of pale buff or gray

—delicate hues which will not crowd in upon you as gay ones will. That doesn't mean that the room must be colourless. Have bright splashes in your curtains and upholstery, even in the furniture. A chair in peasant colours or a nest of tables painted, say, one in red and two in green or two in blue and one in yellow, will give a fillip to your room. Don't be afraid you'll get tired of it. You won't.

Most modern rooms can be done in two contrasting colours—even three, if you feel adventurous. To consider these scientifically, go back for a moment to your kindergarten days. You remember that there are three primary colours—red, yellow and blue—and that from them three secondary ones are formed—orange, green and violet. Suppose you use yellow as your basic colour. The proper contrasting hue is the secondary colour in which yellow has no part—that is, violet. In the same way green is the complement to red, and orange to blue. You can vary the complement any way you like—a red-purple or a blue-purple, a red-orange or a yellow-orange—but you must have the complement of your chosen primary colour. And use enough of one colour or the other to let the observer definitely see what is the prevailing hue of the room; a half-and-half combination is never effective. If you wish to add a third tint, use it in colour accents—a sofa cushion in one place, a bit of bric-a-brac in another—but have enough of them to make it evident that the

third colour is not an accident but a planned addition to the harmony of the room.

Sometimes accidents will happen, and then it takes ingenious trouble-shooting to make things right. One of my neighbours once went away on her summer vacation after instructing the painters to do her living room walls in a delicate apple green. On her return she found walls of vivid emerald. Instead of lamenting over the mistake she went to work to "key up" her room to the brilliant wall. She removed everything which was not gay in hue and reupholstered some pieces in vivid tones rather than the pastels she had previously selected. As a result the room was delightful! Gay, yes, but by no means as violently so as it appeared when articles of graver hue were present to emphasize each glaring bit of wall space. By removing the contrasts she toned down the bizarre effect of the whole room.

Another possible trouble with your room is overemphasis on long straight lines. Or too great an assortment of curves. Long straight lines are restful, but they are monotonous if overdone. On the other hand, if your room isn't restful perhaps you have overemphasized your curves both in furniture and in paper and upholstery design. I remember a living room that suffered from curves. It might have been charming with its old rose upholstery, its soft cream walls, its warm thick rugs, but the carving on the

furniture was a maze of curlicues. You couldn't sit any time at all in the room without feeling exhausted. The couple who owned that room knew something was wrong, but they didn't know what: that curves are stimulating, not restful.

Another ailment of many unsuccessful rooms is overstuffing—or underfurnishing. Furniture must be in scale with a room. We've all seen rooms too small to hold the overstuffed pieces crowded into them, and spacious rooms which looked "gimcracky" because they contained only light and unimportant bits of furniture instead of the heavier, dignified pieces their size required. Remember scale when you pick your patterns too. One of my friends once spoiled a room because she fell in love with a gorgeous paper showing life-sized birds of Paradise—a lovely thing in itself, but entirely out of keeping in a small room with a ceiling only seven feet high and walls broken by a chair rail.

All this may sound complicated, but it really isn't. Decorating is based on common sense. Notice how much larger any room seems when the furniture is not placed catercorner: how light it looks before you put down a dark Oriental rug. When you visit your next door neighbour or the family in the apartment upstairs, notice what different effects can be gained with a floor plan similar to or identical with yours—and trace those effects back to the rules I have been giving you.

A BRAHAM LINCOLN said that you can't fool all the people all the time, but the war-communiqué writers just kept on hopefully.

The woman's answers were surprising, but they were true and the Sadhu knew it. Only what was it she reminded him of? Why was her presence disturbing and intriguing at the same time?

The Sadhu

Short Story by J. G. CHERTI

THE young sadhu leaned against the parched trunk of the palm and surveyed the landscape, shielding his eyes with the outstretched palm of his hand. The sun was already fairly high up and the heat was beginning to rise from the earth in undulating waves as though it was evaporating from a hidden cauldron in the Mother Earth herself.

Oh, Thou All Powerful and All-Pervading,—he muttered softly, closing his eyes for a moment,—Permit Thy worshipper to rest for he can make no more homage to Thee.

The landscape quivered before him in a hazy semi-circle, cut in the middle by the river bed through which the shrunken stream wound its muddy green course, fringed on the uncertain horizon to his left by a low silhouette of bush, and topped by an oppressive but invisible sky which he knew was there, but which could now be seen only as a live curtain of mist and dust, moving forward and then retreating in an ever-repeating sequence. Almost straight ahead of him, not more than ten yards away, a derelict bathing ghat

descended to the bottom of the river-bed, its steps broken up or over-grown with dried weed. At each end of the ghat stood a small tower, built of Porbandar stone, in the manner of early Hindu temple architecture, with a dome which rested on six slender pillars. It was obvious that the bathing ghat had not

been used for a long time and that it has fallen into disrepair. There were no traces of the vermillion paint, the Shiva red, anywhere around to show that it was a place of occasional pilgrimage and worship.

Thy children, O Hari, have turned their faces away from Thee.

He raised his head towards the sky, closed his eyes and remained still for a few minutes, his dry lips moving slowly in a hardly audible mumble. Then he opened them again and stepped forward, putting one of his bare feet on the oblong stone which, embedded in a pedestal of worn out lime, stood between him and the uppermost step of the ghat. It was a curious stone, curiously placed in these surroundings. It was of one piece, covered with a thick layer of dust and



showing signs of the ravaging time. It had no right to be there; it was upsetting the symmetry of the ghai and obstructing the approach to it. He bent over it and sighed for he was very tired and needles of pain were racking his back. With the palm of his hand he scrubbed the dust away from the centre of its surface and his fingers felt a groove. Vaguely interested, he brought out his stick, inserted its point into the groove and shoved it forward. The dust came off easily as the stick burrowed to and fro in regular rhythm. When it was finished, he cleaned the spot with his fingers once more and then stooped to examine it.

What he saw was an intaglio impression of a small hand. It was crudely carved, with complete disregard for anatomy, resembling the mud-carvings of village children during the rainy season. It was the stone record of a suttee. It was without date and without embellishment, merely a rough commemoration of the sacrifice of an unnameable woman years ago, perhaps a hundred or two, offered and forgotten in the silent passage of the time.

His curiosity satisfied, he withdrew and retreated into the shade of the palm. The hidden sun, circling his face as though it was a white hot disc, vanished in an acute moment of relief. The shade cooled his face and the very slight breeze passing through its narrow shaft, tingled through his hair like a swarm of minute insects.

It was getting hotter every minute though he knew that it was still quite early. The sha-

dow of foliage above his head was a good distance away from the trunk of the palm, though not as far as when he came. It was May, the month before the monsoon. Even the ground which until recently cooled off during the hours of the night and fought the sun off until well into the fore-noon, could bear it no longer but reeked heat almost immediately after eight in the morning, opening its surface in a myriad cracks through which heat surged upwards like a pernicious whirl.

I should have stayed on in Umberwada or started earlier, he thought. Now I have no strength left and I shall have to find my rest in the moving shadow of this tree.

It was a disconcerting thought and he scanned the landscape once more anxiously. But there were no patches of deeper green to indicate a hamlet or white streaks to promise a near village. Deep inside him he knew that he was alone, that he has travelled so far and he would go no further. His limbs hung leady with fatigue and his eye-lids kept on sinking and it required a considerable effort to raise them anew every time.

And, I am no nearer Thee than in the beginning, he muttered under breath. Thou who art all-compassionate, whose face is like a full-blown Lotus, Thou hath spurned my penance and declared me unworthy of Thy shadow.

O heart, what fear can assail thee; what misfortune can cast its darkening shadow across thy path? Hast thou not desired to stop beating if it was the will of the Supreme Teacher? Hast thou not forgotten thy body

and mortified thy flesh to perceive Him better? Hast thou not shied the company of sinning men to appear before Him in a pure state? Hast thou not turned a deaf ear to the voices of the multitude so that thou could follow in his wake and attain peace and salvation?

Thou hast, O frightened heart, but the Great Yogi hath found it insufficient and thy quest but a fleeting one. Thou must persevere in thy task until the day of the ultimate Liberation is indelibly inscribed on thy brow; until thy breath can no longer contain thee; until thy punishment hath stifled the last voice of thy flesh.

The breeze rose in a sudden whim just then and a revolving dust-devil danced around him in a complete circle. He brought his hand to his forehead and pressed his fingers against his temples. A momentary relief from the inexorable pressure inside gave him time to look around for a place to lie down.

I am tired and disheartened, he thought. I have tried very hard and I have tried my best. Why is the weight on my eyes growing bigger with every moment? I have tried harder than many others and I am tired. Whenever I was on the threshold, trying to step over it and inside, there was an invisible door. I struggled and pushed against it, but it yielded not. It was there all the time, invisible but tangible, soft and submitting at first and then impenetrable, at once hard and caressing like the virginity of a woman.

He pulled himself together with a start and, bending his head low, touched the bridge of his nose with his joined fingers

—an act of prostration and prayer:

Spurn not Thy servant, Lord Krishna, for using the tongue of this world glibly and without thought.

But the last analogy persisted in his mind and he could not shake himself free from it. He moved, hoping to forget it in the problems of his immediate surrounding. He dropped the dirty bundle of cloth which he was carrying over his shoulder. He knelt down and untied it, spreading a stained dhoti on the dried grass. Passing his hand over the surface of the cloth to find any lumps of earth that might be hiding in the grass, he turned over on his side and heaved a long sigh. The sensation was profoundly relieving. Almost at once, he felt the cloud of exhaustion creep over him and press him to the ground. His limbs, heavy with the toll of weary months of marching, detached themselves slowly and begun to sink towards the center of the Earth.

His last thought wormed its way through thick walls of the advancing cloud, but he couldn't summon up enough energy to complete it:

I must get up soon and move with the shade. I must. . . .

He lay still, breathing heavily, and at once the fatigue left his face and he looked serene and untroubled. Now his chest heaved gently and the breeze ruffled the scant growth of hair on it.

A crow alighted on the lowest leaf of the palm. It croaked a few times and then fell silent, cocking its black head to behold the outstretched human form on the ground.

It saw an emaciated figure, naked except for a sparse loin cloth wrapped tightly around its hips, hiding its maleness in a close-fitting knot between its outflung legs. The body was thin, but not excessively, and its joints still possessed the smooth padding of youth. His legs were long and regular and entirely in proportion to the rest of his figure. The neck seemed a little short because of the sprawling mane of black, matted hair, and for the same reason the head appeared almost too small for the torso. The face, however, was fine, almost aristocratic. It featured a slight Aryan nose, a high forehead which narrowed down at the temples, a pair of deep-set, prominent eyes which, although closed just at the moment, gave the impression of a fiery and burning stare, and a well outlined mouth which, by virtue of its paleness, stood out from the dark growth of beard and moustache.

He was not older than forty, though his ascetic countenance might have misled a superficial onlooker. A village simpleton, coming upon him unexpectedly here at the edge of the bathing ghat, might have believed he saw the sleeping Rama.

But if the Sadhu was no Rama, he was at long last moving in Rama's universe. The world was once again green and sumptuously alive, the forests were regaling the mortals moving through them with bursts of blossom such as were never seen, the birds sang from the depth of their hearts and life was an exhilarating, enthralling adventure. He was walking through it all with his head

high, singing hymns to the Creator of All, defying the rakshasas with his arrow, endowing his progress with unspeakable happiness and rejoicing.

A myna flew overhead and screeched, causing him to open his eyes.

It was still morning. The sun, having superseded the extreme edge of the foliage above his head, shone straight in his face and burned his eyes. But in spite of this and in spite of the fact that the shade had receded and left him lying in the full sun, the heat seemed less and the choking agony of a moment ago was no longer. He knew he couldn't have slept very long, yet he felt fresher and stronger than at any time during that morning.

He rolled over on his side and stretched himself luxuriously. Even the ground no longer seemed as hard as it was earlier. His first thought was to crawl back into the shade and prolong the sensation of well-being which was gradually spreading to every part of his body. He sat upright and rubbed his eyes, in preparation for the move. Only then did he notice the woman standing before him.

He was so startled that he lost his professional composure in spite of himself. He shut his eyes for a few seconds and opened them again. The woman still stood there in a pose which was half inquisitiveness and half supplication. The idea that he was not dreaming, that he was awake, that he could move his toes at will and twitch his fingers, gradually took hold of him and became dominant. Then

he looked at the woman again and blinked, because the day was very bright and because her sari was of a bright yellow hue which reflected some of the glare that was now the sky. Then he pulled his legs towards himself and crossed them in the manner of holy men.

Thou gave me a jolt, he said. Who art thou!

The woman dropped her eyes before answering and he noticed that she carried a small brass lotha and that at her feet lay a small bundle which might have been food for all he knew.

I am of these parts, she answered slowly. I found thee lying here and I brought thee water to drink and food if thou desired it.

Obeisance to Krishna, he said and eyed the lotha approvingly. His presence of mind returned and he was rising to the occasion with the accustomed professional nonchalance. There was quiet dignity in his voice as he added:

Thou art a virtuous woman and thy merit addeth another stone to the path of thy salvation.

He proffered his hand and the woman placed the lotha on it. He drank, observing that the water was refreshingly cold and that it contributed considerably to his already acute sensation of well-being. Then he wiped his lips with the upper part of his hand and returned the vessel to the woman.

Willst thou eat? asked the woman.

He looked past her silhouette and let his eyes search the horizon for a short while. He was hungry when he came to the bathing ghat earlier that morning, but he was too ex-

hausted then to do anything about it, although he always carried a small quantity of grain and a little fruit with him. Now that he had rested, short as that may have been, he no longer felt the hunger. Therefore there was no need to eat.

Thy offering is magnanimous, my daughter, but it is declined, he said with gentle superiority. Hast thou been standing there for long?

Very long, answered the woman.

He studied the location of the palm tree for a moment and then, collecting his out-spread dhoti and the scattering of his personal effects, moved back into the shade. He pointed his arm to the ground.

Approach, my daughter, and recline in comfort. Thy upright figure imposes a strain on my neck and it is humbler to turn one's face towards the world of dust than defy the blaze of the Supreme Light.

He was mastering the situation with unhurried facility. Summers of constant practice now came to his aid, ossifying his countenance with an expression of imperturbability, investing his eyes with a burning of sacred purpose. Automatically and without a suggestion of pretence, he was creating that distance which his order had always adopted towards lay outsiders. It was an age-long tenet, confirmed by centuries of jealous observance, and he was now putting it into practice with hardly an effort.

She is young, he thought, and her sincerity is touching. She probably wants a blessing or a charm and she appears to be married. If I give it to her she-

may go and leave me to rest a little longer.

What brings thee here, my child?, he asked aloud.

He watched her as she came nearer and, squatting on the ground with the springy agility of a very young person, poised herself in front of him. She was almost fair and exquisitely beautiful. Her body was slender, but sleek and rounded off under the flowing folds of the yellow sari.

I am of these parts, she repeated, dropping her gaze reverently, and I have been here from the beginning of time.

He continued to stare past her shoulder and on to the seething landscape. Another unsophisticated village idiot, he thought. If she is trying to impress me she has a long way to go yet. I have perceived the great Maya through the cobweb of human delusion. No village simpleton, male or female, is going to tread on the prerogatives of my calling.

There is but one, he quoted, only One, stretching from the beginning of time to the end. He is not born, nor doth He die; nor having been, ceaseth He any more to be; unborn, perpetual, eternal, ancient, He is not slain when the body is felled. There is no other like Him.

Then, considering the implication of her blasphemy and finding no trace of the realisation of it in the serene expression of her beautiful face, he added grudgingly:

Withal, if thou art the most sinful of sinners, yet shalt thou cross over all sin by the raft of wisdom.

She sat before him, simple and unassailable, looking at the

grass between her bare feet, forcing the harshness out of his words before they left his tongue. 'Tis no ordinary village maiden, he thought again. Her forehead is smooth, unlike that of a soil-tiller. Her eyes are not surrounded by wrinkles caused by looking into the sun too frequently. Her lips are soft and delicate and unmarred by the strain of daily labours. Her hair is clean and wholesome, free from the dust of fields and particles of the familiar hay. Her hands are small and cultivated, unlike those that grip the shovel and revolve the long rice-stone. Verily, 'tis no usual wench.

He looked at her closely again, and felt the bizarreness of the situation rise around him like a faint scent. Her features were pure Aryan, achieving an effect of rhythmical beauty from the utmost simplicity of the component parts. Her complexion was very fair, but not enough to make it meaningless. Its hue had the purity of a primary colour with all the richness of an exciting blend. It was sensuous and distant at the same time, at once evoking aesthetic appreciation and repudiating it with its pagan appeal. It was indeed unusual and disturbing.

Automatically and from a deep rooted instinct of self-defence he recited to himself: I am the most sinful, prurient for sensuous pleasures, ever bent on harm, a permanent abode of wretchedness, and innocent of even a trace of a meritorious act; yet it is not proper for you, O Magnanimous One, to ignore this pitiable self of mine, a refugee at your lotus feet.

But the melodious Sanskrit verse, which was once sufficient to lull him into an abject blankness of mind, now sounded inadequate. Even the substance of the psalm, he knew with the other part of his reason, no longer gave him that absolution which he has trained himself to feel through countless hours of monotonous chant. It was pale and bloodless before this complete beauty, unacceptable in the imminent reality of the landscape, the tree and the shade of it.

He shut his eyes for a moment and tried to concentrate. When he opened them the woman still filled his radius of vision. She had not moved from her position but was looking into his eyes with a steady gaze. Her face was still serene and cloudless, but there was a different quality about it. For a fleeting second, the feeling was somehow familiar though intangible. What is it she reminds me of?, he thought again. Where was it that this look burned on my cheeks before?

He passed his hand over his temples and tried to collect his scattered thoughts. Was this the effect of a too strenuous march? He then heard his own voice and it sounded like somebody else's because it was tense and almost anxious:

Thou art very beautiful, like the Gracious and Wise one who reclines in the opening lotus petals at dawn and at sunset. Who art thou really?

She came nearer and her lips moved lightly and deliberately. Her gaze seemed to come from far away and from another time, yet it made the present of

everything that was or was likely to be.

I am Padma, she said slowly. I am of the fire and the search. I have moved through space and time without aging and without tiring and now I feel that my search is ended. But what, O Teacher, is the ever elusive thing I am searching?

The breeze rose just then and almost restored him to reality. It blew into his head and around his naked neck and chest, bringing in its wake a memory of his surroundings.

Thou seekest the eternal cause and the ever present effect, my child, he said in a mild attempt at rebuke. Thou, like the countless host of other seekers, not knowest the object of thy quest for it is not disclosed to many.

This, he realised almost as he was saying it, was not an explanation. Above all, it did nothing to assuage the queer sensation of transposition that seemed to be mounting in him. He watched the childish fingertips of her hands which she had brought together and was now holding against her forehead in a gesture of acknowledgement. It wasn't the gesture that was fascinating but the familiar feel of it.

Why are her finger-tips familiar? Whence comes this intimacy of their delicate shape? Somewhere. . . .

They were there again, dancing before his eyes, solidifying and then melting away into an indefinite haze, but constantly there, like a poignant greeting before departure. The highest of them touched the smooth forehead between the two narrow eye-brows; they were like

a pair of cherries, mat and undisturbed by dew.

Afterwards, they swayed before his tired eyes and came nearer into sharp definition, spreading a wave of warmth over him and causing sharp, stabbing pain. He tried to grab them and press them on his aching eyelids, but they retreated again and he gave up the staggering effort.

Where, he said, and when?

Thou sayest?, asked the woman, raising her eyes-lids and resuming her gaze.

Methought I hath met thee before, he said continuing his thought aloud. But never, in all the years of my penitent wandering have I been in this locality.

Nor I, she said slowly.

The sadhu looked at her in amazement. The answer may have been surprising itself, but it wasn't that. It was the truth of it. Inexplicably and deep down inside him he knew that it was so. She hadn't been here, but somewhere else. Only his mind was wandering again and he couldn't get hold of it.

Again the sense of familiarity pervaded him vaguely. It was no use trying to think coherently. What was it he wanted to know, and why?

Whence cometh thou then?

The words passed his lips in spite of himself.

She drew her legs under, leaned forward and rose to her feet with a soundless smooth movement. Lifting her head upwards and straightening herself imperceptibly, she stood above him like a tall pillar. She said:

I lived in a green country which had an abundance of rain, where trees blossomed after every sixth moon and grass was ever new. I was the most fortunate of women. I had garlands. I had jasmin in my hair and fragrant essences for the skin of my body. My heart was full of gratitude, my ears full of song. I had the love of my lord which was the ultimate in happiness, which gladdened and sustained my life. I honoured my lord and he honoured me in return, like the blossom of gul-mohar which beautifies summer and without which summer cannot be.

But when? he asked breathlessly. Time was racing past his ears; it was very near now; he must not, he could not lose it again.

I know not, she said quietly. The sun and the moon were the same. The winds, the breezes and the clouds were the same. but there were many and they drifted on and on. I know not how long. Hot, cold, wet, dry. Blue, white, grey. Moving swiftly, disappearing, coming again.

She was still standing before him, upright and slender. Her voice died away and as he watched her his vision softened into.....

....a closed space of square shape. Twilight filling it with gentle inevitability. The rugs, couches, softening into a dim background, extant but only a part of the invitation. Himself prostrate on the matting, high-strung and intense. Quivering. Tingling. Walls swaying and then melting out of the focus which is obtruding itself into the centre of his burning cons-

ciousness, focus clearly and sharply defined, breath-taking and uprooting. The staggering materialisation of Desire. There, in tantalising focus, tangible to all senses but not to his eyes.

Another, a stranger's thought overtook his fleeing mind. A thought of censure, springing from the depths of habit, wedging itself into his consciousness from primordial fear of man facing the Ultimate.

O Vengeful One, the thought ran and became more concrete, Succour Thy worthless offspring in this hour of trial.

He waited for it to chrysalise and gain import. But it vanished in a moment and left him without will. At the back of his confused mind words danced and when, for a fleeting moment, they crossed the line of his waking state, he knew their meaning: There is no reality in this; wake up and arise.

But he continued sitting. His crossed legs, his tightening muscles, his radius of vision was reality and the woman, standing in front of him, her face towards the sky, her outstretched arm taut at her sides, was a part of that reality. Everything was there, in vivid and sharp imminence, like always. Was it himself who was different?

Continue, he heard himself say.

Sweet was the beauty of my lord, she said. Sweet were his words; sweet were his deeds; sweet his lilt; sweet his movements; sweet his wanderings. Like the sun dispelling the dense darkness of sorrow, the all-giving gem to the devotee. He filled the world with his power, my heart with harmony, my senses with the music of his

love. Our happiness was likened to those inhabiting the heavens, but it was brief.

Why?, he whispered fascinated.

He was plunging into it with the recklessness of a newly discovered emotion. He gave up trying to define it on the rational plane. It was stronger and quicker than himself, it dragged him along towards the precipice beyond which he knew were new vistas. Dimly, however, he recollected the feeling. It was yielding and submitting at first, but it solidified and became impenetrable when he tried to force it. Like the virginity of a woman, at once hard and caressing. Where did those words come from?

The beautiful, erect figure of the woman seemed to give her voice an exalted emphasis:

My lord departeth and assumeth another incarnation. The one of which I was a portion no longer pleaseth his spirit. He passeth on in pursuit of his final deliverance and left me grief-stricken. Just as the water-lily, bereft of sun droops and withers away by sun-set, so I, loosened from my lord, entered the world of darkness. Fire was my only deliverance, fire, the ablution from sorrow and the means of recovering my lord.

Once more, the scene was wrought with unmistakable familiarity. Like flying back into childhood through the touch of an object or the taste of a fruit. Why am I certain I know it, yet I cannot see it clearly? Why is....

....the centre of my focus not visible though I can feel it in every other way? What is in the blank that is mine though

my eyes pass through it like through a void? It is a room. My room. The rugs are familiar, there is even the spotted buckskin, the first wild beast to crumple under my arrow. Myself sprawling on the soft matting, waiting, breathing fast. Blood knocking against the temples like a drum. Looking, looking, long. Beholding, with my heart on my tongue, beholding reflections on the surface of water?

Continue, he said and shifted forward. He was kneeling before the woman, watching her face with rising fascination. Her words were like the recital of a dimly remembered refrain :

I entered the sacrificial fire, she said, not as a widow, but as one swallow pursuing another. I vowed to seek him through the time and incarnations until I found him. I vowed, on finding him, to sink at his feet and remain there, deserving of his eternal love. I prayed that if I searched long enough he should recognise me, though I may not perceive him at once.

So be it, he said, how will he recognise thee ?

He was almost at it. This time or never again. The urge assumed tremendous proportions, it was all-consuming, immediate.

I know not, she answered. Dost thou ?

Yes, he said, I think.

Now it was so near a butterfly trying to fly between him and it would have singed its wings.

Then speak, O Teacher, she said, for I have sought long and I am weary.

For the first time in what seemed incalculable eternity her face lost its serenity and became anxious and alive.

Wait, he said feverishly. He hath forgotten thy voice.

It is likely.

And he hath forgotten thy name and thy appearance.

Do not delay, O Holy one, she whispered.

But he loved thee and his love was like music in the air ?

Yes, she said, Verily.

The tension was now intolerable. Like a powerful flood against the dyke. He said :

Then he shall know the instrument of his love when he perceives it. Thy body.

And then the quivering edges of the void in the centre steadied and grew into the centre, filling the unknown quantity, giving it form, shape, a second and a third dimension, completing the image beyond all mistake. She was standing before him, naked and erect, desirable past all comprehension, sacred and glamorous at the same time. A song of beauty and of colour, lighter than dusk, purer than the primary shade.

And his desire became impersonal and sufficient to itself. It mattered not that she was his; that her beauty aroused his senses in a way of its own. The important thing was that she was the embodiment and the expression of Desire and that she was irresistible. As he crawled towards her, narrowing his eyes involuntarily, he realised that he would know her like that for ever, through space and time, regardless of everything.

He tried to speak but could think of nothing to say. His mind was a throbbing blank.

The sun had dropped a few shafts of bright light through the gaps in the foliage of the

palm and these were investing her now naked figure with a peculiar effect of illumination. Her closed eyes and the rest of her face were in the shade, but her bare shoulders and breasts glowed in the sun. The nipples and the navel showed dark and purposeful, like three points of symmetry, against a background of rich, light bronze. But the beginning and the whole basis of rhythm were the straying lines of her hips. Arrested movement, he thought, alive and expressive, fluid like a briefly restrained momentum.

Around her feet was the puddle of her clothes, giving her body the appearance of a mounted statue.

He came nearer, still kneeling and passed his trembling fingers over her leg and thigh. Then he placed both his hands on her hips and slid them upwards, with the gesture of a potter giving his creation the final flourish. Her skin was smooth and cool. *As was his habit*, he pressed the palms of his hands into the sides of her waist and then downwards, feeling the transition from firm muscle to the hardness of the hidden pelvis. The difference was almost imperceptible, *just as he expected*.

Thy hips are bounteous he whispered. They are not different now than they were.

The intolerable pressure of a few minutes ago had given way to a releasing desire, dissipation of purpose to a highly concentrated one. Dangling ends of loose threads had disappeared and the singleness of intent was in their place. He rose on his knees until his eyes came level

with her breasts. Then, cupping his hands slowly, he gathered them.

Dost thou remember?, he asked.

He withdrew his hands towards himself. While his fingers were passing over the nipples, one by one, he looked into her face and waited. Dropping her head and meeting his eyes, she shivered slightly.

I have sought thee—he said—not wishing to seek thee, but something else. But whereas it was incomprehensible all this time, it is clear and irrefutable now. I have sought thee, Beloved One, and I have found thee. I have perceived thee now beyond all doubt, even as a hermit recognises the familiar banyan tree under which he offered prayer. Thy body is thy own and only one and I am its master.

A tremor passed through her as she bent forward to take his head between her hands. She brought it closer and looked into his eyes. There was no anxiety in her gaze, only intentness. He thought he saw a glimmer of recognition in her narrowing pupils.

I know not with my reason—she whispered—but I recognise the song in my limbs.

The heat became dynamic. As he put his arms around her and, locking his fingers behind her back, pulled her towards him he was aware for the last time of the familiarity of his touch and feeling. The ghosts had disappeared and the way was bright and unimpeded. He was finally advancing over the threshold and there was no resistance, either seemingly submissive or hard and forbidding. He

only knew that he was stepping over the threshold, getting to the other side, and that the feeling was indescribably warm and gentle.

Beloved one—he whispered and met her gaze with a look that was both devotional and masterful.

My lord, she whispered back, thou indeed art a reality.

And when the blaze attained the whiteness of high noon and everything began to recede in waves of invisible heat, he only remembered that her body grew light and ethereal and that it was flaming in his arms like a tall torch. Tongues of fire flickered above and below him, barring his progress and at the same time making it unnecessary. Then he reached a point from which a limitless vista opened before him, a vista at once distant and cool, like the peace of a vast ocean.

* * *

The Civil Surgeon came down the centre like a charging bull. He was a Scot and he would have hated any country in which the climate made it hard to retain the dignity of one's appearance. Mother India was his pet aversion.

Well then, he snapped at his assistant, what about number nine?

It had been a filthy day, the hottest in living memory. The local rags vied with each other in predicting an abnormally long summer, a failure of the rains and impending famine. One's face and forehead was constantly crusted with crystals of salty perspiration, and dust was everywhere. Even a bath at the end of a withering day was

impossible without a sediment of dust. And now, at this late hour of all times, the little prig of an assistant wanted to keep him.

Number nine, said dr. Mehta primly, appears to be sinking, sir.

Move him to ward 'D'. I want his bed for an appendectomy case. We need every available bed just now.

Very good, sir, said the assistant.

He does look peculiar, said the surgeon, but he doesn't look starved as I would have expected of his kind.

The surgeon had in the meantime approached the bed and was leaning on the foot railing, supporting his weight on his hands.

Is he fighting? he enquired.

No, said the assistant, but I thought that perhaps there might be some hope.

Come now, dr. Mehta, snapped the surgeon again, there isn't a hope in hell. I don't have to be a doctor and I don't have to be an Indian to know that when a man goes to sleep in the sun in the month of May and stays asleep, he is past medical help.

I only thought, sir, said dr. Mehta.

How long has he been like that?

Since morning.

Know anything about him? Relatives or friends?

No, sir. The villagers found him on Dhaveri Ghat two days ago. He was alone.

That's thirty miles away, said the surgeon in surprise. He should have been dead yesterday. Did he come to at all?

No; he was delirious.

What in ?
Sanskrit, I believe.
Could you make anything
out ?

Nothing coherent, sir.

Oh well, said the surgeon,
keep him in ice. The man simply
lacked the elementary wish to
live. Please remember that I
will need the bed to-morrow.

Yes, sir, said dr. Mehta.

When the civil surgeon had
left, he looked at the face of the
man lying on the white bed and
thought : He wouldn't have be-
lieved me anyway; Scots have
no imagination. If I had told
him I studied Sanskrit, he would
have said I got in here on false
pretences. Why irk the man, he
is mad with heat.

The sadhu on the bed lay
very quiet and unmoving. His

lips had ceased twitching and
his closed eyes looked sunken
and tired. The painted marks on
his forehead seemed to be there
by mistake. His whole emaciat-
ed figure lay in a hush that
seemed of a non-spiritual order.
The long locks of matted hair
were the only indication of an
attempt at holiness.

Probably just a coincidence,
thought dr. Mehta as he turned
from the bed towards the exit.
The Sadhu saw the suttee stone
and the memory of it returned
in his delirium. But how on
earth did he know the
name of the sati was Padma ?
The villagers never saw him or
talked to him.

Hell, said dr. Mehta under his
breath as he left the ward, I
hope I won't dream about it to-
night.

AN American was fined for being drunk. When he paid his money he
asked for a receipt, which was refused.

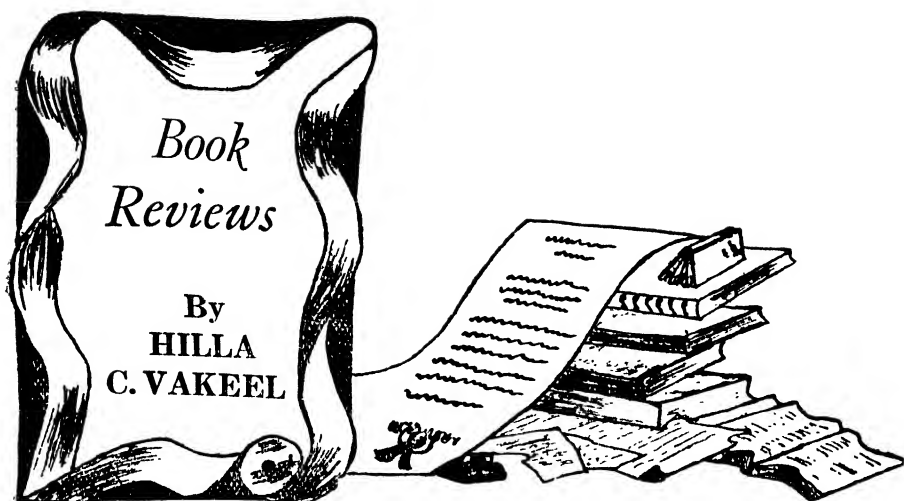
"Judge," said the man, "do you believe in the day of judgment."

"Yes" replied the Judge.

"Well," said the other "on the day it will be said to me 'Jabez Smith'
you got drunk.' 'Yes,' I will answer, 'and I paid my fine.' 'Where's
your receipt?' You will be said; and do you think it reasonable judge that
I should be obliged to waste my time going down to hell to look for you
and your clerk?"

"NOW, children," said the board-school teacher, "take clean pieces of
paper and your pencils."

A Gubby little at the back put his hand up. "Please, Miss," he said,
"I ain't got no pencil." The teacher fixed him with a severe eye. "Tommy,
how many times have I told you not to say 'ain't'? have no pencil, thou
hast no pencil, he has no pencil, we have no pencils, you have no pencils,
they have no pencils." Tommy looked puzzled. "Then 'oo the ell's got
all the pencils," he said.



AGAIN ONE DAY. *By Matila C. Ghyka.* (Methuen 7sh. 6d.)

THERE are books which while winding their way through a reviewer's consciousness stray into its secret and unprofessional depths and establish a dominion of their own. The reviewer does not regard them with the cold, apathetic stare or the brisk professional manner which he extends to other volumes ranged on his shelf. The pages of such books may be disabled by distortions of style or technique, by sad little ghosts of mutilated truths, by life imperfectly apprehended, by lack of literary merit but they have a queer irresistible, illogical appeal which seems to have nothing whatever to do with their intrinsic worth. But at separate points and on totally different levels each volume lights a candle in one's consciousness and the glow it produces never departs.....

Again One Day almost from the start clicks automatically into place in this category. Ad-

mirably translated from its French version (for which the author won the *Prix Rester Jeune* last summer) by Maude Bigge this novel set in Vienna and Prague centres round a group of utterly charming and delightful people whose lives messed up by the tangle of Central European politics still retain the flavour and the wide cultural outlook of the cultivated and well-born European. The story linked at certain points with incidents in the life of Albrecht Wallenstein, Duke of Friedland and other historical personages concerns itself with the career of a Viennese diplomat whose passionate love for England forms the motif of his life.

The attraction of the book, however lies in the panorama as much as in the figures, in the presentation of a world whose values appear to be doomed in the democratic regimes of the future and in the informed dis-

cussions on art, antiques political ideologies and the racial characteristics of Central European peoples. The love interest handled with fastidious reti-

cence runs charmingly through a somewhat loosely woven story and the whole constitutes what is undoubtedly one of the most fascinating novels of the year.



EVIL UNDER THE SUN. *By Agatha Christie.* (The Crime Club)..

THERE apparently seems to be no end either to Mrs. Christie's ingenuity or her powers of invention. One plot follows another, one story the last each a perfect cameo conceived with a brilliance which is almost diabolical, superbly skilful, exquisitely worked out, absorbing and possessed of an inevitability which belongs to spheres of "karma" or destiny.

The incidents in *Evil Under The Sun* take place in a quiet hotel on a romantic island off the English coast where a group of apparently innocuous people have gathered for the summer holidays. The view is perfect, the sea calm but as Hercule Poirot, the famous detective of Mrs. Christie's earlier work (who makes his reappearance in the present volume) observes "there is evil everywhere under the sun" wherever one goes. This dictum is borne out a little later by the murder of Arlena Stuart, the most beautiful woman in the group who is found strangled on the shore. Poirot's system of detection handled on the basis that "murder springs

nine times out of ten, out of the character and circumstances of the murdered person. *Because* the victim was the kind of person he or she was *therefore* was he or she murdered! Until we can understand fully or completely exactly what kind of a person the murdered woman was, we shall not be able to see clearly, exactly the kind of person who murdered her"... gives rise to the collection of evidence on psychological issues and lends an added interest to the book. The masterly manner in which attention is focussed in turn on seven different people until the real culprits are discovered proves that Mrs. Christie continues to hold "the throne of detection" as securely as she has done since her entry into the realms of detective fiction ten years ago. The characterisation is deft and devastatingly amusing and this combined with the author's lightness of touch and pungent humour makes this novel acceptable even to those who normally find detective fiction unreadable.



RUDYARD KIPLING. *By Edward Shanks.* (The Right Book Club. 2sh. 6d.)

THE merit of Kipling's work has so often been overlooked both here and in Britain because of its author's political

opinions that the publication of Mr. Shanks' excellent commentary is doubly welcome. Few people, particularly during Kip-

ling's lifetime or since have been able to take a dispassionate view of his writings. As the "Prophet of Imperialism" he gave rise to much hostile feeling. His "war-mongering" created a fresh batch of enemies and though his attitude to both was never as rabid or inelastic as it was made out to be Kipling managed to inspire the darkest passions in the breasts of his contemporaries. Very early in Kipling's career Oscar Wilde observes: "As one turns over the pages of his *Plain Tales from the Hills* one feels as if one were seated under a palm-tree reading life by superb flashes of vulgarity. From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates." Richard le Gallienne writing later observed "For the most part Mr. Kipling's work is an appeal to and a vindication of the Englishman as brute." Mr. Shanks surveys all this field of criticism and convincingly refutes the charges made against his subject; but his admiration never deteriorates into worship and his fine perceptiveness as a critic is evident on every page.

The book deals with Kipling as writer, poet and political thinker and traces his evolution in these spheres. Of his political views the author observes: "Before 1914 he had already begun to think that the salvation of the world could not be left to the British Empire or even to a league of the English-speaking peoples. He had begun to dream of an effective combination of those elements in all nations which believe in orderly and peaceable government. If the Great War stirred

him to a passion of hate, it was not because he himself had been bereaved by one of its incidental casualties. It was because he could see the Wall (civilisation) itself in danger. After the War was over he seemed sometimes to be rancorous and unforgiving, but that was because he believed that not all the breaches in the Wall had been repaired, that the "breeds without" had not been brought within "the law," and would sooner or later renew their assaults. . . . By "the Law" he meant that arrangement of life under which the common man is enabled to do the best which is in him for himself his family and the rest of the world, including the generations yet to come. So far as civilisation has gone that does not yet mean quite enough for everybody to eat. . . . We ought to advance from that point, but it is even more important to make sure that we do not recede from it. We have reached it with many pains and we hold to it precariously. The human race has before reached almost as high a level as we and has then fallen back. We are in danger of a similar recidivism . . ."

Mr. Shank's judgments on Kipling as a literary artist are sound and original. He stresses among other things Kipling's "gnomic conciseness of style," the lilt and swashbuckling swagger of his verse with its immediate and vigorous appeal, his technical skill and an "inferentially cynical knowingness" which extracted with faultless accuracy the reality of things and pinned it into words. Nothing of importance is omitted in

this careful summing-up of his work except the point that Kipling achieved his greatest success in *Kim* because in that work he performed with incredible skill one of the most difficult tasks a writer can undertake—the interpretation of one civilisation in terms of another both of which are in essence and tradition mutually exclusive. The India which came to life in the wake of Kipling's genius was not the half apprehended, imperfectly understood, photographic India of other European writers. It was, in the feel and the texture and the reality of things, the India that every Indian knew and recognised as his own land; an India which did not veil herself against the gaze of this impetuous and (in essence) sympa-

thetic Englishman whose curiosity though frank was neither blatant nor offensive. In *Kim* and less notably in *Naulakha* Kipling successfully overcame the limitations of his background and race in apprehending the genius of this land and he led the way in a field in which his achievements stand superb and stand alone. . . .

This is a stimulating, well-written and readable book. Mr. Shanks has performed a difficult task with skill and grace and earned the gratitude of all those whose love for Kipling is not merely an enthusiasm but a conviction. It can be recommended to the student and the general reader as one of the best books yet written on the subject.



THE MIRACLE OF LIFE. Edited by Harold Wheeler. (Home Library Club). Rs. 5.

THE attitude of the average man to books on strictly scientific subjects resembles the attitude of the average child to rice pudding. He knows it is good for him; he is told it is wholesome but no amount of advice or coercion enables him to swallow it with gusto or enthusiasm. On the contrary he resents the compulsion, is nauseated by its sickly appearance and is all but ill afterwards. The defect in both cases has been to a large extent in the presentation, in the failure to flavour the whole or serve it attractively. And although memories of a martyred childhood make one assert that no amount of camouflage can make rice pudding acceptable books on

scientific subjects have of recent years been written entertainingly and in not too scientific a jargon so that the prejudice against them is gradually disappearing.

Outstanding among recent publications of this nature is *The Miracle of Life* edited by Dr. Wheeler, a racy, well-documented and highly absorbing account of "the million ways in which life functions on this earth and of the process of evolution as it has affected plants, animals and man from the dawn of life. Each section has been dealt with by experts and every little stage of life "from fossils to H. G. Wells" is included under various chapters dealing with "The Dawn of Life," "What

Evolution Means," "Life that has Vanished", "The Races of Mankind," "Psychology through the Ages" and others. The data has been carefully sifted, and important and relevant facts marshalled with clarity and an understanding of the limitations of the general reader.

In a chapter entitled "What Evolution Means" Mr. L. R. Bridgewell gives a fascinating account of how scientists rebuild the past and turning the searchlight on our world as it was tens of thousands of years ago attempt to reconstruct an image of the times. He says: "With its train of lorries and personnel which may include hundreds of native porters besides expert naturalists, artists, planter-workers, carpenters and camera men, a bone-collecting expedition suggests a belligerent army rather than a peace-time adventure. The collecting ground reached there follow weeks of strenuous excavation with shovel, pick and dynamite. Often the bones of some giant beast when finally unearthed are so friable as to need swathing in plaster bandages. Small bones bedded in a matrix of rock may necessitate taking tons of solid earth to the museum there to be sorted over months later. Assuming that all goes well the work of a year or more may result in a hundred-foot-long extinct lizard reaching New York packed in dozens of crates. . . . The bones are drilled, wired together and presently the dinosaur is hauled on to its feet by cranes and its hips and shoulders supported by massive steel scaffoldings. . . . The skele-

ton has then to be "dressed" and this process may take a year or more"

Mr. Bridgewell also deals with the attitude prevalent in the Middle Ages to scientific facts. He says: "Quite recently one or two very extraordinary cases of sex reversal (aided by surgical operation) in human beings have been made public. One can only wonder how such people fared in medieval times. In 1474 the councillors of Basle—who once tried a sow for murder—accused a cock of witchcraft and had the wretched bird burnt in the market-place by the public executioner. The cock had laid an egg. Centuries later Prof. Crew reported a bufforington hen, which after being a good layer and a good mother wound up her career by growing spurs, crowing and becoming an equally efficient father"

A wealth of absorbing detail and interesting facts are to be found in the section on Animals. One learns that the common pond snail has ten thousand teeth and can sleep for half a year at a stretch, that mosquitoes love music, that grouse are monogamous and that the ant (wrongfully held up to mankind as a model of good behaviour) is willing to sacrifice her young for a drop of anything sweet.

The Miracle of Life well-produced and profusely illustrated is outstandingly good value for the price at which it is offered. It is stimulating, informative, well-written and entertaining. A book for the general reader and the ideal gift book for an intelligent friend.

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INDIAN FILM SECTION

EDITED BY D. C. SHAH.

"TEN O'CLOCK"

THE most notable film studio of Asia, whose creations have earned credit in unwonted climes in the East as well as the West, has released yet another picture worthy of its rank. "Ten O'Clock," in Hindustani as well as Marathi, is significant as a Prabhat production.

Art, technique and showmanship are the three principal components of the motion picture. In each, Prabhat has built up a tradition, such as should be a worthy ideal for the Industry at large to achieve. "Ten O'Clock" is a grand reminder of those traditions. That is about the highest compliment one could pay to any picture produced in India.

A picture technically excellent, is no miracle. A picture playing to the box-office is not exceptional. A picture is not rare, which enthrones art, but in its static form. There are films which have made a name by music. But when one finds all these things achieved in the same breath, in a single film and in every sequence of it, one is face to face with genius.

For sheer quality of camera work and sound, for dexterity of laboratory work and detail of design, even Prabhat has nothing in its past to compare with "Ten O'Clock". For easy flow and dramatic continuity, the only comparison, is "Tukaram"; but the modern subject of the

new picture makes it the more interesting. The songs in the picture are equally notable. They are one of its principal box-office planks. In their easy grace, they remind you of "Gopal Krishna"; but there are also "catch songs" in the manner of "Duniya na Mane."

Frankly, "Ten O'Clock" in either version had no star in the real sense—that is artistes whose names would influence the people independently of the



Urmila Devi, the star of Prabhat's "Ten O'Clock" (Hindi version).

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**BHAKTA-
KABIR**

Direction: Mr. R. SHARMA

Starring:

MEHTAB

**MAZHAR, BHARAT-BHUSHAN,
BOY KABIR, PADMA DEVI &
others—**



**6th Week at
MINERVA**
Talkies - - Bombay.

Booking:
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Ltd., Bombay; Akola.**

reputation of the Studio. They were all, of course, capable artistes, chosen for roles of which they had the making. "Ten O'Clock" had no stars. It now *has*. The studio has been true to its tradition; Banerji and Ratnamala are now stars in the true sense.

In every sense, thus, the best traditions of Prabhat are summed up in "Ten O'Clock," a picture that appeals as much to the technician as to the public. And, notably, it has laid the foundation of one more tradition—at least, one hopes it will grow into a tradition. The direction of all great Prabhat successes was so far in the hands of one or another of the Prabhat "bosses." They gave a chance to Raja Nene in "Ten O'Clock" and the happiest men to watch the



Ashok Kumar as the gallant hero of Bombay Talkies' next release "Kismet."



Mazhar Khan, who has a colourful role in "Bhakta Kabir."

results are probably the proprietors of Prabhat. Director Raja Nene has made good. The star-making studio is also making directors.

"KISMET"

BOMBAY Talkies' next social *Kismet*, with Ashok Kumar and Mumtaz Shanti forming a new romantic team, is booked to be on the screen of the Roxy by the middle of December.

Kismet is producer Mukerji's fourth picture. *Bandhan*, *Naya Sansar* and *Jhoola*, the three Mukerji productions, had successive jubilees—and more—a record not reached by any other individual producer so far. This should be enough indication of the quality of his new picture.

A Mukerji production needs little commendation to the people. This sound engineer who

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NATIONAL STUDIOS



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Life,
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Drama and Adventure
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HUSN BANU,**

with

**ABDUL REHMAN, KABULI,
SANKATHA, QUAYAMALI,
GULZAR.**

Directed by.

**VAJAHAT MIRZA
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A MEHBOOB PRODUCTION

Shortly at
**SWASTIK
TALKIES**



Sadhona Bose and Najam in a scene from "Meenakshi."

showed guts enough to step into the shoes of the celebrated Himansu Rai, has set a new pace to film production altogether. He has shown that the excellence of a film is secured more in the producer's conference room than on the sound stage. He has placed the scenario in its proper place, high in the order of the processes that make a motion picture.

Mr. Gyan Mukerji, who directed "Jhoola" is directing this picture, too, with the same team of writers—Santoshi, Shahid Lateef and the Poet Pradeep, and with Anil Biswas as Music Director.

One of the richest casts that Bombay Talkies have ever assembled together is in *Kismet*.

Mumtaz Shanti and Ashok Kumar are co-starred for the leads, and the support includes V. H. Desai, Mubarak, Shah Nawaz, David, Pralhad, Pithawalla and some promising fresh talent.

"MEENAKSHI"

NEW Theatres' *Meenakshi* starring the dancing darling of the country, Sadhona Bose, has proved very popular at the Krishna Cinema.

In a role that is almost tailored to her talents, Sadhona shines as the independent-minded young girl who leaves her home because her heartless uncle wanted to give her in marriage to an old man. On the very first day of her leaving home she, is involved in a romantic adventure. This sequence, by the way, is one of the many highlights of the picture. Some of the other attractions of *Meenakshi* are two very good song numbers by K. C. Dey and a very lively and colourful dance by Sadhona Bose. Then there is a new charming star in this picture, Sandhyrani. The handsome Najam plays the romantic partner of Sadhona. Ahin Chaudhari, Naresh Mitter, K. C. Dey, Priti Kumar and Deb Bala make up the supporting team.

"BHAKTA KABIR"

THE inauguration of the release of *Bhakta Kabir* at the Minerva by Mr. M. R. A. Baig, the Sheriff of Bombay, was symbolic of the nobility and social significance of its theme which deals with the life and career of the Weaver-Saint who lived and suffered for Hindu-Muslim unity, which had

become the only mission of his life.

Another great tribute to *Bhakta Kabir* comes from the Punjab Government who have exempted it from the entertainment tax in their province. This is in recognition of the utility of the film as a force for unifying the different religious elements in the country. *Kabir* does in a dramatic way what our leaders have been trying to do for the past several years, to pave the way for a better understanding between the two great races of India.

The cast is headed by Mehtab and Mazharkhan as the parents of Kabir while the title role is played by Bharat Bhushan who has a face and an expression

that fit him admirably to play this noble character. In the supporting cast are Gyani, Padma Devi, Ansari, Swami Shri Banamaliji (High Priest of Kabir Panth) and others.

"JAWANI"

REALISING the pressing need of the times, the executives of National Studios have presented in "Jawani" a truly entertaining picture with hundred per cent. emphasis on its lighter side. The result is, indeed, astounding inasmuch as we get a film entirely devoted to the hilarious doings of the young. The old folks are included in the cast only to be the butts of the numerous jokes.

One Magic Name Behind Them All!

"BANDHAN"...

"NAYA SANSAR"...

"JHoola"...

...and now S. Mukerji makes

BOMBAY TALKIES'
PICTURE

Kismet

Next Change
at the

ROXY

Co-starring:

**'ASHOK
KUMAR**

and

**MUMTAZ
SHANTI**

**TALKIES
BOMBAY.**

Though "Jawani" is a picture of the young for the young in spirit, its real attraction lies in the characters who are enacting the gleeful parts. Surendra for the first time has been called upon to enter into the spirit of the fun without any reserve. And he does it all with the utmost abandon. Husn Banu too joins in the tomfoolery right heartily. Abdul Rehman Kabuli will shine as a young dandy in his old age. Slapstick comedy in film jargon, "Jawani" is designed for the express purpose of side-splitting laughter.

"Jawani" has been directed by Mr. Vajahat Mirza Changezee. The film is due for early release at the Swastik.

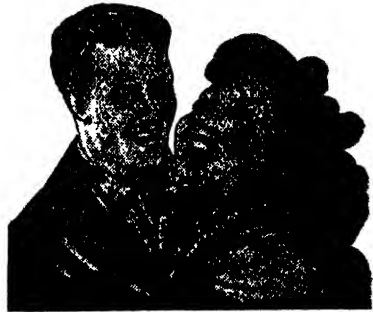
— "LALAJI" —

THE traditional ideals of the India of the past have been captured by National studios in their forthcoming hit, "Lalaji," directed by the talented pair of young directors, Mr. Lalit Mehta and Chimankant Gandhi.

Revolving around the joys and sorrows of an ancient Hindu joint family, "Lalaji" depicts the life of even tenor in the by-gone days when no discords between Hindus and Muslims were known. Indeed, this picture indirectly points to the pernicious influences of foreign education and ideas which tend to sharpen the differences between the various communities in India.

The pleasantest part of the picture, however, lies in the lively characterisations of Yashodhara Katju and Krishnakant who bring new life and freshness to the movie goers. Katju's dances will be vociferously applauded whenever she

"HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH MARRIED"



"Marriage is a Science," says Havelock Ellis, "and whoever is not conversant with the physical basis of this science should not be surprised if an unhappy marriage or divorce results." A noted solicitor whose practice is largely concerned with matrimonial cases, has given it as his opinion that as many as 80% of marriage unhappiness and divorces are due to ignorance of the scientific physiological and psychological principles involved in wedlock relationship.

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makes her appearance on the screen in her dance sequences. This is only one of the attractions, including the dashing doings of Yakub, for which "Lalaji" will be an instant favourite among the cine fans.

"KASHINATH"

NEW THEATRES' double-version picture, "Kashinath", which is getting ready for the New Year release, is the work of the master-craftsman, Nitin Bose. Bose has taken the liberty of transferring the ori-

ginal story into a bold drama, inspired by the theme of Sarat Chandra. In his treatment, Director Bose takes us back, as far as the early days of the hero, which are as eventful as his later life. Best known artistes have been crowded into the cast among whom Bharati, Sunanda, Ashitbaran are prominent in both versions. Nawab and Nemo in Hindusthani and Amar Mullick in the Bengali versions have filled up important character roles.

Pankaj Mullick is looking after the music.

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with
**NAJAM,
K. C. DEY,
PANNA,**

MEENAKSHI

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SARAT CHATTERJEE'S

*
Starring:
**SUNANDA
BHARATI
ASHIT-
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